POEMS.

with the { Muſes Looking-Glaſſe. / Amyntas. / Jealous Lovers. / Aryſtippus.

By THO: RANDOLPH, *M. A. and late Fellow of Trinity Col. in Cambridge.*

The fourth Edition enlarged.

LONDON,

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEARE BROTHER,

Mr. THO: RANDOLPH.

IN such a solemn train of friends that sing
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring
Religious Anthems to attend thy Hearse,
Striving t'embalme thy name in precious verse;
I, that should most, have no more power to raise
Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise
To crown thy Altar, then the Orbs dispense
Motion without their sole Intelligence.
For I confesse that power which works in me
Is but a weak resultance took from thee;
And if some scatter'd seeds of heat divine
Flame in my breast, they are deriv'd from thine:
And these low sickly numbers must be such,
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch:
So like a spungy cloud that sucks up rain
From the fat soil to send it back again,

There

There may be now from me ſome language ſhowne
To urge thy merit, but 'twas firſt thy own:
For though the Doners influence be paſt
For new effects, the old impreſſions laſt;
As in a bleeding trunk we oft diſcry
Leaps in the head, and rowling in the eye,
By vertue of ſome ſpirits, that alone
Do tune thoſe Organs, though the ſoul be gone.
But ſiuce I adde unto this generall noiſe
Onely weak ſounds, and Eccho's of thy voice,
Be this a taſke for deeper mouthes, while I
That cannot bribe the Phanſy, thaw the eye:
And on that Grave where they advance thy praiſe
Do plant a ſprigge of Cypreſſe, nor of Baies.
Yet flow theſe tears not that thy Reliques ſit
Fix't to their cell a conſtant Anchorit:
Nor am I ſtirr'd that thy pale aſhes have
Ore the dark Climete of a private Grave
No fair Inſcription: ſuch diſtempers flow
From poor lay-thoughts, whoſe blindneſſe cannot know
That to diſcerning Spirits the Grave can be
But a large womb to immortallity:
And a fair vertuous name can ſtand alone
Braſſe to the Tomb, and marble to the ſtone.
No, 'tis that Ghoſtly progeny we mourne,
Which careleſſe you let fall into the Vrne:
We had not flow'd with ſuch a lauiſh tide
Of tears and griefe had not thoſe Orphans dy'd.
For what had been my loſſe, who reading thine,
A Brother might have kiſs'd in every line?
Theſe that are left, Poſterity muſt have;
VVhom a ſtrict care hath reſcu'd from the Grave
To gather ſtrength by Vnions as the beams

Of the bright Sun ſhot forth in ſeverall ſtreams,
And thinly ſcatter'd, with leſſe favour paſſe,
Which cauſe a flame, con,racted in a Glaſſe.
Theſe if they cannot much aduance thy fame,
May ſtand dumb ſtatues to preſerve thy name:
And like Sun-dialls to a day that's gone,
Though poore in uſe, can tell there was a Sun.
Yet if a fair confeſſion plant no Bayes,
Nor modeſt truth conceiv'd a laviſh praiſe)
I could to thy great glory tell this age
Not one invenom'd line doth ſwell the page.
With guilty legends; but ſo clear from all
That ſhoot malicious noiſe, and vomit gall,
That 'tis obſerv'd in every leafe of thine,
Thou haſt not ſcatter'd Snakes in any line.
Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime,
To gull the reeling judgements of the tuine.
Nor any ſtale reveſions patch thy wit,
Glean'd from the reggs and frippery of wit.
Each ſilable doth here as truely runne,
Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne.
Nay in thoſe feebler lines which thy laſt breath
And labouring braines ſnatcht from the skirts of death,
Though not ſo ſtrongly pure, we may diſcry,
The father in his laſt poſterity,
As clearly ſhowne, as Virgins looks do paſſe
Through a thinne Lawne, or ſhadows in the glaſſe:
And in thy ſetting, as the ſuns, confeſſe.
The ſame large brightneſſe, though the heat be leſſe.
Such native ſweetneſſe flowes in every line,
The Reader cannot chooſe but ſweare, 'tis thine.
Though I can tell, a rugged ſect there is,
Of ſome fly-wits will judge a ſquint on this;

And from the eaſy flux of language gueſſe
The fancies weak, becauſe the noiſe is leſſe;
As if that Channel which doth ſmoothly glide
With even ſtreams, flow'd with a ſhallow tide.
But let a quick diſcerning judgement look,
And with a piercing eye untwiſt thy book
In every loome, I know the ſecond view
Shall find more luſtre then the firſt could do.
For have you ſeen when gazing on the skies
With ſtrict ſurvey, a new ſucceſſion riſe
Of ſeverall ſtarrs, which do not ſo appear
To every formall glance that ſhoots up there:
So when the ſerious eye has firmly been
Fix'd on the page, ſuch large increaſe is ſeen
Of various fancy, that each ſeverall view,
Makes the ſame fruitfull book a Mart of new.
But I forbear this mention; ſince I muſt
Ranſack thy aſhes, and revile thy duſt
With ſuch low Characters, I mean to raiſe
Thee to my contemplation, not my praiſe:
And they that wiſh thy picture clearly ſhowne
In a true glaſſe, I wiſh would uſe thy own:
Where I preſume how ere thy vertues come
Ill ſhap'd abroad, th'art fairly dreſt at home.

RO. F. ANDOLPH, M.A. ſtudent of C. Church.

Lectori

Lectori nimium critico qui Authoris Fescennonos sales plus justo rigidus interpretatur.

DExtra quid Archetypæ undas misterit chartæ
Privatiq; aperis limina clausa joci?
Non lucem patitur cælebs margo venenum.
Et videt ingenuis toxica mista jocis.
Quæq; stolata dedit sanctus Floralia vates,
Exuis, & nudas das sine veste sales.
Hinc tota immeritam jugulat censura papirum,
Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo sales.
Carnifices calamos, & rancæ jurgia Musæ
Simplicitas casti sentit honesta libri.
Quid culpæ fuerit si vatis amabile carmen
Lascivam casto schemate lusit anum?
Linrea si nudis iuiceit pulchra pudendis?
Vel tegit incastam larva modesta Deam?
Nulla tuis regnant nisi nomina mascula chartis,
Si quod fœmineum est culpa legentis erit;
(Ut proles, uteri primò qui claustra reliquit,
Mascula fœmineum videmus arte Sporum.)
Das thalami lusus cortinæ at tegmine sanctos,
Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.
Dii benè! quam sanctis loquitur Venus impia urbis?
Tyndaris & raptus hic stupet esse pios.
Lecta puella tuis dum spectat crimina chartis,
Vysa sibi est furto sanctior ire suo
I nunc ingenuæ pareas lex julia charta,
Scripta librum dederas, lecta lupanar erat.

RO. RANDOLPH, ex Ade Christi Bleſt

BLeſt Spirit, when I firſt did ſee
The Genius of thy Poetrie,
Nimble and fluent; in a ſtrain
Even with, if not beyond the brain
Of Laureats that cround the ſtage,
And liv'd the wonders of the age:
And this but ſparkles from a fire
That flam'd up, and ſoar'd much higher,
I gaz'd deſirous to ſee
Whither thy wit would carry thee.
Thy firſt riſe was ſo high, that even
As needs it muſt, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem.

Cæſcant alii, ſterilq; ætatis honore
Lætentur: fecit te tua Muſa ſenem
Parcarum labor eſt vitæ menſura peractæ;
Texuntur propria ſtamina veſtra manu,
Felix qui primo cæcidis, Randolphe, ſub ævo:
Nec Genti extincti prævia fata vides:
dii bene non dederint effætæ frigora vitæ:
Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.

THO. TERENT *M.* A. ex Ode Chriſti.

Upon Mr. Randolph's Poems. Collected *and publiſhed after his death.*

AS when a ſwelling Cloud melted to ſhowers,
Sweetly deffuſes freſh and active powers

Into

Into the ſhrunk and thirſty veines of earth;
Bleſſing her barren womb with a new birth
Of grain and fruit, and ſo redeems a land
Of deſperate people, from the deſtroying hand
Of merc'leſſe Plague, Famine or Death, and then
Collects his ſtreams into an Ocean:
So thy deffuſive ſoul, and fluent parts,
(Great miracle of naturall wit, and Arts)
Rapt up ſome Regions, bove our Sphear, did flow
And ſhower their bleſſings down on us below:
Whilſt we dul earth, in extaſies did ſit
Almoſt o'rewhelmed with thy flouds of wit.
What bloud or verſe, is pomp't from our dry brains
Sprung like a tuſhing Torrent from thy Veines,
When a long drought preſag'd ſome fatall Dearth,
Thy unexhauſted Founts gave us new birth,
Of wit and verſe; when *Cham* or *Iſis* fell,
Thy opn'd floud gates made their Riv'lets ſwell
Bove their proud Bancks: where planted by thy hand
Th'*reſperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles ſtand,
And thoſe ſweete ſhades, where Lovers tell their bliſſes
To th'whiſp'ring leaves, and ſumme'em up in kiſſes.
There in full Quire the Muſes us'd to ſinge
Melodious Odes hatching in *Cham*, their Spring.
And all the Graces T O M, dwelt with thee too
Crowning thy Front for old *Citherons* Brow.
Nor were we rich alone, Climes far from hence
Acknowledge you thy ſoveraigne influence:
Sicillivis owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,
And *Cotſwold Hill* thy dewes created *Dale*
All Lands and ſoyles from hence were fruitfull grown,
And multipli'd the meaſures thou haſt ſown.
Green-ſword-untiled milk-maids wiſh no bliſſes

Beyond

Beyond a ſtammell Petticoat, and kiſſes,
And thy ſweet *Dowry*: this alone, they cry,
Will make our Beaſts and milk to multiply.
And the dull Fallow Clowns, who never thought
Of *God* or Heaven, but in a floud or drought,
Do gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vow
To make their Lads and Wenches, Poets now.
For they can make their fields to laugh and ſing
To th' Muſes Pipe, and Winter rihme to'ſpring.
They pray for the firſt curſe; like Schollers now,
To earn their livings by their ſweaty Brow.
Then the find Gardens of the Court are ſet
With Flowers ſprung from thy Muſes Coronet.
Thoſe pretty Imps in Pluſh, that on truſt go
For their fine clothes, and their fined Iudgements too,
The frontiſpeece or Title page of Playes,
Whoſe whole diſcourſe is--*As the Poet ſayes.*
That Tauerns drain, (for Ivie is the ſign
Of all ſuch ſack-ſhop wits, as well as wine.)
And make their verſes dance on either hand
With numerous feet, whilſt they want feet to ſtand
That ſcore up jeſts for every glaſſe or cup,
And the totall ſumme behinde the door caſt up;
Theſe had been all dri'd up, and many more,
That quaff up *Helicon* upon thy ſcore.
The ſneaking Tribe, that drink and write by ſits,
As they can ſteale or borrow coyn or wits.
That Panders fee for Plots, and then bely
The paper with--*An excelent Comedy,*
Acted (more was the pity) *by th' Red Bull*
with great aplauſe, of ſome vain City-Gull:
That damn Philoſophy, and prove the curſe
Of emptineſſe, both in the brain and Purſe,

Theſe

Theſe that ſcrape legs and trenchers to my Lord,
Had ſtarv'd, but for ſome ſcraps pickt from thy board.
They had tri'd the Balladiers of Fidlers trade,
Or a new *Comedy* at Tiburn made.
Thus T O M thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all
With wealthy ſhowers or minds Poeticall
Nor did thy dewes diſtill in a cold raine
But with a flaſh of Lightening op't thy braine.
Which thaw'd our ſtupid ſpirits with lively heat,
And from our froſts forc'd a Poetick ſweat
And now wits Common-wealth by thee repriv'd
For its conſumption ſhewes it not long liv'd.
Thy far diſperſed Streames divert their courſe
Though ſome are damned up (toth' Muſe Scourſe
This Ocean:--He that will ſadome it
By's Lines, ſhall ſound an Ocean of wit.
Not ſhallow, low, and troubled, but profound
And veſt, though in theſe narrow limits bound
The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay,
Are ſome poor drops to thy *Paſtolus* Sea.
And firſt ſtoln thence, though now ſo muddy grown
With our foul channels, they ſcarce ſeem thy own.
Thus have I ſeen a peece of Coyn, which bore
The Image of my King or Prince before,
New caſt into ſome Peſant, loſe its grace;
Yet's the ſame body with a fouler face.
If our own ſtore muſt pay; that gold which was
Lent us in ſterling, we muſt turn in braſſe.
Had'ſt thou write leſſe or worſe, then we might lay
Some thing upon thy Vrn thou didſt not ſay:
But thou haſt Phanſies vaſt Monopolie,
Our flock will ſcarce amount t'an Elegie,
Yet all the Legacies thy fatall day

Bequeaved

Bequeath'd, thy ſad Executor will pay.
To late Divines (by will and Teſtament)
A paraphraſe on each Commandement,
In Morall *Precepts*, with a *Diſputacion*
Ending the Quarrells 'bout *Predeſtination.*
To thoſe that ſtudy how to ſpend the day,
And yet grow wiſe---- *The Ethicks in a play,*
To Poets, 'cauſe there is no greater curſe,
Thou bequeathdſt nothing, *in thy empty purſe,*
To City--*Madams*, that beſpeak new faces
For every Ploy or Feaſt, *Thy Looking-glaſſes,*
And to their Chamber maids who only can
Adorn their Ladies head: and dream of man.
Th'aſt left a Dowry; they tell now by ſtelth
Writ only members of the Common-wealth.
To Heaven thy *Raviſh't ſoul*, (though who ſhall look,
Will ſay it lives, in each line of thy Book)
Thy *Duſt*, unnaturall Reliques that could die,
To earth; thy *Fame*, into eternitie.
A *Huſband* to thy VViddow'd Poetry,
Not from the Court, but Vniverſity.
To thy ſad Aunt, and now diſparing mother,
Thy little Orphans, and thy younger Brother;
From all of which this free Confeſſions fit
The younger Siſter had the elder wit.

Ad Authorem.

MOlia quòd tenui currunt mihi carmina filo,
Et meus in gyro ſtet brevior labor,
Dum tua conſtricto aſſurgit Muſa Cothurnis.
Et Vencres caſtu vincit Avena loco.
Cedimus inculti! Fata par Gloria noſtro
Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Noſtra legant.
R. BRIDEO AKE, A. Mr. Nov. Coll.

WHat need thy Book crave any other fame,
It is enough that it bears *Randolphs* name.
VVho sees the title, and him understood
Must much condemne himself, or say tis good.
Go forth example to the Neophyte,
VVho hence should learn to catechise his wit,
And dresse his Phansy by this Glasse: whose Muse
Welfavour'd is, should here her face peruse,
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace
She takes from th'owner of a beautious face:
But if a menstrous, and illiterate eye
Blast her, the various specks shall soon descry
The foul beholder, and proclaim her spoil
Not to result from thence, but his own foil,

E D. G A Y T O N. A. M. Io:

IMmortall *Ben* is dead; and as that ball
On Ida tos'd, so is his Crown by all
The infantry of wit. Vain Priests! that chair
Is only fit for his true Son and Heir.
Reach here the Laurell. *Randolph*, 'tis thy praise
Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.
See, *Daphne*, courts thy Ghost: and spite of fate,
Thy *Poems* shall be Poet *Laureat*,

G. W. Ioan.

To his very worthy friend M. ROB. RANDOLPH
of Chr. Ch. *on the publishing of his*
Brothers *Poems.*

WE thank you worthy Sir, that tis our hap
To praise even *Randolph* now without a clap,
And give our sufferage yet, though not our voice,
To shew the ods betwixt his fame and noyse:
VVhose onely modesty we could applaud,
That seldome durst presume to blush abroad;
And bear his vast report, and setting forth
His vertues, grow a suff'rer of his worth,
Was scarce his own acquaintance, and did use
To hear himself reported but as news,
So distant from himself, that one might dare
To say those two were nere familiar.
Whose polished phancy hath so smoothly wrought,
That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought,
To guesse it spent in every birth, so writ:
Not as the gift Legacy of wit:
Whose unbid brain drops so much flowing worth,
That others are delivered, he brought forth;
That did not course in wit, and beat at least
Ten lines in fallow to put up one lest;
VVhich still prevents our thought, we need not stay
To th'end, the Epigram is in the way.
The *Town* might here grow Poet, nay tis se'd
Some *Mai'ors* could hence as eas'ly rime as read;
VVhose losse we so much weep, we cannot hear
His very *Comedyes* without a tear:

And

And when we read his mirth, are fain to pray
Leave from our grief to call the work a Play:
VVhere fancy playes with judgement, and ſo fits
That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits;
VVhere lines fulfill themſelves, and are ſo right
That but a combats mention is a fight,
His phraſe does bring to paſſe, and he has lent
Language enough, to give the things Event;
The Lines pronounce themſelves, and we may ſay
The Actors were but Echoes to the Play:
Me thinks the book does Act, and we not doubt
To ſay it rather enters than comes out:
VVhich even you ſeem to envy, whoſe device,
Has made it viler even by its price.
And taught its value, which we count ſo great
That when we buy it cheapeſt we but cheat;
And when upon one page we bleſſe our look,
How ere wee bargain we have gain'd the book:
Freſh-men in this are forc't to have their right,
And tis no purchaſe though t'were ſold in ſpight.
So do we owe you ſtill, that let us know
He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.

IOS. HOWE. *Trin.* Col. Oxon.

On his beloved friend the Author, and his ingenious Poems.

What need theſe buſie wits? who hath a Mine
His own, thus rich, needs not the ſcatter'd ſhine
Of leſſer heaps: Day dims a Tapers light
and Lamps are uſeleſſe where there is no night

VVhy

Why this train of writers? forraign Verſe
Can adde no honour to a Poet's hearſe,
VVhoſe every line which he to paper lent,
Builds for himſelfa laſting Monument.
Brave Verſe this priviledge hath; though all be dumb,
That is the Authors Epitaph and Tomb.
Which when ambitious Pyles, th'oſtents of Pride
To duſt ſhall fall, and in their ruins hide
Their then no more remembred Founders name:
Theſe (like *Apollo* ever young) ſhall fame
The firſt compoſer, whoſe weigh'd works ſhall tell
VVhat noble thoughts did in his boſome dwell.
But now I find the cauſe: they that do praiſe
Deſert in others, for themſelves plant Bayes:
For he that praiſes merit loves it, thus
Hee's good, for goodneſſe that's ſolicitous.
Elſe, though He diamonds keenly pointed write,
Thay but proclaim a quainter Hypocrite:
Thus in the future it ſhall honour be,
That men ſhall read their names bound up with thee.
So Countery Moles that would at Court appear
Intrude ſome Camels train that does live there.
So Creatures that had drown'd elſe, did imbark
With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Ark
Or if not thus; as when in royall ſtate
Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate:
Or as laſt year when you both Courts did ſee
Beget joyes noon in 'th' Vniverſity;
All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,
As if the Schools were turnd into the ſtreet;
VVhere each one ſtrove ſuch duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own Suns Sun.
Such honour here our dimmer pens would have,

In

In pomp to wait him to his solemn grave:
Since what he was, his own fruits better show,
Then those which planted here by others grow.
Rich jewels in themselves such lustre cast,
As gold about them, is no grace but wast.
Such was his *Genius*, like the quick eyes wink,
He could write sooner then another think.
His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit,
So shot, that it could sooner pierce then hit.
What e're he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove,
Appear'd as true, as pity dwells with love.
Had he said thus, That discreet zeale might stand
Both with the Jesuite, and the Puritan,
T'had been believ'd; That frost from heat proceeds,
That chastity from ease, and fulnesse breeds;
That women ought to woo, as *Eve* at first
Woo'd Man, to make the world, and man accurst;
All would be taken up for truth: and sense
Which knew truth coming, would not going hence.
Had he maintain'd Rich *Lucans* work had been
Meer History; there would no pen be seen
To call it Poem: If for *Cæsar* stood,
Great *Pompey* should be neither weak, nor Good!
Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law,
Which now unsetled holds the world in awe;
He would have met some Ostracisme, I fear,
Lest he had charm'd the purple Judge to erre.
Nor could he only in his native speech
Robe his ripe thoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,
And lofty Greek, with Latine, did appear
In him, as Orient in their proper sphear:
That when in them, himself he pleas'd t'expresse,
The ravisht hearer could not but confesse,

He might as well old *Rome*, *Athens* Claim,
For birth, as Britain, cicrcl'd with the Main.
Tis true, we have theſe languages ſtill left;
But ſpoken, as Apparrell got by theft.
Is worn: diſguis'd, and ſhadowed; Had he
Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity;
Though we ſhould ever in his change have loſt,
We might have gain'd enough whereof to boaſt.
Our nations better Genius; but now
Our hopes are nip'ter' they began to blow.
And ſure I am, his loſſe muſt needs ſtrike deep,
For whom in verſe, thus *Englands* eye doth weep.
VVhoſe tears thus dew'd upon his mournful duſt
I will not longer trouble. They that muſt
Carp though at beſt things, let them onely read:
Theſe Poems here will ſtrike that humour dead.
VVhich I ſhould praiſe too: but in them I ſee
There is one blemiſh, for he hath nam'd me:
Elſe, Ile not think the Reader ſo diſtreſt
In wit, but that he will admire the reſt.
Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,
(And what I now ſhall write is modeſt truth,)
He knows not him, who doth ſo much excell,
That could ſo quickly, do ſo much, ſo well.

OVVEN FELTHAM. *Gent.*
On the death of Mr. Randolph.

WHen *Donne*, and *Beaumount* dyed, an Epitaph
Some men (I well remember) thought unſafe;
And ſaid they did *preſume to write, unleſſe*
They could their tears in their expreſſion dreſſe.

But

But love makes me more bold, and tells me I,
In humble tearms to vent my piety
May safely dare; and reason thinks not fit,
For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wit,
Respect looks like a bargain, if confin'd
To rules precise; and is more just then kind,
If by a poiz'd and equall testament
It turnes good-will into a covenant
Must every present offered to a prince
Be just proportion'd to his eminence?
Or ought my *Elegy* unjust be thought
Because I cannot mourn thee as I ought?
Such lawes as these, (if any be so bold)
Ought those unskilfull but proud souls to hold,
VVho think they could and did, at a due rate
Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate,
And hath decreed, how ere the censure go,
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know,
I do admire no Coment did presage
The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age,
Or that no *Sybell* did thy death fore-tell,
Since that by it alone more ill befel
The *Lawrell-God*, then when the day was come
VVherein his *Delphick-Oracle* was dumb:
In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold
(That they who are soon ripe are seldom old)
But t'was a poore one, and for thee unfit,
VVhose infancy might teach their best years witt;
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,
And whose discourse was tutor to their strains;
If thou wert serious, then the audience
Heard *Plato's* works in *Tulli's* eloquence:
I said, the mourners knew no thrifty size

In tears, but ſtill cri'd out, oh lend more eyes.
If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*
So ſweetned every word, that we might ſee
Each ſtander by having enough to do
To temper mirth, untill ſome friend could wo
Thee take the pains to write, that ſo that preſſure
Checking the ſouls quick motions, ſome ſmall leaſure
Might be obtain'd to make proviſion
Of breath, againſt the next *Scen's* action.
I could go through thy works, which will ſurviue
The funerall of time; and gladly ſtrive
Beyond my power, to make that love appear
Which after death is beſt ſeen in a tear;
But praiſing one, I ſhould diſpraiſe the reſt,
Since whatſoere thou didſt, was ſtill the beſt:
Since then I am perſwaded that in thee
Wit at her acme was, and we ſhall ſee
Poſterity not daring to aſpire
To equalize, but only to admire
Thee as their Arch-type: with thought of thee
Henceforth I'le thus enrich my memory.
While others count from Earth-quakes, and great froſt;
And ſay, i'th laſt dear year, t'would thus much coſt:
My time diſtinctions this ſhall be among,
Since Wits-decay, or *Randolphs* death,------ſo long.

R. GOSTELOVV. M. A.

To the pious Memory of my deare Brother in-law, M. *Thomas Randolph.*

READers, prepare your Faith; who truly tells
His Hiſtory, muſt needs write miracles.
He liſp'd Wit worthy th'Preſſe, as if that he
Had us'd his Cradle as a Library.
Some of theſe Fruits had birth, when other Boyes
(His elders) playd with Nuts, Books were his Toyes.
He had not long of Playes ſpectator been
But his ſmall Feet wore *Socks* fit for the Scene.
He was not like thoſe coſtive Wits, who blot
A quire of Paper to contrive a Plot,
And ere they name it, till it, croſſe tit look
Raced with wounds like an old mercers Book.
What pleas'd this year, is next in pieces torn,
It ſuffers many deaths ere it be born.
For Humours to lie leidger they are ſeen
Oft in a Tavern, and a bowling-green.
They do obſerve each place, and company,
As ſtrictly as a Traveller or Spye.
And deifying dung-hills ſeem t'adore
The ſcum of people, Watch-man, Changling, Whore,
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
With any Rags they'le drink a pot of Ale:
Nay, what is more (a ſtrange unuſuall thing
With Poets) they will pay the reckoning;
And ſit with patience an hour by the Heels
To learn the Non-ſenſe of the Conſtables.
Such Jig-like flim-flams being got to make
The Rable laugh, and Nut-cracking forſake,
They go home (if th'have any) and there ſit

In Gown and night-cap looking for some wit.
Ere they compose, they must for a long space
Be dieted as Horses for the race.
They must not Bacon, Beef, or Pudding eat,
A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meat.
The good hour come, and their Brain run'd they write
But slow as dying men their wills indite.
They pen by drams and scruples, from their quill
Words (although dreggy) slow not, but distill.
They state, and sower their faces; nay to vent
The Brains, they eat their fingers excrement:
And search their heads, as if they weer about
(Their wit so hide-bound is) to pull it out.
Every bald speech though Comicall it be
To their rack't members, proves a Tragedie.
When they have had the Councell of some friend,
And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end.
Their Play saluts the world, and claims the Stage
For its inheritance being now of Age.
But while They pomp't their Phancy day and night
He nothing harder found then not to write.
No diet could corrupt or mend his strain,
All tempers were the best to his sure Brain.
He could with raptures captivate the King,
Yet not endanger Button, or Band-string.
Poems from him gush't out so readily
As if they'd onely been in's Memory?
Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
As theirs whose pen writes for the thirteenth thought.
They erre who say, Things quickly done soon fade:
Nature and hee, all in an instant made.
Those that do measure Phansies by the glasse,
And dote on such as cost more time, may passe

In

In ranck with guls, whom folly doth intice
To think that best that has the greateſt price.
Who poring on their ſpungy brain, ſtill ſqueez,
Neglect the cream, and onely ſave the Lees.
Stopping their flying quill, they clip fames wing.
Make *Helicon* a puddle, thats a Spring.
Nor was his haſt hood-winckt; his rage was wiſe
His ſury councell had, his raſhneſſe eyes.
Though he (as Engins arrows) ſhot forth wit,
Yet aym'd withall the proper marks to hit.
His Ink nere ſtain'd the Surplice; he doth right
That ſometimes takes a care to miſſe the *white*.
He turn'd no Scripture-phraſe into a jeſt;
He was inſpir'd with raptures, not poſſeſt.
Some Diveliſh Poets think their *Muſe* does ill
Vnleſſe their verſes do prophane or kill.
They boldly write what I ſhould fear to think,
words that do pale their paper, black their Ink.
The Titles of their *Satyers* fright ſome, more
Then *Lord have mercy*, write upon a doore.
Although his wit was ſharp as anothers, yet
It never wounded; thus a Razer ſet
In a wiſe Barbars hand tickles the skin,
And leaves a ſmooth, not carbonaded chin.
So ſoveraigne was his phanſy, that you'd think
His quickening pen did Balſam drop, not Ink.
Read's *Elegies*, and you will ſee his praiſe
Doth many ſouls fore th' Reſurection raiſe.
No venoms in his book; his very *Snake*
You may as ſafely as a flower take.
There's none needs fear to ſurfet with his phraſe,
He has no *Gyant* raptures to amaze
And torture weake capacities with wonder:

He (by his Laurell guarded) ne're did thunder
As those strong bumbast wits, whose Poetry
Sounds like a Charm, or *Spanish* Pedigree.
Who with their phancy towring 'bove the Sun,
Have in their stile *Babels* confusion.
If puny eyes do read their verses, they
Will think 'tis *Hebrew*, writ the *English* way.
His lines do run smooth as the feet of time;
Each leafe though rich, swells not with gouty rime.
Here is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're
Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are
Lifted for smoothnesse, so in this again
That each thread's spun and warp'd by his own brain.
We have some *Poetasters*, who although
They ne're beyond the writing school did go,
Sit at *Apollo*'s Table, when as they
But Midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
Were they betrai'd, they'd be each Coblers scoff,
Laught at, as one whose Periwig's blown off.
Their Brains lie all in Notes; Lord how they'd look
If they should chance to lose their Table-book!
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.
With what an extasie shall we behold
This book, which is no Ghost of any old
Worm-eaten Author: here's no jest, or hint,
But had his Head both for it's O're and Mint.
Wer't not for some Translations, none could know
Whether he had e're look'd in book or no.
He could discourse of any subject, yet
No cold premeditated sense repeat;
As he that nothing at the Table talks
But what was cook'd in's study, or the walks.

Whose

Whose wit (like a Sun-dill) onely can
Go true in this, or that *Miridian*.
Each Climate was to him his proper Sphear;
You'd think he had been brought up everywhere.
Was he at Court? his Complements would be
Rich wrought with Phansies best embroidery,
Which the spruse Gallants *Echo* like would speak
So oft, as they'd be thred-bare in a week.
They lov'd even his Abuses, the same jeer
(So witty 'twas) would sting and please their ear.
Read's flowry *Pastoralls*, and you will swear
He was not *Iohnsons* onely, but *Pans* Heire.
His smooth *Amyntas* would perswade even me
To think he always liv'd in *Sicilie*.
Those happier Groves that shaded him, were all
As *Trees* of *knowledge*, and Propheticall:
Dodon's were but the type of them, Leaves were
Bookes in old time, but became Schollers here.
Had he lived till *Westminster* Hall was seen
In *Forrest Townes*, perhaps he *fin*'d had been.
Whilst others made Trees *May poles*, he could do
As *Orpheus* did, and make them dancers too.
But these were the light sports of his spare time,
He was as able to dispute, as rime
And all (two gifts neere joyn'd before) out went
As well in Syllogesme as Complement.
Who lookes within his cleerer *Glasse*, will say
At once he writ an *Ethick Tract* and *Play*.
When he in *Cambridge Schools* did *Moderate*,
(Truth never found a subtler Advocate)
He had as many Auditors, as those Noise:
Who preach, their mouthes being *Silene't*, through the
The Grave Divines stood gazing, as if there

In words was colour, or in th eye an ear:
To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noysome smother,
Though plodding Pates much time and oyl had spent
In beating out an obscure Argument.
He could untie, not break, the subtlest knot
Their puzeling Art could weave; nay he had got
The trick on't so, as if that he had been
Within each Brain, and the nice folding seen.
Who went toth' *Schools Peripatetick's*, came,
If he disputed home in *Plato's* name.
His *Oppositions* were as *Text*; some le'd
With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.
Nor was his judgement all *Philosophy*;
He was in points of deep *Divinity*.
Onely *Not* Doctor; his true Catholique Brain
The learning of a Councell did contain,
But all his *works* are lost, his *Fire* is out
These are but's Ashes, which were thrown about,
And now rak'd up together, all we have
With pious sacriledge snatch'd from his Grave.
Are a few meteors, which may make it se'd
That *Tom* is yet alive, but *Randolph's* dead.
Thus when a Marchant's posting o're the sea
With his rich loaden Sip is cast away.
Some light small wares do swim unto the shore,
But the great and solid prizes nere rise more.

RIC. WETS. *Bac. of Arts, and student of Christs Church.*

ON

ON THE INESTIMABLE Content he injoyes in the MUSES; to thoſe of his Friends that dehort him from POETRY,

GO ſordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-born roule, that flies a nobler pitch
Thou canſt not tempt her with adulterate ſhow
Shee bears no appetite that flags ſo low. (ſhow,
Should both the Indies ſpread ther laps to me,
And court mine eyes to with my Treaſurie,
My better will they never could entice;
Nor this with gold, nor that with all her ſpice.
For what poore things had theſe poſſeſſions ſhown,
When all were mine, but I were not mine own.
Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may pleaſe.
And I am rich in wiſhing none of theſe.
For ſay, which happineſſe would you beg firſt,
Still to have drink, or never to have thirſt.
No ſervants on my beck attendant ſtand,

Yet

Yet are my passions all at my command;
Reason within me shall sole ruler be.
And every sense shall weare his livery.
Lord of my self in chief; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.
Yet I as well as they, with more content
Have in my self a Houshold government.
My intellectuall soule hath there possest
The Stuards place, to govern all the rest.
When I go forth my Eyes two Vshers are,
And dutifully walk before me bare,
My Legs run foomen by me. Goor stand
My ready Arms wait close on either hand:
My Lips are Porters to the dangerous dore:
And either Ear a trusty Auditor.
And when abroad I go, *Fancy* shall be
My skilful Coach man, and shall hurry me
Through Heaven and Earth, and *Neptun's* watry Plaine,
And in a moment drive me back again.
The charge of all my Cellar, Thirst, is thine;
Thou Butler art, and Yeoman of my Wine.
Stomach the Cook whose dishes best delight,
Because their onely sawce is *Appetite*.
My other Cook *Digestion*; where to me
Teeth crave, and Palat will the Taster be.
And the two Eye-lids, when I go to sleep,
Like careful Grooms my silent chamber keep.
Where left a cold oppresse my vitall part,
A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.
And left too great a heat procure my pain,
The Lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.
VVithin the inner closset of my brain
Attend the nobler members of my train.

Invention

Invention Master of my Mine grows there,
And *Memory* my faithfull Treasurer,
And though in others tis a treacherous part,
My tongue is *Secretary* to my heart.
And then the Pages of my soul and sense,
Love, Anger, Pleasure, Grief, Concupiscence,
And all affections else, are taught t'obey,
Like *Subjects*, not like favourites to sway.
This is my Manner house, and men shall see
I here live Master of my family.
Say then thou man of wealth; In what degree
May thy proup fortunes, over-ballance me?
Thy many Barks plough the rough Oceans back;
And I am never frighted with a wrack.
Thy flocks of sheep are numberlesse to tell,
And with one fleece I can *be* cloth'd as well.
Thou hast a thousand severall farmes to let,
And I do feed on ne're a Tennnts sweat.
Thou hast the Commons to Inclosure brought;
And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
Variety is sought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious Appetite,
Three Elements, at least, dispeopled be,
To satisfie juditious gluttony.
And yet for this I love my Commons here,
Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.
No widows curse eaters a dish of mine,
I drink no tears of Orphans in my wine.
Thou mayst perchance to some great office come,
And I can rule a Common-wealth at home.
And that preheminence injoy more free,
Then thou puft up with vain Authority.
What boots it him a large command to have,

Whose

Whose every part is some poor vices slave?
Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
As o're the rustick he can domineer.
VVhilst he poor Swains doth threat, in his own eyes
Lust and Concupiscence do Tyranize.
Ambition wracks his heart with jealous fear,
And bastard flattery captivates his ear.
He on posterity may fix his care,
And I can study on the times that were.
He stands upon a pinacle, to show
His dangerous hight? whilst I sit safe below.
Thy father hords up gold for thee to spend,
VVhen death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late:
My nothing to inherit is a fate.
Above thy birth-right, should it double be;
No longing expectation tortures me.
I can my fathers reverent head survay,
And yet not wish that every hair were gray.
My constant *Genius* sayes I happier stand,
And richer in his, life then in his land.
And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold
VVill think each day makes thee a year too old;
And ever gaping to possesse thy store,
Conceives thy age to be above fourscore.
'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
The too slow hours to hast, and every day
Bespeak thy Coffin, cursing every bell,
That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis anothers knell:
(And justly at thy life he may repine,
But his is but a wardship during thine.)
Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one
He shall be more a pupill then a sonne:

And

And at my grave weep truth, and say deaths hand,
That bountifully unto thine gave land,
But rob'd him of a Tutor; Curſed ſtore!
There is no pietie, but amongſt the poor.
Go then confeſſe which of us fathers be
The happier made in our poſterity;
I in my Orphan that hath nought beſide
His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
Thou ſeverall Artiſts doſt imploy to ſhow
The meaſure of thy lands; that thou myſt know
How much of earth thou haſt: while I do call
My thoughts to ſcan how little 'tis in all
Thou haſt thy hounds to hunt the timorus Hare,
The crafty Fox, or the more nobler Deer;
Till at a fault, perchance thy Lordſhip be,
And ſome poor city varlet hunt for thee.
For 'is not poor *Acteans* fault alone:
Hounds have devour'd more Maſters ſure then one.
VVhilſt I the while purſuing my content,
VVith the quick Noſtrels of a judgement, ſent
The hidden ſteps of nature, and there ſee
Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye.
Thou haſt a Hawk, and to that hight doth flye
Thy underſtanding if it ſore too high:
VVhile I my ſoul with Eagles Pinions wing,
To ſtoop at Heaven, and in her Tallons bring
A glorious conſtellation, ſporting there
VVith him whoſe belt of ſtars adornes the Sphear.
Thou haſt thy lant-skips, and the painters try,
VVith all their skill to pleaſe thy wanton eye.
Here ſhaddowy groves, and craggy mountains there;
Here rivers headlong fall, there ſprings run cleer, (ſhrow
The Heavens bright Raiſe through clouds moſt azure

Circled

Circuled about with *Iris* gawdy bow.
And what of this? I reall Heavens do ſee,
True ſprings, true gooves; whilſt yours but ſhadows be.
Nor of your houſhold ſtuffe ſo proudly boaſt,
Compos'd of curioſity and coſt.
Your two beſt chambers are unfurniſhed,
Th' inner and upper roome, the breaſt and head.
But you will ſay, The comfort of a life,
Is in the partner of your joyes, a wife.
You may have choice of birds, you need not wo,
The rich, the faier; they both are profered you:
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
That onely in *Parnaſſus* joyturs her?
Yet thy baſe match I ſcorn, an honeſt pride
I harbour here that ſcorns a market bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;
And ſacred love is baſely bought and ſold.
VVives are grown traffique, marriage is a trade,
And when a numptiall of two hearts is made,
There muſt of moneys to a wedding be,
That coyn as well as men may multiply.
O humane blindneſſe! had we eyes to ſee,
There is no wealth to valiant Poetry!
And yet what want I Heaven or earth can yeeld?
Methinks I now poſſeſſe the *Elſim* field.
Into my cheſt the yellow *Tagus* flowes,
VVhile my plate-fleet in bright *Pactolas* rowes.
Th' *Heſperian* Orchard's mine: mine is all:
Thus am I rich in wealth Poeticall.
VVhy ſtrive you then my friends to circumvent
My ſoul, and rob me of my beſt content?
VVhy out of ignorant love counſell you me
To leave the Muſes and my Poetry?

VVhich

Which should I leave and never follow more,
I might perchance get riches and be poor.

In anguem, qui *Lycoris* in dormientem amplexus est.

VEr erat, & flores per apertum libera campum
(Vt Ceretis *spes una) legit mea flamma Lycoris:*
At nimio tandem studio, nimioq; labore,
Admisit somnos virides defesse per herbas.
Vtque erat & placidum carpebant membra soporem,
Alterna varius macula de flore propinquo
Per vestes tacite subrepsit Lubricus anguis.
Vidi ego, & attonitam percussus frigore mentem,
Omnia pertimui: Tu me Rhodopeia *conjux*
Serpentem insidiis blando direpta marito,
Prima feris: sed cum tendentem innoxia vidi
Spicula, nec lassæ fraudem intentare puellæ:
Quam longe timor hic abiit, majore secuo?
Namque levis totum lustravit vipera corpus;
Iamque suam Lybiam, *& steriles fastidia arenas*
Et mirata femur, ventremque, atque ubera lacte
Condidiora sua; Tali fas, *dixit,* in arvo
Fas mihi semper erit, perq; istos serpere colles.
Me videt, & metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis,
Sub nivioque latet colle, sua litia credens:
Purpureis mox usque genis allapsus. in istis
Tutius est hærere rosis, & dulcius *inquit.*
Tum frontem spectans, venasque in fronte tumentes,
Quænam (*ait ille*) jugo violæ nascuntur in isto?
Hinc ad Casariem surgit flavosq; capillos,
Et stupet auratam formoso in vertice sylvam,

Hisperumq; nemus jam credit, credidit hortum.
Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde superba
Non illi myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaq; Quercus,
Thessala nec Pinus, nec erat Peneia laurus.
Gaudia jam tota implerant secura pericli
Pectora, descendit rursus, totosq; per artus
Lascivus gestit numeroso ludere gyro;
Candaq; formosam cingat dum frigida collum,
Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oscula libat;
Spirantesq; hauret Zephyros, atque omnia Phœnix
Quæ potuit mœriens precioso imponere busto,
Quicquid olent Arabes, sævum non inde venenum,
Sed velut Hyblæos discurrens incola campos,
Mella legit nova nuper Apis: jam credite possit
Ineur Austræi serpens armenta vagari.
Ab quoties metul cœlestes frigidus Arter,
Rivalemq; Iovem! forma ne callidus ista
Appeterit nostram, petiit Deoida Nymphan.
Exerit ille caput (toto jam corde voluptas
Incedit) Cantuq, suæ blanditur amicæ,
Dulciaque erectis modulatur sibila cristis.
Excutitur Nymphæ somnus; jam membra refecta
Luminaq; attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.
Dumq; ibi dispersos flores, lapsamque coronam
Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.
Illa (sibi note quanta est fiducia forme!)
Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,
Admovitque sinu, colloque & pectore fovit.
Hic ludens modo per digitos novus annulus ibat,
Splendida nunc medium complexus zona puellam;
Vivaque per teretes pendens admilla lacertos;
Gratia ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras
Flectitur, innumeros se variavit in ores.

Candida

Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.
Ad nimium seperis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!
Eos alii fluctus, & littora rubra
Scrutantur; nulli misit prius Africa gemmas.
Perniciem quæcunque parant & flebile virus
Humano generi, cupiunt ernare Lycorin;
Namque ea, parva licet, summo quæ pendula tecto
Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta
Emula vidisset, subito novus ardor amantis
Pectus agit: Serpensne, inquit tibi gemma Lycori?
Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ!
Nec mona, deposcit radios, sua retia mittit,
Quæque solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,
Et tibi subtiles mediatur Aranea telas.
Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix
Deliciis fruere, & triplice rapis oscula lingua,
(Sic semper novus exuviis & pelle renata
Perfectam repetis per sæcula mille inventam!)
Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin
Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,
Nec fronte turpes inscribat tempora rugas.
At nova perpetua facies, eademq; Licorin
Monstret & in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat,
Et Venerem *forma seperans, evoque* Sybillam,
At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissimo serpens,
Quando renascentes numerasti sæpius annos,
Accedas astris sidus, Pythone *remoto,*
Flumenis in morem flexa; Tu deinde Licori
Cum edet vitæ, Serpenti *proxima charo*
Stella nite, cælumque beatis detque Cathedram
Cassiopæa *suam, det* Bacchi virgo Coronam.

Englished thus Παιδοφθορία.

THe Spring was come, and all the fields grown fine;
My flame *Lycoris* like young *Proserpine*
Went forth to gather flowers, betting their sent
They took more sweetnesse from her, then they lent.
Now loaden with her harvest, and o'repress't
With her sweet toyl, she laid her down to rest,
Lillies did strow her couch, and proud were grown
To bear a whitenesse purer then their own.
Roses fell down soft pillows to her head,
And blusht themselves into a deeper red
To emulate her cheeks: *Flora* did set
Her maids to work to weave the Violet
Into a purple rugge, to shield the fair
Lycoris from the malice of the Air;
When lo a snake hid in the neighbour bowres,
(Ah who could think treason should lurk in flowrs?)
Shoots forth her checker'd skin, and gently creeps
O're my *Lycoris* that as gently sleeps.
I saw it, and a sudden frost possest
My frighted soule in my then troubled brest.
What fears appear'd not to my mind and me?
Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridice*,
By Serpents envy forced to expire,
From *Orpheus* rapt, and his death-conquering lyre:
But when I found he wore a guiltlesse sting,
And more of love did then of treason bring:
How quickly could my former fear depart,
And to a greater leave my jealous heart!
For the smooth Viper every member scands,

Africk

Africk he loaths now, and the barren sands
That nurst him, wondring at the glorious sight
Of thighes and belly, and the brests more white
Then their own milk, *Ah might I still* (quoth he)
Crawl in such fields, 'twixt two such mountains be!
There me he spied, and fearing to be seen;
Shrowds to her neck, thinking t'had Lillies been,
But viewing her bright cheeks, he soon did cry.
Under your Roses shall I safer lye.
Thence did her fore-head with full veins appear,
Good heaven (quoth he) *what violets grow here*
On this clear Promontory? Hence he slides
Vp to her locks, and through her tresses glydes,
Her yellow tresses; dazzl'd to behold
A glistring grove, an intire wood of Gold.
Th' *Hesperian* wood he thinks he now hath seen,
That thought, but now, they had an Orchard been;
For leaves and boughes the *Archimenian* Vine,
The *Dodan* Oak, and the *Thessalian* Pine
Must yeeld to these; no Trees so bright as they,
Nor *Paphian* Myrtles, nor *Pontian* Bay!
Joy now fill'd all his brest, no timerous fear
Of danger could find room to harbour there.
Down slips he, and about each limb he hurls
His wanton body into numerous curles.
And while his tail had thrown it self a chain
About her neck, his head bears up again;
With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
And there with kisses steept in *Nectar* meets.
Thence *Zephyrs* breath he sucks, then doth he smell
Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* gums excell.
And spices that do build the *Phœnix* Pyre,
When she renews her youth in funerall fire.

Nor seeks he poyson there, but like the Bee
That on Mount *Hybla* plies her husbandry,
He gathers honey thence, now, now I know
With *Aristeus* Flocks a Snake may go.
Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight,
And *Iove* my rivall; that his old deceit
Had once again this borrowed shape put on,
To court my Nymph, as he *Dodie* won,
Up lift the Snake his head (for pleasure now
Held all his soul) and with erected brow
To flatter's Love he sung; he strives to play,
And hisses forth a well tun'd Roundelay.
This wakes the Nymph, her eyes admit the day,
Here flowers, and there her scattered Garlands lay,
Which as she picks up, and with fears revies,
She in her lap the speckled Serpent spies.
The Nymph no sign of any terrour shows
(How bold is beauty when her strength she knows!)
And in her hand the tender worm she grasp'd,
While it some time about her finger clasp'd
A ring enamel'd, then her tender waist
In manner of a girdle round imbrac'e,
And now upon her a bracelet hung,
Where for the greater ornament she flung
His limber body into severall folds,
And twenty winding figures, where it holds
Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,
And many a Love-knot ties upon her wrist.
Lycoris to the gods thou art too dear,
And top too much of heaven belov'd I fear.
This or that Nymph's the Red-sea spoyls may be.
But *Lybia* ne're sent Jewels but to thee.
What s're to us are deaths and poysons sent,

Desire

Desire to be *Lycoris* Ornament:
For that same little Spider that hangs up,
Together with her web on the house top,
When she beheld the Snake a bracelet made,
Stuck with an evy, and a love; she said,
And shall a Snake a Gemme Lycoris be,
And such bright form receive no tires from me?
Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
Her subtle toyl she sets to catch the fly,
To th'loom *Arachne* goes, and plyes it there
To work a roab for my *Lycoris* weare.
But thou, o Serpent, which so blest can be
To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:
That happy worm, upon her lip fast hung,
Sucking in kisses with thy three fork'd tongue
(So may'st thou age and skin together cast,
And oft recall thy youth, when it is past,)
Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may be,
Let her th'Ingredients of thy Cordials see.
That she may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
May never print a wrinckle in her brow.
I charge thee in thy powerfull *Cupids* name,
May a new beauty alwayes and the same
Lycoris shew; ne're may she in her glasse
Look for her owne, ad find anothers face.
Venus for beauty may she then appear
When she has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year;
And when, dark Snake, thou wilt no more renew
Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adiew;
And glory to the night, or from his sphear
Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there:
Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
And through the Orb a starry torrent flow.

And thou *Dycoris*, when th'art pleas'd to take
No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*
Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;
Blesse the poor heavens with more majestick light,
Who in requitall shall present you there,
Ariadnæs Crown, and *Cassiopæis Chair*.

A complaint against Cupid, *that he never made him in Love.*

HOw many of thy Captives (Love) complain
Thou yoak'st thy slaves in too severe a chain?
I have heard 'em their Poetique malice show,
To curse thy Quiver, and blaspheme thy Bow.
Calling thee Boy, and blind, threatning the rod;
Prophanely swearing that thou art no god.
Or if thou be; not from the starry place,
But born below, and of the Stygian race.
But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,
Thou canst be friendly too, and deign to strike.
This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;
That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rhime:
A third speaks raptures, and hath gain'd a wit
By praising *Celia*; else had mist of it.
But I that think there can no freedome be,
(*Cupid*) so sweet as thy Captivity;
I that could wish thy chains, and live content
To wear them, not thy Gives, but ornament:
I that could any ransome pay to thee,
Not to redeem, but sell my liberty.
I am neglected. Let the cause be known;
Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,

That

That were so prodigall; or dost thou please
To set thy Pillars up with Hercules
Weary of conquest? or should I disgrace
Thy victories, if I were deign'd a place
Amongst thy other Trophies? none of these,
Witnesse thy daily triumphs: who, but sees
Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low;
No age, no Sex can scape thy powerfull bow.
Decrepit age whose veins and bones may be
An Argument against Philosophy,
To prove an emptinesse; that has no sense
Left but his feeling, feels thy influence;
And dying dotes: not babes thy shafts can misse;
How quickly Infants can be taught to kisse!
As the poor Apes being dumb these words would borrow
I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
Each Plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
Tilling the earth, and wishing 'twere his Love.
Am I invulnerable? is the dart
Rebeaten, which thou bevel'st at my heart?
I'le rest my Parents bones, if they have done
As *Tethis* once did to her god like son,
The great *Achilles*, dipt in Stygian lake;
Though I am so, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
Try where I am not proof; and let me feel
Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.
Perchance my heart lies there; who would not be
A Coward, to be valiant made by thee.
I cannot say thy blindnesse is the cause,
That I am barr'd the freedome of thy laws;
The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,
That place of comfort, Paradise of sport.
For they may say, that say thou blind canst be,

Eagles

Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.
Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,
For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.
Think'st thou because I do the Muses love,
I in thy Camp would a faint souldier prove?
How came *Musæus* and *Anacreon* then
Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen
Amongst thy spears, and how came *Ovid* (say)
To be enrol'd great Generall in thy pay?
And doubt'st thou me? suspect you I will tell
The hidden mysteries of your *Paphian* cell,
To the strait lac't *Diane*? or betray
The secrets of the night unto the day?
No, *Cupid*, by thy Mothers doves I swear,
And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear.
If *Philomel* descend to sport with me,
Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as she.
Though she hath lost her tongue; in such delights
All should be like her, only talk by nights:
Make me thy Priest (if Poets truth divine)
I'le make the Muses wanton, at thy shrine
They all shall wait, and *Diana*'s self shall be
A votresse to thy Mothers Nunnery.
When zeale with nature shall maintain no strife,
Where none swear chastity, and single life.
To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read,
She breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden-head.
Reject not then your *Flamin*'s ministry:
Let me but Deacon in thy Temples be;
And see how I shall touch my powerfull lyre,
And more inspir'd with thine then *Phœbus* fire.
Chaunt such a moving verse, as soone should frame
Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame,

Melting

Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone,
And force her to untrusse her Virgin Zone.
Is *Lucrece* or *Penelope* alive?
Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* Wife,
Or any of the *Vestalls* hither call,
And I will make them be thy converts all.
Who like good Proselytes more in heart then show,
Shall to thy orgies all so zealous goe.
That *Thais* shall, nor *Helen* such appear;
As if they only Loves precians were.
But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings,
Cupid 'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings.
The Lawrell wreath I never shall obtain,
Unlesse thy torch illuminate my brain.
Love Lawrell gives; *Phœbus* as much can say,
Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.
Why is my *Presentation* then put by?
Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?
Can any Lady say I am unfit?
If so, I'le sue my *Quare Impedit*.
I'm young enough, my spirits quick and good,
My veins swell high with kind and active blood.
Nor am I marble; when I see an eye
Quick, bright, and full, rai'd round with majesty;
I feel my heart with a strange heat oppress,
As 'twere a lightning darted through my breast.
I long not for the cherries on the Tree,
So much as those which on a lip I see.
And more affection bear I to the Rose
That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight;
And feel my temper vary at the sight;
I know not why, but warmer streams do glide

Through

Thorow my veins, sure 'tis a wanton tide.
But you perchance esteem my love the lesse,
Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse,
A shame-fac'd rose you find within my face,
Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace;
That's ready now to fall, if you'l but deign
To pluck it once, it shall not grow again.
Or do you therefore cast my love away,
Because I am not expert in the play?
My skil's not known till it be ventred on;
I have not *Aristotle* read alone;
I am in *Ovid* a proficient too;
And if you'd heare my Lecture, could to you
Analize all his Art, with so much more
Judgment and skill then e're was taught before;
That I might be chief Master, he, dull fool,
The under-usher in the *Cyprian* Scool:
For petty Pædagogue, poor pedant, he
First writ the Art, and then the remedy:
But I could set down rules of love so sure,
As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.
Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)
As might stand Copies unto *Apelline*.
And such new dalliance study, as should frame
Variety in that which is the same.
I am not then uncapable (great *Love*)
Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove,
Give me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy,
And such a Mistresse (*Love*) as will be coy.
Not easily won, though to be won in time;
That from her niceness I may store my thime:
Then in a thousand sighs to thee I'le pay
My Morning Orisons, and every day

Two

Two thousand groans, and count these amorous prayers
I make to thee, not by my Beads but tears.
Besides, each day I'le write an Elegy,
And in as lamentable Poetry
As any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone
To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.
But (*Love*) I see you will not entertain
Those that desire to live amidst your train;
For death, and you have got a trick to flye
From such poor wretches as do wish you nigh.
You scorn a yeelding slave; and plainly show it,
Those that contemn your power you make to know it.
And such am I; I slight your proud commands;
I marl you put a Bow into your hands;
A Hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy,
A rattle would befit you better, Boy.
You conquer gods and men? how stand I free,
That will acknowledg no supremacy
Unto your churlish god-head? does it cry?
Give it a plum to still it's deity.
Good *Venus* let it suck; that it may keep
Lesse brawling; gentle Nurse rock it asleep,
Or if you be past Baby, and are now
Come to wear breeches, must we then allow
Your Boy-ship leave to shoot at whom you please?
No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these:
If this do anger you, I'le send a Bee,
Shall to a single duell challenge thee:
And make you to your Mam run, and complain,
The little serpent stung thee once again.
Go hunt the Butter-flies, and if you can
But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan.
Wee'l give you leave to hunt, and sport at them,

So

So you let me alone,-----But I blaſpheme
(Great *Love*) I feare I have offended thee,
If ſo, be mercifull-----and puniſh me.

A gratulatory to Mr. Ben Johnſon, *for adopting him to be his ſonne.*

I Was not born to *Helicon*, nor dare
Preſume to think my ſelf a Muſes heir.
I have no title to *Parnaſſus* hill,
Nor any Acre of it by the will
Of a dead Anceſtour, nor could I be
Ought but a tenant unto Poetry.
But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
I am a kinne to *Heroes* being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, *Muſæus*, *Homer* too, beſide
Thy Brothers by the *Romane* Mothers ſide;
As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,
That is ſo like thee, *Horace*: the whole Quire
Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all
My Uncles: thou haſt given me power to call
Phœbus himſelf my Grandſire; by this graunt
Each Sifter of the nine is made my Aunt.
Go you that reckon from a large deſcent
Your lineall honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a Heralds faith you build the ſame:
I do not envy you, nor think you bleſt
Though you may bear a Gorgon on your Creſt
By direct line from *Perſeus*; I will boaſt

No

No farther then my Father, that's the moſt
I can or ſhould be proud of; and I were
Unworthy his adoption, if that here
I ſhould be dully modeſt, boaſt I muſt
Being ſon of his Adoption, not his luſt.
And to ſay truth, that which is beſt in me
May call you Father, 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a ſpark of that cæleſtiall flame
Within me. I confeſſe I ſtole the ſame
Promotheus like from thee; and may I feed
His Vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more Moons thau haſt, that ſhine by night
All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
Yet can forſwear it, I the debt confeſſe,
And think my reputation ne're the leſſe.
For Father let me be reſolv'd by you;
It's a diſparagement from rich *Peru*
To raviſh gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore
To ranſack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* ſhore?
Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want
Doth take from him a ſprig or two, to plant
A leſſer Orchard? ſure it cannot be:
Nor is it theft to ſteale ſome flames from thee.
Graunt this, and I'le cry guilty, a I am,
And pay a filiall reverence to thy name.
For when my Muſe upon obedient knees
Asks not her Fathers bleſſing, let her leeſe
The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curſe
I wiſh her 'cauſe I cannot think a worſe.
And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat
Phœbus to lend theeſome of his own heat,
To cure thy Palſie; elſe I will complain

He has no skill in herbs; Poets in vain
Make him the god of Physick, 'twere his praise
To make thee as immortall as thy Bayes;
As his own *Daphne*, 'twere a shame to see
The god not love his Priest, more then his Tree.
But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Lesbiam, & Histrionem.

I Wonder what should Madam *Lesbia* mean
To keep young *Histrio*, and for what scene
So bravely she maintains him, that what sense
He please to blesse, 'tis done at her expence!
The play-boy spends secure; he shall have more,
As if both *Indies* did supply his store.
As if he did in bright *Pactolus* swim,
Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him,
And yet has no revenews to defray.
These charges, but the Madam, she must pay
His prodigall disbursments: Madams are
Such as he, more then a treble share.
She payes (which is more then she needs to do)
For her own coming in, and for his too.
This is reward due to the sacred sin;
No charge too much done to the beardlesse chin
Although she stint her poor old Knight Sir *John*
To live upon his exhibition,
His hundred marks *per annum*, when her joy,
Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy
May scatter Angels; rub out silks, and shine

In

In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:
Keep his Race-nags, and in Hide-park be seen
Brisk as the best (as if the stage had been
Crown the Courts Rivall) can to *Brackly* go,
To *Lincoln* Race, and to *New-market* too;
At each of these his hundred pounds has vie'd
On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten herrings* side;
And loses without swearing. Let them curse
That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,
Nor such a Madam; if this world do hold
(As very likely 'twill) Madams grown old
Will be the best Monopolies; *Histrio* may
At *Maw*, or *Gleek*, or at *Primero* play,
Still Madam goes to stake, *Histrio* knows
Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes
As deep, the Caster, as the only Son
Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
A whole week since: you'd know the reason why
Lesbia does this, guesse you as well as I;
Then this I can no better reason tell,
'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
I see old Madams are not only toyle,
No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soile.
Ah poor day-labourers, how I pity you
That shrink, and sweat to live with much ado!
When had you wit to understand the right,
'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.
Yet some that resting here, do only think
That youth with age is an unequall link,
Conclude, that *Histrias* task as hard must be,
As was *Mezentius* bloody cruelty.
Who made the living to embrace the dead,
And so expire, but I am rather lead

His bargain of the two the beſt to call,
He at one game keeps her, ſhe him at all.

De Hiſtrice, Ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphal*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
Shot ſhowers of arrows forth, all levied right.
And long the fable of thoſe quils of ſteele
Did ſeem to me a tale incredible.
Now have I faith; the Porcupine I ſee,
And then th'Herculean birds no wonders be.
Her longer head like a ſwines ſnout doth ſhow;
Briſles like horns upon her fore head grow,
A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye,
Under her ſhaggy back the ſhape doth lye
As 'twere a whelp: nature her Arthath try'd
In this ſmall beaſt ſo ſtrangely fortified.
A threatning wood o're all her body ſtands,
And ſtiffe with Pikes the ſpeckled ſtalks in bands
Grow to the warre; while under thoſe doth riſe
An other troop, girt with alternate dies
Of ſeverall hue, which whtle a black doth fill
The inward ſpace ends in a ſolid quill.
That leſſening by degrees, doth in a while,
Take a quick point, and ſharpens to a Pile.
Nor doth her ſquadrons like the hedg-hogs ſtand
Fixt, but ſhe darts them forth, and at command
Farre off her members aims, ſhot through the skye
From her ſhak'd ſide the Native Engines flye.
Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, ſhee'l wound
Her following foe, ſometimes intrenching round,
In battail form marſhalling all her flanks,

Sh

Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
Of her poor enemies: lineing every side
With spears to which she is her self allied,
Each part of her's a souldier, from her back.
But stir'd, a horse a horrid noise doth crack,
That one would think the trumpets did incite
Two adverse Armies to begin to fight,
So great a noise from one so small did rise,
Then to her skill in Arms she is so wise
As to add Policy, and a thrifty fear
Of her own safety; she a wrath doth bear
Not prodigall of weapons, but content
With wary threatning, and hath seldome sent
An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
But spends 'em only to secure her life!
And then her diligent stroke so certain is
VVithout all errour, shee will seldome misse.
No distance cozens her; the dumb skin aims right,
And rules the levy of the skilfull fight.
VVhat humane labour, though we boast it such,
VVith all her reason can perform so much?
They from the *Cretan* Goats their horns must take,
And after, those with fire must softer make.
Bulls guts must bend their bows, and e're they fight
Steel arms their darts, and feathers wing their flights.
VVhen lo a little beast we armed see
VVith nothing but her own Artilery:
VVho seeks no forraign ayd, with her all go,
She to her self is Quiver, darts, and bow.
One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;
If from examples then the practise flows
Of humane life, hence did th' Invention grow
At distance to encounter with our foe.

Hence the *Cyaonians* inſtructed are
Their ſtratagems and manner of their war.
Hence did the *Parthians* learn to fight and fly,
Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

In Archimedis Sphæram, ex Claudiano.

Iove ſaw the Heavens fram'd in a little glaſſe,
And laughing, to the gods theſe words did paſſe:
Comes then the power of mortall ears ſo far?
In brittle Orbs my labours acted are.
The ſtatutes of the Poles, the fates of things,
The laws of gods, this *Syracuſian* brings
Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
Their ſeverall ſphears, and with ſet motions bend
The living work: Each yeer the faigned Sun,
Each month returns the counterfeited Moon,
And viewing now her world, bold Induſtry
Grows proud, to know the heavens her ſubjects be.
Believe *Salmonius* hath falſe thunders thrown,
For a poor hand is Natures rivall grown.

De magnete, ex Claudiano.

WHo in the world with buſie reaſon pries,
Searching the ſeed of things, and there deſcries
With what defect labours th' Eclipſed Moon,
What cauſe commands a paleneſſe in the Sun,
Whence ruddy Comets with their fatall hair,
VVhence winds do flow, and what the Motions are
That ſhake the bowels of the trembling Earth,

VVha

VVhat ſtrikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give birth
To horrid thunders, and doth alſo know
VVhat light lends luſtre to the painted Bow:
If ought of truth his ſoule doth underſtand,
Let him reſolve a queſtion I'le demand.
There is a ſtone which we the load-ſtone ſtile,
Of colour ugly, dark, obſcure, and vile:
It never deck'd the ſleiked locks of Kings,
No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings
To virgins beauteous necks, it never ſhone
A ſplendent buckle in their maiden Zone:
But only hear the wonders I will tell,
Of this black Peeble, and 'twill then excel
All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*
'Mongſt the red weeds ſeeks for i'th Eaſtern ſhore:
From Iron firſt it liv[illegible]on it eats,
But that ſweet feaſt it knows no other meats;
Thence ſhe renews her ſtrength, vigor is ſent
Through all her nerves by that hard nouriſhment,
VVithout that food ſhe dies, a famine num's
Her meager joynts, a thirſt her veins conſumes.
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody ſphears,
And *Venus* that releaſes humane fears,
Do both together in one Temple ſhine,
Both joyntly honour'd in a common ſhrine;
But different Statues, *Mars* a ſteel put on,
And *Venus* figure was Magnetique ſtone.
To them (as is the cuſtome every yeer)
The Prieſt doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.
The torch the Quire doth lead, the threſhold's green
VVith hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are ſeen
To ſmell with roſie flowers, the Geniall ſheet
Spread over with a purple Coverlet.

But here (O ſtrange!) the ſtatues ſeem'd to move,
And *Cytheria* runs to catch her Love:
And like their former joyes in heaven poſſeſt,
With wanton heat clings to her *Mars's* breſt;
There hangs a gratefull burden: then ſhe throws
Her arms about his helmet, to incloſe
Her Love in amorous Gives, leſt he get our,
Her live embraces chain him round about.
He ſtird'd with love, breath'd gently through his veins,
Is drawn by unſeen links, and ſecret chains,
To meet his ſpouſed Gem; the ayr doth wed
The ſteel unto the ſtone thus ſtrangely led
The deities their ſtoln delights replay'd,
And onely Nature was the bridall-maid.
What heat, in theſe two metals did inſpire
Such mutuall league? what conce[illegible] powerfull fire
Contracted their hard minds? the ſtone doth move
With amorous heat, the ſteel doth learn to love.
So *Venus* oft the god of War withſtood,
And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood
He rages to the fight, fierce with deſire
And with drawn points whets up his active ire;
She dares go forth alone, and boldly meet
His foaming ſteeds, and with a winning greet
The tumour of his high ſwoln breſt aſſwage,
Tempring with gentle flames his violent rage.
Peace courts his ſoule, the fight he diſavows,
And his red plumes he now to kiſſes bows.
Ah cruell boy, large thy dominions be,
The gods and all their thunders yeeld to thee,
Great Jove to leave his heaven thou canſt conſtrain,
And midſt the briniſh waves to Love again.
Now the cold Rocks thou ſtrik'ſt, the ſenſeleſſe ſtone,

Thy

Thy weapon feels; a luſtfull heat doth run
Through veins of flint; the ſteel thy power can tame,
And rigid Marble muſt admit thy flame.

De Sene Veronenſi: *Ex Claudiano.*

HAppy man that all his dayes hath ſpent
VVithin his own grounds, and no farther went;
VVhom the ſame houſe that did him erſt behold
A little Infant, ſees him now grown old;
That with his ſtaffe walks where he crawl'd before,
Counts th'age of one poor cottage and no more.
Fortune ne're him with various tumult preſt,
Nor drank he unknown ſtreams, a wandring gueſt.
He fear'd no Merchants ſtorms, nor drums of war,
Nor ever knew the ſtrifes of the hoarſe Bar.
VVho though to th'next Town he a ſtranger be,
Yet heavens ſweet proſpect he enjoys more free.
From fruits, not Conſuls, computation brings,
By Apples Autumns knows, by flowers the ſprings.
Thus he the day by his own orb doth prize;
In the ſame field his Sun doth ſet and riſe.
That knew an oak a twig, and walking thither
Beholds a wood and he grown up together,
Neighbouring *Veron* he may for India take,
And think the red Sea is *Benacus* lake.
Yet is his ſtrength untam'd, and firm his knees;
Him the third age a luſty Grandſire ſees.
Go ſeek who's will the far *Ibrean* ſhore,
This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

The ſecond Epod. of Horace *tranſlated.*

HAppy the man which farre from city care,
(Such as ancient Mortals were)
VVith his own oxen plows his fathers land,
Free from Uſurers griping hand.
The ſouldiers trumpets never break his ſleep,
Nor angry ſeas that raging keep.
He ſhuns the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth ſet
On the proud threſholds of the Great:
His life is this (O life almoſt divine!)
To marry Elmes unto the Vine;
To prune unfruitfull brauches, and for them
To graft a bough of happier ſtem.
Or elſe within the low couch'd vallies views
His well cloath'd flocks of bleating ews.
Sometimes his honey he in pots doth keep,
Sometimes he ſhears his fleecy ſheep.
And when his fruits with Autumn ripened be,
Gathers his Apples from the tree.
And joyes to taſt the Pears himſelf did plant,
And Grapes that naught of purple want.
Under an Oak ſometimes he layes his head,
Making the tender graſſe his bed.
Mean while the ſtreams along their banks do float,
And birds do chaunt with warbling throat,
And gentle ſprings a gentle murmure keep,
To lull him to a quiet ſleep.
When winter comes, and th'ayre doth chiller grow,
Threatning ſhowers, and ſhivering ſnow,
Either with hounds he hunts the tusked ſwine

That

That foe unto the corn and vine;
Or layes his nets, or limes the unctious buſh
To catch the black-bird, or the thruſh.
Sometimes the Hare he courſes, and one way
Makes both a pleaſure and a prey.
But if with him a modeſt wife doth meet,
To guide his houſe and children ſweet,
Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,
Something brown, but chaſt of life;
Such as will make a good warm fire to burn,
Againſt her wearied Mate's return,
And ſhutting in her ſtalls her fruitfull Neat,
Will make the kines diſtended Teats
Fetching her husband of her ſelf-brewd beer,
And other wholſome Country cheer.
Sup him with bread and cheeſe, Pudding or bye,
Such dainties as they do not any:
Give me but theſe, and I ſhall never care
Where all the *Lucrine* Oiſters are,
Theſe wholſome Country dainties ſhall to me
Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* be.
Had I but theſe, I well could be without
The *Carp*, the *Sammon*, or the *Trout*:
Nor ſhould the Phœnix ſelfe ſo much delight
My not ambitious appetite,
As ſhould an Apple ſnatch'd from mine own trees
Or honey of my labouring Bees.
My Cattels udders ſhould afford me food,
My ſheep my cloath, my ground my wood,
Sometimes a lamb, ſnatch'd from the wolf ſhall be
A banquet for my friend and me.
Sometimes a Calf, ta'en from the lowing Cow,
Or tender Iſſue of the Sow.

Our gardens ſallets yeeld, Mallows to keep
Looſe bodies, Lettice for to ſleep.
The cackling Hen an egg for breakfaſt layes,
And Duck that in our water playes.
The Gooſe for us her tender plumes hath bred,
To lay us on a ſofter bed.
Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphans tears,
Our pillows are not ſtuff'd with cares.
To walk on our own ground a ſtomack gets,
The beſt of ſauce to cure our meats.
In midſt of ſuch a feaſt 'tis joy to come
And ſee the well-fed Lambs at home.
'Tis pleaſure to behold th'inverſed Plow,
The Languid necks of Oxen bow.
And view th'induſtrious ſervants that will ſweat
Both at labour and at meat.
Lord grant me but enough; I aske no more,
Then will ſerve mine, and help the poore.

An Elegy upon the Lady Venetian Digby.

Death, whol'd not change prerogatives with thee
That doſt ſuch rapes, yet maiſt not queſtion'd be?
Here ceaſe thy wanton luſt, be ſatisfi'd,
Hope not a ſecond, and ſo fair a bride.
Where was her *Mars*, whoſe valiant arms did hold
This *Venus* once, that thou durſt be ſo bold
By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas fear,
Leſt he ſhould come, that would have reſcued her.
Monſter confeſſe, didſt thou not bluſhing ſtand,
And thy pale cheek turnd red to touch her hand?
Did ſhe not lightning-like ſtrike ſudden heat

Through

Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy froſt to ſweat?
Well ſince thou haſt her, uſe her kindly, *Death*,
And in requitall of ſuch precious breath
Watch ſentinell to guard her, do not ſee
The worms thy rivals, for the gods will be.
Remember *Paris*, for whoſe pettier ſin,
The *Troian* gates let the ſtout *Grecian* in:
So when time ceaſes, (whoſe unthrifty hand
Ha's now almoſt conſum'd his ſtock of ſand)
Myriads of Angels ſhall in Armies come,
And fetch (proud raviſher) their *Helen* home.
And to revenge this rape, thy other ſtore
Thou ſhalt reſign too, and ſhalt ſteal no more,
Till then fair Ladies (for you now are fair,
But till her death I fear'd your juſt deſpair,)
Fetch all the ſpiees that *Arabia* yeelds,
Diſtill the choyſeſt flowers of the fields:
And when in one their beſt perfections meet
Embalm her courſe that ſhe may make them ſweet.
Whilſt for an Epitaph upon her ſtone
I cannot write, but I muſt weep her one.

Epitaph.

Beauty it ſelf lies here, in whom alone,
Each part enjoy'd the ſame perfection.
In ſome the eyes we praiſe, in ſome the hair;
In her the *lips*, in her the cheeks are fair;
That Nymphs fine feet; her hands we beauteous call;
But in this form we praiſe no part, but all.
The ages paſt have many beauties ſhown,
And I more plenty in our time have known:
But in the age to come I look for none;
Nature deſpairs becauſe the pattern's gone,

An Epitaph upon Mrs. J. T.

READER, if thou haſt a tear,
Thou canſt not chooſe but pay it here,
Here lies *modeſty*, *meekneſſe*, *zeale*,
Goodneſſe, *Piety*, and to tell
Her worth at once, one that had ſhown
All vertues that her ſex could own,
Nor dare my praiſe too laviſh be,
Leſt her duſt bluſh, for ſo would ſhe.
Haſt thou beheld in the ſpring's bowers
Tender buds break to bring forth flowers?
So to keep vertues ſtock, pale death
Took her to give her infant breath,
Thus her accounts were all made even,
She robb'd not earth, to add to heaven.

An Epithalamium.

MUſe be a bride-maid; doſt not heare
How honoured *Hunt*, and his fair *Deer*,
This day prepare her wedding cheer?

The ſwifteſt of thy pinions take,
And hence a ſudden journey make,
To help 'em break their bridall Cake.

Haſt 'em to Church, tell 'em love ſayes,
Religion breeds but fond delayes,
To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chil

Chide the ſlow Prieſt, that ſo goes on,
As if he feard he ſhould have done
His Sermon, e're the glaſſe be run.

Bid him poſt o're his words, as faſt
As if himſelf were now to taſt
The pleaſure of ſo fair a waſt.

Now lead the bleſſed Couple home,
And ſerve a dinner up for ſome,
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimbly as your blood,
VVhich I ſee ſwell a purple flood
In emulation of that good

The Bride poſſeſſeth; for I deeme
VVhat ſhe enjoyes will be the theme
This night of every virgins dream.

But envy not their bleſt content,
The haſty night is almoſt ſpent,
And they of Cupid will be ſhent.

The Sun is now ready to ride,
Sure 'twas the morning I eſpide,
Or 'twas the bluſhing of the Bride.

See how the luſty bridegrooms veins
Swell, till the active torrent ſtrains
To break thoſe o're-ſtretcht azure chains.

And the fair bride ready to cry
To ſee her pleaſant loſſe ſo nigh,

Pants like the ſcaled Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights,
Thoſe that perform their miſtick rites
Muſt pay their Oriſons by nights.

Nor can that ſacrifice be done
By any *Prieſt*, or *Nun* alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that taſt of *Hymens* cheer,
See that your lips do meet ſo neer,
That Cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whiſperings of your love
Such ſhort and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in ſuch ſtrict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the Vine,
The Ivy and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall boſoms beat,
Till they create by virtuall heat
Mirrhe, Balme, and Spikenard in a ſweat.

Thence may there ſpring many a pair
Of Sons and Daughters ſtrong and fair:
How ſoon the gods have heard my prair!

Methinks already I eſpy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drowſie Nurſes Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honoured friend Mr. War.

HEre lies the knowing head, the honeſt heart,
Fair blood, and courteous hands, and every part
Of gentle warre, all with one ſtone content,
Though each deſerv'd a ſeverall monument.
He was (believe me Reader) for 'tis rare
Vertuous though young, and learned though an heir.
Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content,
He paid them both their tribute which they lent.
His Anceſtors in him fixed their pride,
So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed.
This made death lingring come, aſham'd to be,
At once the ruine of a family.
Learn Reader here, though long thy line hath ſtood,
Time breeds conſumptions in the nobleſt blood.
Learn (Reader) here to what our Glories come,
Here's no diſtinction 'twixe the Houſe and Tomb,

Upon the loſſe of his little finger.

ARithmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I ſtill have all my ſtore,
For what miſchance hath tane from my left hand,
It ſeems did only for a cypher ſtand,
But this I'le ſay for thee departed joynt,
Thou wert not given to ſteal, to pick, nor point
At any in diſgrace, but thou didſt go
Untimely to thy Death, only to ſhow
The other members what they once muſt do.

Hand-

Hand arm, leg, thigh, and all muſt follow tool
Oft didſt thou ſcan my verſe, where if I miſſe
Henceforth I will impute the cauſe to this.
A fingers loſſe (I ſpeak it not in ſport)
VVill make a verſe a Foot too ſhort,
Farewell dear finger, much I grieve to ſee
How ſoon miſchanſe hath made a hand of thee.

On the Paſſion of Chriſt,

WHat rends the temples vail, where is day gone?
How can a generall darkneſſe cloud the Sun?
Aſtrologers their skill in vain do try,
Nature muſt needs be ſick, when, God can dye.

Neceſſary Obſervations.

1 Precept.

FIrſt worſhip God, he that forgets to pray
Bids not himſelf good-morrow, nor good-day.
Let thy firſt labour be to purge thy ſin,
And ſerve him firſt, whence all things did begin.

2 Pre.

Honour thy Parents tō prolong thine end,
With them, though for a truth, do not contend.
Though all ſhould truth defend, do thou looſe rather,
The truth a while, then loſe their Loves for ever.
VVhoever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

3 Pre.

Think that is juſt, 'tis not enough to do,

Vnleſſe

Unleſſe thy very thoughts are upright too.

4. Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,
A coward is, and gives himſelf the lye.

5. Pre.

Honour the King, as ſons their Parents doe,
For he's thy Father, and thy Countryes too.

6. Pre.

A friend is gold; if true hee'l never leave thee:
Yet both without a touchſtone may deceive thee.

7. Pre.

Suſpitious men think others falſe, but he
Cozens himſelf that will too credulous be;
For thy friends ſake, let no ſuſpect be ſhown,
And ſhun to be too credulous for thine own.

8. Pre.

Take well what e're ſhall chance; though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be ſo to thee.

9. Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart,
Which ſhot, rebounds to ſtrike the ſhooters heart.

10. Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey;
Who keeps it not, hath wandring loſt his way.

11. Pre.

Thank thoſe that do thee good, ſo ſhalt thou gain
Their ſecond help, if thou ſhouldſt need again.

12. Pre.

To doubtfull matters do not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13. Pre.

Be well advis'd, and wary counſell make,
E're thou doſt any action undertake.

Having undertaken, thy indeavours bend
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14. Pre.

Safe in thy breſt cloſe lock up thy Intents,
For he that knows thy purpoſe, beſt prevents.

15. Pre.

To tell th miſeries will no comfort breed.
Men help thee moſt that think thou haſt no need.
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou ſoon ſhalt looſe a friend, and finde a foe.

16. Pre.

Keep thy friends goods, for ſhould thy wants be known
Thou canſt not tell but they may be thy own.

17. Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud do not preſume,
A little evill got will much conſume.

18. Pre.

Firſt think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will
Then ſpeak, and after what thou ſpeakſt fulfill.

19. Pre.

Spare not, nor ſpend to much; be this thy care,
Spare but to ſpend, and onely ſpend to ſpare.
Who ſpends too much may want, and ſo complain,
But he ſpends beſt that ſpares to ſpend again.

20. Pre.

If with a ſtranger thou diſcourſe, firſt learn
By ſtricteſt obſervations to diſcern,
If he be wiſer then thy ſelf; if ſo
Be dumb, and rather chooſe by him to know:
But if thy ſelf perchance the wiſer be,
Then do thou ſpeak that he may learn by thee.

21. Pre.

If thou diſpraiſe a man let no man know,

By any circumſtance that he's thy foe:
If men but once finde that, they'l quickly ſee
Thy words from hate, and not from judgement be.
If thou would'ſt tell his vice, do what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'ſt the man.

22. Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incenſed men,
Good counſel comes clean out of ſeaſon then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and paſt,
He will conceive his fault and mend at laſt.
When he is cool and calm, then utter it,
No man gives Phyſick in the midſt oth' Fit.

23. Pre.

Seem not too conſcious of thy worth, nor be
The firſt that knows thy own ſufficiency.
If to thy King and Countrey thy true care
More ſerviceable is then others are,
That blaze in Courts; and every action ſway
As if the Kingdom on their ſhoulders lay.
Or if thou ſerv'ſt a maſter, and doſt ſee
Others prefer'd of leſſe Deſert then thee.
Do not complain, though ſuch a plaint be true,
Lords will not give their Favours as a due,
But rather ſtay and hope: it cannot be
But men at laſt muſt needs thy vertues ſee.
So ſhall thy truſt endure and greater grow,
Whil'ſt they that are above thee, fall below.

24. Pre.

Deſire not thy mean fortunes for to ſet
Next to the ſtately Manners of the Great.
He will ſuſpect thy labours, and oppreſſe,
Fearing thy greatneſſe makes his wealth the leſſe.
Great ones do love no equals; But muſt be

Above the Terms of all comparity.
Such a rich neighbour is compared beſt
To the great Pike that eats up all the reſt:
Or elſe like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an hour
Will ſeven of his fatteſt friends devour.
Or like the ſea whoſe vaſtneſſe ſwallows clean
All other ſtreams, though no increaſe be ſeen.
Live by the Poor, they do the Poor no harm;
So Bees thrive beſt when they together ſwarm.
Rich men are Bears, and Poor men ought to fear 'em
Like ravenous wolves, 'tis dangerous living near 'em.

25. Pre.

Each man three Devils hath; ſelf born affliction,
Th'unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections:
Charme theſe, ſuch holy Conjurations can
Gain thee a friendſhip both of God and man.

26. Pre.

So live with man, as if Gods curious Eye,
Did every where into thine Actions prye.
For never yet was ſin ſo void of ſence,
So fully fac'd with brazen impudence,
As that it durſt before mens eyes commit
Their beaſtly luſts, leſt they ſhould witneſſe it.
How dare they then offend, when God ſhall ſee,
That muſt alone both Iudge and jury be?

27, Pre.

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,
And give more reſpite to this Mortall breath.
Would'ſt thou live long? the onely means are theſe,
'Bove *Galens* dyet or *Hypocrates*.
Strive to live well, tread in the upright wayes,
And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes;
Then thou haſt liv'd enough amongſt us here,

For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then how soon so e're thou dye,
Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.
But he that out lives *Nestor*, and appears
T'have past the date of grave *Methusalem's* years;
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he onely *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28. Pre.

Trust not a man unknown, he may deceive thee;
And doubt the man thou know'st, for he may leave thee.
And yet for to prevent exception too,
'Tis best not seem to doubt although you do.

29. Pre.

Hear much but little speak, a wise man fears,
And will not use his tongue so much as ears.
The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth do break
Will others shame, and its own Ruin speak.
I never yet did ever read of any
Undone by hearing, but by speaking many.
The reason's this, the Ears if chast and holly,
Do let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30. Pre.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kinde,
A winning carriage with indifferent minde.
But not familiar, that must be exempt,
Grooms saucy love soon turns into contempt.
Be sure he be at least as good as thee,
To whom thy friendship shall familiar be.

31. Pre.

Iudge not between two friends, but rather see
If thou canst bring them friendly to agree.
So shalt thou both their Loves to thee increase,
And gain a blessing too for making Peace.

But if thou ſhouldſt deciде the cauſe 'ith'end,
How e're thou judge thou ſure ſhalt loſe a friend.

32. Pre.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many Actions, loſt by one.

33. Pre.

Unto thy Brother buy not, ſell, nor lend,
Such Actions have their own peculiar end;
But rather chuſe to give him, if thou ſee
That thou haſt power, and he neceſſity.

34. Pre.

Spare in thy youth, leſt Age ſhould finde thee poor
When time is paſt, and thou canſt ſpare no more.
No coupl'd miſery is ſo great in either,
As Age and Want when both do meet together.

35. Pre.

Fly Drunkenneſſe, whoſe vile incontinence
Takes both away the reaſon and the ſence,
Till with *Circæan* Kups thy mind's poſſeſt
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a Beaſt.
Think whilſt thou ſwalloweſt the capacious Bowle,
Thou let'ſt in Seas to wrack and drown the ſoule.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how ſubject drunkards are to fall.
Conſider how it ſoon deſtroyes the grace
Of humane ſhape, ſpoiling the beaureous face:
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vitious Heraldry.
What Pearls and Rubies doth the wine diſcloſe,
Making the purſe poor to enrich the Noſe?
How does it nurſe diſeaſe, infect the heart,
Drawing ſome ſickneſſe into every part!
The Stomack over-cloy'd, wanting a vent,

Doth

Doth up againe reſend her excrement.
And then (ô ſee what too much wine can do!)
The very ſoul being drunk ſpews ſecrets too.
The Lungs corrupted breath contagious ayr,
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are,
The brain o're warm'd (loſing her ſweet repoſe)
Doth purge her filthy ordure through the noſe,
The veins do boyl glutted with vitious food,
And quickly fevers the diſtemper'd blood.
The belly ſwels, the foot can hardly ſtand
Lam'd with the Gout; the Palſie ſhakes the Hand.
And through the fleſh ſick waters ſinking in,
Do Bladder-like puffe up the dropſi'd skin.
It weaks the Brain, it ſpoils the Memory,
Haſting on Age, and wilful Poverty.
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a ſhame.
'Tis vertues poyſon, and the bane of truſt,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto luſt.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
Upon preſumption of a ſtronger brain.
For he that holds more wine then others can,
I rather count a Hogs-head then a man.

36. Pre.

Let not thy impotent luſt ſo powerfull be
Over thy Reaſon, Soul, and Liberty.
As to enforce thee to a married life,
Er'e thou art able to maintain a wife.
Thou canſt not feed upon her lips and face,
She cannot cloath thee with a poor imbrace,
My ſelf being yet alone, and but one ſtill,
With patience could endure the worſt of ill.
When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go

To fight against his foes, and fortunes too.
But (ó) the grief were treble for to see
Thy wretched Bride half pin'd with Poverty.
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The poorest beggar when he's dead and gone,
Is rich as he that sits upon the Throne,
But he that having no estate is wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37. Pre.

If e're I take a wife, I will have one
Neither for beauty nor for portion,
But for her vertues; and I'le married be
Not for my lust, but for posterity.
And when I am wed, I'le never jealous be,
But make her learn how to be chast by me.
And be her face what t'will, I'le think her faire
If she within the house confine her care.
If modest in her words, and cloaths she be,
Not dawb'd with pride, and prodigality;
If with her neighbours she maintains no strife,
And beare her self to be a faithfull wife;
I'de rather unto such a one be wed,
Then clasp the choyest *Helen* in my bed.
Yet though she were an Angell, my affection
Should onely love, not dote on her perfection.

A Platonik Eligie.

LOve, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise
To keep thy torch in, but restore blinde eyes.
I will a flame into my bosome take,

That

That Martyrs Court when they embrace the ſtake:
Not dull, and ſmoaky fires, but heat divine,
That burns not to conſume, but to refine.
I have a Miſtreſſe for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts moſt fair.
Like Tapers on the Altar ſhine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.
And whereſo'ere my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets Religion in,
I touch her like my Beads, with devout care,
And come unto my Court-ſhip as my Prayer.
VVe ſit, and talk, and kiſſe away the houres
As chaſtly as the morning dews kiſſe flowers.
Go wanton Lover, ſpare thy ſighs and tears,
Put on the Livery which thy dotage wears,
And call it Love, where hereſie gets in
Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater ſin.
VVe wear no fleſh, but one another greet,
As bleſſed ſouls in ſeparation meet.
Wer't poſſible that my ambitious ſin,
Durſt commit rapes upon a *Cherubin*,
I might have luſtfull thoughts to her, of all
Earths heav'nly Quire the moſt Angelicall.
Looking into my breaſt, her form I finde
That like my Guardian-Angells keeps my minde
From rude attempts; and when affections ſtir,
I calm all paſſions with one thought of her.
Thus they whoſe reaſons love, and not their ſence,
The Spirits love: thus one Intelligence
Reflects upon his like, and by chaſt loves
In the ſame ſphear this and that Angell moves.
Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought
Begets another, and that ſtill is brought

To

To bed of more; Vertues and grace increase,
And such a numerous issue ne're can cease,
VVhere Children though great blessings, onely be
Pleasures repriv'd to some posterity.
Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
And call that Love which is but appetite.
When essence meets with essence, and souls joyn
In mutual knots, that's the true Nuptial twine:
Such, Lady, is my Love, and such is true.
All other Love is to your Sex, not You.

An Apologie for his false Prediction that his Aunt Lane *would be deliver'd of a Son.*

Μά, τις αριστος ὁς τὶς εὐ καζει καλῶς·

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

ARe then the *Sybils* dead? what is become
Of the loud Oracles? are the Agures dumb?
Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveal'd
Natures intents? his Gipsisme quite repeal'd?
In *Fryar Bacon* nothing but a name?
Or is all Witchcraft brain'd with Doctor *Lamb*?
Does not the learned *Bungies* soul inherit?
Has Madam *Davers* dispossest her spirit?
Or will the VVelchmen give me leave to say
There is no faith in *Merlin*? none though they
Daresware each letter Creed, and pawn their blood
He prophesied an age before the flood
Of holy *Deo*, which was as some have said,
Ten generations ere the Ark was made.

All

All your perdictions, but impoſtures are,
And you but prophecy of things that were.
And you Cœleſtial juglars that pretend
You are acquainted with the ſtars, and ſend
Your ſpyes to ſearch what's done in every ſphear,
Keeping your State-intelligencers there;
Your art is all deceit, for now I ſee
Againſt the Rules of deep Aſtrology,
Girls may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
And Boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.
Nor doth the Moon though moiſt and cold ſhe be
Alwayes at full, work to produce the ſhe:
Had this been true I had foretold no lye,
It was the Art was in the wrong, not I.
Thence I ſo dully err'd in my belief,
As to miſtake an *Adam* for an *Eve*:
O groſſe miſtake, and in the civill pleas
Error perſonæ, Maſter Doctor ſaies,
And may admit divorce, but farwell now
You hungry ſtar-fed Tribe, henceforth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and *Ptolomie*,
With *Erra Pater* ſhall no Goſpel be.
Nor will I ever after this! ſwear
Through Dice upon the ſhepherds Calender.
But why do I excuſe my ignorance
Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance
I have loſt all my skill, for well I know
My Phyſiognomy two years ago
By the ſmall Pox was mar'd, and it may be
A fingers loſſe hath ſpoild my Palmiſtry.
But why ſhould I a groſſe miſtake confeſſe?
No, I am confident I did but gueſſe
The very truth; it was a male-childe then,

But Aunt you ſtaid till 'twas a wench agen,
To ſee th'unconſtancy of humane things,
How little time great Alteration brings!
All things are ſubject unto change we know,
And if all things, then why not ſexes too?
Tereſias we read a man was born
Yet after did into a woman turn,
Lovinus a Phyſitian of great fame,
Reports that one at *Paris* did the ſame.
And devout Papiſts ſay certain it is,
One of their Popes by Metamorphoſis
Indur'd the ſame, elſe how could *Ioan* be heir
To the ſucceſſion of Saint *Peters* Chair.
So I at *Chairing Croſſe* have beheld one
A Statue cut out of the *Parian* ſtone
To figure great *Alcides*: which when well
The Artiſt ſaw it was not like to ſell,
He takes his Chizell, and away he pares
Part of his ſinewy neck; ſhaving the haires
Of his rough beard and face, ſmoothing the brow
And making that look amorous, which but now
Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
He poles the ſhaggy locks, and had o're ſpread
His brawny ſhoulders with a fleece of haire,
And works inſtead more gentle treſſes there;
And thus his skill exactly to expreſſe,
Soon makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules*.
And can it then impoſſible appear,
That ſuch a change as this might happen here.
For this cauſe therefore (gentle Aunt) I pray
Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.
But this will not excuſe me; that I may
Directly clear my ſelf, there is no way

Unleſſe

Unleſſe the *Jeſuites* will to me impart
The ſecret depth of their myſterious art;
Who from their halting Patriot learn to frame
A Crutch for every word that fals out lame.
That can the ſubtile difference deſcry
Betwixt æquivocation and a lye.
And a rare ſcape by ſly diſtinction finde
To ſwear the Tongue, and yet not ſwear the minde.
Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
But my own cauſe thus confidently plead.
I ſaid there was a boy within your womb,
Not actually, but one in time to come.
Or by *Antiphraſis* my words might be
That ever underſtands the contrary:
Or when I ſaid you ſhould a man-childe bear,
You underſtood me of the ſex I fear,
When I did mean the minde; and thus define
A woman but of ſpirit maſculine.
Or had I ſaid it ſhould a girl have been
And it had prov'd a boy, you ſhould have ſeen
Me ſolve it thus; I meant a boy by fate
But one that would have been effeminate.
Or thus I had my juſt excuſe begun,
I ſaid my Aunt would ſurely bring a ſon
If not a daughter; what we ſeers foreſee
Is certain truth, unleſſe it falſhood be.
Or I affirm becauſe ſhe brought forth one
That will bring boyes, ſhe hath brought forth a ſon:
For do not we call Father *Adam* thus,
Becauſe that he got thoſe that have got us.
VVhat ere I ſaid by ſimple Affirmation,
I meant the right by *mental reſervation*.

An

An Epithalamium to Mr. *F. H.*

FRake when this Morne the harbinger of day
Blush't from her Eastern pillow where she lay
Clasp'd in her *Pthons* arms, red with those kisses
Which being injoy'd by night, by day she misses:
I walk'd the fields to see the teeming earth,
VVhose womb now swels to give the flowers a birth:
VVhere while my thoughts with every object tane,
In several contemplations wrapt my brain,
A sudden lustre like the Sun did rise,
And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes.
At last I spyed a Beauty, such another,
As I have sometimes heard call thee her brother.
But by the chariot, and her team of Doves,
I guesse her to be *Venus*, Queen of Loves,
VVith her a pretty boy I there did see,
But for his wings I had thought it had been thee,
At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
I knew t'was *Cupid* Emperour of our hearts.
Thus I accosted them. Goddesse divine,
Great Queen of *Paphos*, and *Cytherian* shrine:
Whose Altars no man sees that can depart
Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart;
That conquer'st gods, and men, and heaven divine,
Yea, and hell too: Bear witnesse *Proserpine*.
And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show
Over all these, and o're thy mother too;
Witnesse the night which when with *Mars* she lay,
Did all her sports to all the gods betray:

Tell

Tell me great Powers, what makes such glorious beams
Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streams?
Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know
Cupid and she must both to *Weston* go.
I guesse the cause; for *Hymen* came behinde
In saffron robes, his Nuptiall knots to binde,
Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love
Of thy *Adonis*; as thou hop'st to move
Thy *Mars* to second kisses, and obtain
Beauties reward, the Golden fruit again:
Bow thy fair ears to my chast prayers, and take
Such Orisons as purest Love can make.
Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither
To tye pure hearts in purest bonds together.
Cupid thou know'st the maid, I have seen thee lye
With all thy arrows lurking in her eye.
Venus thou know'st her love, for I have seen
The time thou would'st have fain her Rivall been.
O blesse then both! let their affections meet
With happy Omens in the Geniall sheet.
Both comely, beauteous both, both equal fair,
Thou canst not glory in a fitter pair.
I would not thus have prayed if I had seen
Fourscore and ten, wed to a young fifteen.
Death in such Nuptials seems with love to play,
And January seems to match with May.
Autumn to wed the Spring, Frost to desire
To kisse the Sun, Ice to embrace the fire,
Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,
Of equal moysture, and of equal heat:
And their desires are one; were all Loves such
Who would love solitary sheets so much?
Virginity (whereof chast fools do boast;

A thing not known what 'tis, till it be loſt)
Let others praiſe, for me I cannot tell
VVhat vertue 'tis to lead *Baboons* in hell.
VVoman is one with man when ſhe is brided;
The ſame in kinde, onely in ſex divided.
Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then;
Adam had been the firſt, and laſt of men.
How none O *Venus* then thy power had ſeen?
How then in vain had *Cupids* arrows been?
My ſelf whoſe cool thoughts feel no hot deſires,
That ſerve not *Venus* flames but *Veſta's* fires;
Had I not vow'd the Cloyſters, to confine
My ſelf to no more wives then onely Nine,
Parnaſſus brood, thoſe that hear *Phœbus* ſing,
Bathing their naked limbs in *Thespian* ſpring,
I'de rather be an Owl of Birds, then one
That is the *Phœnix* if ſhe live alone.
Two's the firſt of numbers, one naught can do,
One then is good, when one is made of two.
VVhich myſtery is thine great *Venus*, thine,
Thy union can two ſouls in one combine.
Now by that power I charge thee bleſſe the ſheets
VVith happy iſſue where this couple meets.
The maid's a *Harpy*, one that may compare
VVith fruit *Heſperian*, or the Dragones care.
Her Love a *ward*, not he that awed the ſeas:
Frighting the fearfull *Hamadriades*,
That *Ocean* terrour, he that durſt out brave
Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave,
This *ward* a milder Pirat ſure will prove,
And onely ſails the *Helleſpont* of Love.
As once *Leander* did: his theft is beſt
That nothing ſteals but what's within the breſt.

Yet

Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare,
And ranſack all his treaſures, let him beare
The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *Weſt*,
And all the richeſt treaſures of the *Eaſt*.
The ſands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* Ore,
With both the *Indies*; yet this one gets more
At once by Love, then he by force could get,
Or raviſh from the Marchants, let him ſet
His Ores together; let him vainly boaſt
Of ſpices ſnatch'd from the *Canary* coaſt,
The Gums of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* fleece
Dyed in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeelds;
With all the Metals in *Guina* fields.
When this has ſet all forth to boaſt his pride
In various pomp, this other brings his Bride,
And I'le be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
If ſhe alone prove not the richer prize.
O let not death have power their Love to ſevere!
Let them both love, and live, and dye together,
O let their beds be chaſt, and baniſh thence
As well all Iealouſies, as all offence!
For ſome men I have known, whoſe wives have been
As chaſt as Ice: ſuch as were never ſeen
In wanton dalliance, ſuch as untill death
Never ſmelt any, but their husbands breath.
Yet the Good-man ſtill dream'd of horns, ſtill fearing
His forehead would grow harder; ſtill appearing
To his own fancy, Bull, or Stag, or more,
Or Ox at leaſt, that was an Aſſe before.
If ſhe would have new cloathes, he ſtrait will fear
She loves a Taylor; if ſhe ſad appear
He gueſſes ſoon it is 'cauſe he's at home;

If jocand, ſure ſhe has ſome friend to come,
If ſhe be ſick, he thinks no grief ſhe felt,
But wiſhes all Phyſitians had been guelt,
But ask her how ſhe does, ſets him a ſwearing,
Feeling her pulſe, is love-tricks paſt the bearing.
Poor wretched wife, ſhe cannot look a wry
But without doubt, 'tis flat adultery.
And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
To entertain a handſome Chamber-maid,
Far, far from them be all ſuch thoughts I pray,
Let their Loves prove eternal, and no day
Adde date to their affections, (grant O Queen)
Their Love like Nuptial-bayes be alwayes green.
And alſo grant---but here ſhe bid me ſtay,
For well ſhe knew what I had elſe to ſay.
I ask'd no more, wiſh'd her hold on her race
To joyne their hands and ſend them night apace.
She ſmil'd to hear what I in ſport did ſay,
So whip'd her doves and ſmiling rid away.

To M. Feltham *on his booke of Reſolves.*

IN this unconſtant Age when all mens mindes
In various change ſtrive to outvie the windes.
When no man ſets his foot upon the ſquare,
But treads on globes and circles; when we are
The Apes of fortune, and deſire to be
Reſolved on as fickle wheels as ſhe.
As if the Planners that our rulers are,
Made the ſouls motion too irregular.
When minds chang oftner then the *Greek* could dream,
That made the Metempſeucos'd ſoul his theam.

Yet

Yea oft to beaſtly forms: when truth to ſay,
Moons chang but once a Month, we twice a day.
VVhen none reſolves but to be rich, and ill;
Or elſe reſolves to be irreſolute ſtill.
In ſuch a tide of mindes, that every hour
Do ebb and flow, by what inſpiring power,
By what inſtinct of grace I cannot tell,
Doſt thou reſolve ſo much, and yet ſo well?
While fooliſh men whoſe reaſon is their ſence,
Still wandring in the worlds circumference:
Though holding paſſions reins with ſtricteſt hand
Doſt firm and fixed in the Center ſtand,
Thence thou art ſetled, other-while they tend
To rove about the circle finde no end.
Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
Reſolving ſo to live as thou doſt write.
And yet I gueſſe thy life thy book produces,
And but expreſſes thy peculiar uſes.
Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came,
So *Lesbians* by their works their rules do frame.
Not by the rules the work: thy life had been
Pattern enough, had it at all been ſeen,
Without a book? books make the difference here,
In them thou liv'ſt the ſame but every where.
And this I gueſſe, though th'art unknown to me,
By thy chaſt writing; elſe it could not be
(Diſſemble ne're ſo well) but here and there
Some tokens of that plague would ſoon appear;
Oft lurking in the skin a ſecret gout
In books would ſometimes bliſter, and break out.
Contagious ſins in which men take delight
Muſt needs infect the paper when they write.
But let the curious eyes of *Lynceus* look

Through every nerve, and ſinew of this book,
Of which 'tis full: let the moſt diligent minde
Pry thorow it, each ſentence he ſhall finde.
Seaſon'd with chaſte, not with an itching ſalt,
More ſavouring of the Lamp then of the malt.
But now too many think no wit divine,
Non worthy life, but whoſe luxurions line
Can raviſh Virgins thoughts; And is it fit
To make a Pander, or a Baud of wit?
But tell'em of it, in contempt they look,
And ask in ſcorn if you would geld the book.
As if th'effeminite brain could nothing do
That ſhould be chaſte, and yet be maſculine too.
Such books as theſe (as they themſelves indeed
Truly confeſſe) men do not praiſe but read.
Such idle books, which if perchance they can
Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.
Thou haſt not one bad line ſo luſtfull bred,
As to die maid, or matrons cheek in red.
Thy modeſt wit, and witty honeſt letter
Make both at once my wit, and me the better.
Thy book a garden is, and helps us moſt
To regain that, which we in *Adam* loſt.
Where on the tree of knowledge we may feed,
But ſuch as no forbidden fruits doth breed.
Whoſe leaves like thoſe whence *Eve* her coat did frame,
Serve not to cover, but to cure our ſhame.
Fraught with all flowers, not onely ſuch as grows
To pleaſe the eye, or to delight the noſe.
But ſuch as may redeem loſt healths again,
And ſtore of Hellebore to purge the brain.
Such as would cure the ſurfeit man did take
From *Adams* Apples, ſuch as fain would make

Mans

Mans ſecond Paradiſe, in which ſhould be
The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.
It is a garden; ha, I thus did ſay:
And maids, and Matrons bluſhing run away.
But maids re-enter theſe chaſt pleaſing bowers,
Chaſt Matrons here gather the pureſt flowers.
Fear not, from this pure Garden do not flye.
In it doth no obſcence *Priapus* lye.
This is an *Eden* where no ſerpents be
To tempt the womans imbecility.
Theſe lines rich ſap the fruit to heaven doth raiſe;
Nor doth the Cinnamon-bark deſerve leſſe praiſe,
I mean the ſtile, being pure, and ſtrong, and round,
Not long, but Pithy: being ſhort breath'd, but ſound.
Such as the grave, acute, wiſe *Seneca* ſings,
The beſt of Tutours to the worſt of Kings.
Not long and empty; lofty but not proud;
Subtile but ſweet, high but without a cloud.
Well ſetled, full of nerves, in brief 'tis ſuch
That in a little hath comprized much.
Like th'*Iliads* in a Nutſhel. And I ſay
Thus much for ſtile; though truth ſhould not be gay
In ſtrumpets glittering robes, yet ne're the leſſe
She well deſerves a Matrons comlineſſe.
Being too brave ſhe would our fancies glut,
But we ſhould loath her being too much the ſlut,
The reaſonable ſoul from heaven obtain'd
The beſt of bodies; and that man hath gain'd
A double praiſe, whoſe noble vertues are
Like to the face, in ſoul and body faire.
Who then could have a nobler ſentence clad
In ruſſet-thread-bare words, is full as mad
As if *Apelles* ſhould ſo fondly dote,

As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucys* coat.
They erre that would bring ſtile ſo baſely under;
The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
The wiſeſt pothecary knows 'tis skill
Neatly to candy o're the wholeſome pill.
Beſt Phyſick then, when gaul with ſuger meets,
Tempring *Abſinthian* bitterneſſe with ſweets.
Such is thy ſentence, ſuch thy ſtile, being read
Men ſee them both together happ'ly wed,
And ſo reſolve to keep them wed, as we
Reſolve to give them to poſterity.
'Mongſt thy reſolves put my reſolves in too;
Reſolve whoſe will, thus I reſolve to do:
That ſhould my errours chuſe anothers line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

In Natalem Auguſtiſſimi Principis *Caroli*.

PRima tibi periit ſoboles (dilecta Maris.)
Eluſitque uterum mœſta Diana tumm.
Tunc Cœlo, nunc & terris fœcunda fuiſti,
Quæ potes & reges & peperiſſe deos.
The firſt birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
And ſad *Lucina* cheated thy bleſt wombe.
To heav'n thou wert fruitful, now to earth,
That canſt give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Upon his Picture.

WHen age hath made me what I am not now:
And every wrinkle tells me where the plow

Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice ſhall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be ſnow:
When death diſplayes his coldneſſe in my cheek,
And I, my ſelf in my own Picture ſeek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to beleeve, this, or my glaſſe:
Yet though I alter, this remains the ſame
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And firſt complexion; here will ſtill be ſeen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin.
Here the ſmooth brow will ſtay, the ſively eye,
The ruddy Lip, and hair of youthfull dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may ſee.
Whoſe ſhadow is leſſe given to change then he.

An Ode to M. Anthony Stafford *to haſten him into the Country.*

COme ſpurre away,
I have no patience for a longer ſtay;
But muſt go down,
And leave the chargeable noiſe of this great Town.
I will the Countrey ſee,
Where old ſimplicity.
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Then fopery in pluſh and ſcarlet clad.
Farwell you Citty-wits that are
Almoſt at Civill-warre: (mad
'Tis time that I grow wiſe, when all the world grows

More of my dayes

I will not ſpend to gain an Idiots praiſe;
Or to make ſport
For ſome ſlight Puny of the Innes of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford*, ſay,
How ſhall we ſpend the day,
With what delights,
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got ſecure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet ſhall no finger loſe;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure,
There from the tree
Wee'l cherries pluck, and pick the ſtrawberry.
And every day
Go ſee the wholſome Countrey Girls make hay.
Whoſe brown hath lovelier grace,
Then any painted face,
That I do know
Hide-Parke can ſhow.
Where I had rather gain a kiſſe then meet
(Though ſome of them in greater ſtate
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the *Cheap*, and wives of *Lumbard-ſtreet*.

But think upon
Some other pleaſures, theſe to me are none,
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things againſt my fate.
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My Muſe is ſhe
My love ſhall be.

Let

Let Clowns get wealth, and heirs; when I am gone,
And the great Bugbear, grisly death
Shall take this idle breath.
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

Of this no more;
Wee'l rather tast the bright *Pomona's* store.
No fruit shall scape
Our pallats, from the damsen, to the grape,
Then full wee'l seek a shade,
And hear what musiques made:
How Phylomell
Her tale doth tell:
And how the other Birds do fill the quire;
The Thrush and Black-birds lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the skye.
Whereat what fowl we please our Hauk shall flye;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty Fox, or timorous Hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'l choose,
The Buck shall fall
The Stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to mee,
I'me sure all game is free;
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty,

And when we mean
To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth

A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health,
I'le take my pipe and try
The *Phrygina* melody;
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madneſſe to diſtemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And *Dorique* muſique make,
To civilize with greater notes our wits again.

An Anſwer to Mr. Ben Johnſon's *Ode to perſwade him not to leave the ſtage.*

BEn do not leave the ſtage
'Cauſe 'tis a loathſome age;
For Pride and impudence will grow to bold,
When they ſhall hear it told
They frighted thee: ſtand high as is thy cauſe,
Their hiſſe is thy applauſe,
More juſt were thy diſdain,
Had they approv'd thy vain.
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incenſe, and thou as much to ſcorn.

Wilt thou engroſſe thy ſtore
Of wheat, and powre no more,
Becauſe their Bacon-brains have ſuch a taſt
As more delight in maſt?
No; ſet 'em forth a board of dainties, full
As thy beſt Muſe can cull;
While they the while do pine
And thirſt, midſt all their wine.

What

What greater plague can hell it ſelfe deviſe,
Then to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canſt not finde them ſtuffe
That will be bad enough
To pleaſe their pallats; let'em thine refuſe
For ſome Pye-corner Muſe;
She is too fair an hoſteſſe, 'twere a ſinne
For them to like thine *Inne*:
'Twas made to entertain,
Gueſts of a nobler ſtrain,
Yet if they will have any of thy ſtore,
Give'em ſome ſcraps, and ſend them from thy dore.

And let thoſe things in Pluſh,
Till they be taught to bluſh,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With that *Broome* ſwept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty ſtrains
Write not to Cloaths but Brains:
But thy great ſpleen doth riſe
Cauſe Moles will have no eyes;
This onely in my *Ben*, I faulty finde
He's angry, they'l not ſee him that are blinde.

VVhy ſhould the Scene be Mute
Cauſe thou canſt touch my Lute,
And ſtring thy *Horace*: let each Muſe of nine
Claim thee, and ſay thou art mine.
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire
To ſit by *Pindar's* fire:
For by ſo ſtrange neglect,
I ſhould my ſelf ſuſpect

The

The Palſie were as well, thy brains diſeaſe;
If they could ſhake thy Muſe which way they pleaſe.

And though thou well canſt ſing,
The glorious of thy King;
And on the wings of verſe his chariot beare
To heaven, and fix it there:
Yet let thy Muſe as well ſome wraptures raiſe,
To pleaſe him as to praiſe.
I would not have thee chooſe
Onely a treble Muſe;
But have this envious ignorant Age to know,
Thou that canſt ſing ſo high, canſt reach as low.

A *Dialogue. Thirſis. Lalage.*

Th. MY *Lalage* when I behold
So great a cold.
And not a ſparke of heat in thy deſire,
I wonder what ſtrange power of thine,
Kindles in mine
So bright a flame, and ſuch a burning fire,
Lal. Can *Thirſis* in Phyloſophy
A truant be,
And not have learn'd the power of the Son;
How he to ſublunary things
A fervour brings,
Yet in himſelf is ſubject unto none?
Thir. But why within thy eyes appear
Never a tear.
That cauſe from mine perpetuall ſhowres to fall?
Lal. Fool 'tis the power of fire you know

To

To melt the ſnow.
Yet has no moyſture in it ſelf at all.
Thir. How can I be, dear Virgin ſhow;
Both fire and ſnow?
Do you that are the cauſe, the reaſon tell;
More then miracle to me
It ſeems to be,
That ſo much heat with ſo much cold ſhould dwell.
Lal. The reaſon I will render thee;
Why both ſhould be.
Audacious *Thirſis* in thy love too bold,
'Cauſe thy ſaucineſſe durſt aſpire
To ſuch a fire,
Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.
Thir. Let pitty move thy gentle breſt
To one oppreſt;
This way, or that, give eaſe to my deſire;
And either let Loves fire be loſt
In hopes cold froſt,
Or hopes cold froſt be warm'd in loves quick fire.
Lal. O neither Boy; neither of theſe
Shall work thy eaſe.
I'le pay thy raſhneſſe with immortal pain,
As hope doth ſtrive to freez thy flame,
Love melts the ſame:
As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't again.
Thir. Come gentle ſwains lend me a groan
To eaſe my moan.
Chorus. Ah cruel Love, how great a power is thine?
Under the Poles although we lye
Thou mak'ſt us fry:
And thou canſt make us freez beneath the line.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nym. WHy ſigh you ſwain? this paſſion is not common,
I'ſt for your kids or Lamkins? *Sh.* for a wo-
Nym. How fair is ſhe that on ſo ſage a brow (man.
Prints lowring looks? *Shep.* Iuſt ſuch a toy as thou.
Nymp. Is ſhe a maid? *Shep.* What man can anſwer that?
Nym. Or widow? *Sh.* No. *Ny.* What then? *Sh.* I know not
Saint-like ſhe looks, a *Syren* if ſhe ſing, (what,
Her eyes are ſtarres, her minde is every thing.
Nym. If ſhe be fickle, Shepherd leave to woo
Or fancy me. *Sh.* No thou art woman too;
Nym. But I am conſtant. *Sh.* Then thou art not fair.
Nym. Bright as the morning. *Sh.* Wavering as the Ayr.
Ny. What grows upon this cheek? *Sh.* A pure Carnation.
Ny. Come taſt and kiſſe. *Sh.* O ſweet, *ô* ſweet temptation.
Chor. Ah Love, and canſt thou never looſe the field?
Where *Cupid* layes the ſiege, the Town muſt yeeld.
He warmes the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the Icy froſt of cold deſire.

A Paſtoral Ode.

COy *Cæla* doſt thou ſee
Yon hollow mountain tottering o're the plain,
O're which a fatall Tree
With treacherous ſhade betrayes the ſleepy ſwain?
Beneath it is a Cell,
As full of horror as my breaſt of care,
Ruine therein might dwell,

As a fit room for guilt and black deſpair.
Thence will I headlong throw,
This wretched weight, this heap of miſery;
And in the duſt below,
Bury my Carcaſſe; and the thought of thee:
Which when I finiſht have,
O hate me dead as thou haſt done alive;
And come not neare my grave
Leaſt I take heat from thee, and ſo revive.

A Song.

MUſick thou Queen of ſouls, get up and ſtring
Thy pow'rful Lute, and ſome ſad requiem ſing,
Till Rocks require thy *Ecebo* with a groan:
And the dull clifts repeat the duller tone:
Then on a ſudden with a nimble hand
Run gently o're the Chordes, and ſo command
The Pine to dance, the Oak his Roots forgo,
The Holme and aged Elme to foot it too;
Mirtles ſhall caper, lofty Cedars run,
And call the Courtly Palme to make up one;
Then in the mid'ſt of all their Jolly train,
Strike a ſad note; and fix'em Trees again.

The Song of Diſcord.

LEt *Linus* and *Amphions* Lute,
With *Orpheus* Cittern now be mute.
The harſheſt voyce the ſweeteſt note;
The Raven has the choyceſt throat.

A ſet of frogs a quire for me,
The Mandrake ſhall the chanter be,
VVhere neither voyce nor tunes agree;
This is diſcords Harmony.
Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play
The following trees had run away.

To one Over-hearing his private diſcourſe.

I Wonder not my *Læda* far can ſee
Since for her eyes ſhe might an Eagle be,
And dare the Sun; but that ſhe hears ſo well
As that ſhe could my private whiſperings tell,
I ſtand amaz'd; her ears are not ſo long,
That they could reach my words, hence then it ſprung;
Love over-hearing fled to her bright ear,
Glad he had got a tale to whiſper there.

Epigram: 47. ex decimo libro Martialis.

THeſe are things that being poſſeſt
Will make a life that's truly bleſt:
Eſtate bequeath'd, not got with toyl;
A good hot fire, a grateful ſoil.
No ſtrife, warm cloaths, a quiet ſoule,
A ſtrength intire, a body whole,
Prudent ſimplicity 'equal friends,
A dyet that no Art commends
A night not drunk, and yet ſecure;
A bed not ſad, yet chaſt and pure.
Long ſleeps to make the nights but ſhort,

A will to be but what thou art.
Naught rather chooſe; contented lye,
And neither fear, nor wiſh to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

Grammaticam Diodore *doces Eunuche puellos.*
Credo Soloeſcimum tu Diodore *facis,*
Cum ſis exactus quàm nec Sporus *ille* Neronis,
Nec merſus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
Non unam liquit tibi ſeva novacula teſtem;
Propria quæ maribus curr Diodore *legis?*
Quæ genus aut ſexum variant, Heteroclita tantùm
Poſt hâc ſi ſapias tu Diodore *legas.*

To the vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Cotton.

It is not to force more tears from your ſad eye,
That we write thus; that were a Piety
Turn'd guilt and ſin; we onely beg to come
And pay due tribute to his ſacred tombe.
The Muſes hid divide his love with you,
And juſtly therefore may be mourners too.
In ſtead of Cypreſſe, they have brought freſh Bayes
To crown his Urin, and every dirge his praiſe.
But ſince with him the learned tongues are gone,
Neceſſity here makes us uſe our own.
Read in his praiſe your own, you cannot miſſe;
For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

An Elegie on the death of that Renowned & noble Knight, Sir Rowland Cotton *of* Bellaport *in Shropshire.*

RIch as was *Cottons* worth, I wish each line;
And every verse I breath like him, a Mine,
That by his vertues might created be
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.
But that invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His youth began as when the Sun doth rise
Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies,
And whereas other youths commended be,
From conceiv'd Hopes, his was maturity,
Where other springs boast blossoms fairly blown,
His was a harvest, and had fruits full grown:
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raign
In wisdome *Aeson* like, turn'd young again.
This, Royall *Henry*, whose majestique eye
Saw thorow men, did from his Court descry,
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there
One of the prime stars in his glorious sphear.
And (Princely Master) witnesse this with me,
He liv'd not there to serve himself but thee.
So Silk-worm Courtier, such as study there
First how to get their cloathes, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, he nere was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own,
He valued more his Master, and knew well,
To use his love was noble; base to sell.
Many there be live in the Court we know

To

To ſerve for Pageants, and make up the ſhow;
And are not ſerviceable there at all
But now and then at ſome great Feſtivall.
He ſerv'd for nobler uſe, the ſecret cares
Of Common-wealths, and miſtique State affairs;
And when great *Henry* did his maxims hear,
He wore him as a Iewell in his Ear,
Yet ſhort he came not, nay he all out-went
In what ſome call a Courtiers complement,
An Active body that in ſubtile wiſe
Turns pliable to any excuſe.
For when he leapt, the people dar'd to ſay
He was born all of fire, and wore no clay:
Which was the cauſe too that he wreſtled,
Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
His courſe he ſo perform'd with nimble pace,
The time was not perceiv'd meaſur'd the race,
As it were true that ſome late Artiſts ſay,
The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way,
All ſo ſoon finiſh'd, when the match was won
The gazers by ask'd why they not begun,
When he in Maſque uſ'd his harmonious feet,
The Spheares could not in comlier order meet;
Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance
Their meaſures forward, or retire their dance.
There we have ſeen him in our *Henry's* Court
The glory and the envy of that ſport.
And capring like a conſtellation riſe,
Having fixt upon him all the Ladyes eyes,
But theſe in him I would not vertues call,
But that the world muſt know that he had all,
When *Henry* dy'd) our univerſal wo)
Willing was *Cotton* to dye with him too,

And as near death he came as near could be;
Himself he buried in obscurity,
Entomb'd within his study walls, and there
Onely the dead his conversation were.
Yet was he not alone, for every day,
Each *Muse* came thither with her sprig of Bay.
The *Graces* round about him did appear,
The *Genii* of all Nations, all met there.
And while immur'd he sat thus close at home.
To him the wealth of all the world did come.
He had a language to salute the Sun,
Where he unharnest, and where's team begun:
The tongues of all the East to him were known
As Naturall, as they were born his own.
Which from his mouth so sweetly did entice,
As with their language he had mix't their spice.
In Greek so fluent, that with it compare
Te' *Athenian* Olives, and they sapless are.
Rome did submit her *Fasces*, and confesse
Her *Tully* might talk more, and yet speak lesse.
All Sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,
And in that Pallace thought themselves so blest
They never meant to part, but he should be
Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Heptarchie.
But O how vain is mans frail Harmony!
We all are Swans, he that sings best must dye.
Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there
We need no Language, nor Interpreter.
Who would not laugh at him now, that should seek
In *Cotton's* Urn for Hebrew or for Greek?
But his more heav'nly graces with him yet
Live constant, and about him circled sit.
A bright Retinue, and on each falls down

A robe of Glory, and on each a Crown.
Then Madam (though you have a losse sustain'd
Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd
Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more
You shall again enter the Nuptiall dore
A sprítely bride; where you shall cloathed be
In garments weav'd of Immortality.
Nor grieve because he left you not a Sonne,
To Image *Cotton* forth now he is gone.
For it had been a wrong to his great Name
T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven and Fame.

Ausonii Epigram. 38.

SHe which would not, I would choose:
She which would, I would refuse.
Venus could my minde but tame;
But not satisfie the same.
Inticements offer'd I despise,
And deny'd I slightly price.
I would neither glut my minde,
Nor yet too much torment finde.
Twice girt *Diana* doth not take me,
Nor *Venus* naked joyful make me.
The first no pleasure hath to joy me,
And the last enough to cloy me.
But a crafty wench I'de have
That can sell the act I crave:
And joyne at once in me these two,
I will, and yet I will not do.

On the Death of a Nightingale.

GO ſolitary wood, and henceforth be
Acquainted with no other Harmony,
Then the Pyes chattering, or the ſhreeking note
Of dodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throat.
Thy ſweeteſt chanters dead, that warbled forth
Layes that might tempeſts calm, and ſtill the North,
And call down Angels from their glorious Sphear
To hear her Songs, and learn new Anthems there.
That ſoul is fled, and to *Eliſion* gone;
Thou art a poor deſert left; go then and run,
Beg there to ſtand a grove, and if ſhe pleaſe
To ſing again beneath thy ſhadowy Trees;
The ſouls of happy lovers crown'd with bliſſes
Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kiſſes.

In filium *Manlii* inſepultum.

IN terrâ condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te
Intumulo patitur nobiliore tegi.
Pars canis eſt tumuli; tumuli pars altera Tigris
Altara pars Lupus eſt, & Leo forſan erit.
Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, ſepulchra
Sunt aliis tantùm mortua, viva tibi.

Upon

Vpon the report of the King of Swedens death.

I'Le not beleeve't; if fate ſhould be ſo croſſe,
Nature would not be ſilent of her loſſe.
Can he be dead, and no portents appear?
No pale Eclipſe of th'Sun to let us fear
What we ſhould ſuffer, and before his light
Put out, the world eveloped in Night.
What thundring torrents the fluſh'd welkin tare?
What apparitions kill'd him in the ayr?
When *Cæſar* dy'd, there were convulſion fits;
And nature ſeem'd to run out of her wits.
At that ſad object *Tybers* boſome ſwell'd,
And ſcarce from drowning all by *Jove* withheld;
And ſhall we give this mighty Conquerer
That in a great and a more holy warre,
Was pulling down the Empire which he reard,
A fall unmourn'd of Nature, and unfear'd;
A death (unleſſe the league of heav'n withſtood)
Leſſe wept then with an univerſal flood?
If I had ſeen a Comet in the Ayr
With glorious eye, and bright diſheve'd hair,
And on a ſudden with his gilded train
Drop down; I ſhould have ſaid that *Sweden's* ſlain;
Shot like that ſtar, or if the earth had ſhook
Like a weak floor, the falling roof had broke;
I ſhould have ſaid the mighty King is gone;
Fell'd as the talleſt tree in *Libanon*.
Alaſſe if he were dead, we need no poſt,
Very *inſtinct* would tell us what we loſt.
And a chill damp (as at the general doom)

Creep through each breſt, & we ſhould know for whom.
His *German* conqueſts are not yet compleat,
And when they are, there's more remayning yet,
The world is full of ſin, not every Land
O're grown with ſchiſme hath felt his purging hand.
The Pope is not confounded, and the Turk;
Nor was he ſure deſign'd for a leſſe work.
But if our ſins have ſtop'd him in the ſource,
In mid'ſt Career of his victorious courſe;
And heaven would truſt the dulneſſe of our ſence
So far, not to prepare us with portents.
'Tis we that have the loſſe, and he hath caught
His heav'nly garland e're his work he wrought.
But I, before I'le undertake to grieve
So great a loſſe, will chooſe not to believe.

On Sir Robert Cotton *the Antiquary.*

POſterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
But Ages long ſince paſt for thee have groan'd,
Times Trophies thou didſt reſcue from the grave,
Who in thy death a ſecond burial have.
Cotton, deaths conqueſt now compleat I ſee,
Who ne're had vanquiſht all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

HEav'n knows my love to thee, fed on deſires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the pureſt beams ſhot from the *Sun*
At his full height, and the devotion

Of

Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her firſt robes appear
Whiter then our affections; they did ſhow
Like froſt forc'd out of flames, and fire from ſnow.
So pure, the *Phœnix* when ſhe did refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But now my day's o'recaſt, for I have now
Drawn Anger like a tempeſt o're the brow
Of my faire Miſtreſſe; thoſe your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to ſee my day-ſtar riſe,
Threat like revengefull Meteors; and I feel
My torment, and my guilt double my hell.
'Twas a miſtake, and might have veniall been,
Done to another, but it was made ſin,
And juſtly mortal too by troubling thee,
Slight wrongs are treaſons done to Majeſty.
O all ye bleſt Ghoſts of deceaſed Loves,
That now live Sainted in th'*Eliſian* groves
Mediate for mercy for me; at her ſhrine
Meet with full quire, and joyne your prayers with mine.
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings and your preſent bliſſes,
Conjure her by your mutual hopes, and fears;
By all your intermixed ſighes and tears,
To plead my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walk the guardian ſentinell,
My ſouls ſafe Genii, that ſhe need not fear
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe rebell there.
But what needs that, when ſhe alone ſits there
Sole Angel of that Orbe? in her own ſphere
Alone ſhe ſits, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions; onely ſhe
Can give the Balſom that muſt cure this ſore;
And the ſweet Antidote to ſin no more.

Η εὐφυὴς καὶ ποίησις καὶ μανία.

FRom witty men and mad
All Poetry conception had.

No Sires but these will Poetry admit,
Madnesse or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit,
It is a witty madnesse, or mad wit.

Onely these two Poetiques heat admits,
A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

An Anicum Litigantem,

WOuld you commence a Poet Sir, and be
A graduate in the thredbare mystery?
The Oxes ford will no man thither bring.
Where the horse hoose rais'd the *Pegasian* spring,
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth run,
direct you to the banks of *Helicon*.
If in that art you mean to take degrees,
Bedlam's the best of Universities.
There study it, and when you would no more
A Poet be, go drink some Hellebore.
Which drug when I had tasted, soon I left
The bare *Parnassus*, and the barren cleft;
And can no more one of their Nation be,
Because recover'd of my lunacy.
But you may then succeed me in my place
Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
Denyed you, for you go to Law, 'tis said;
And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

Felicem

Felicem Antyciram! *nullos ibi credo Poetas*
Insanos tumido corde fovere modos.
Hanc fama est tantùm sanos admittere cives,
Exulat hinc vester (turba molesta) furor
Nullus in hâc Elegis, nullus jugulatur Jambis;
In colano Satyram, non Epigramma timet.
Nobus in hâc teneras recitator verberat auret,
Non hic judicium, non petit ille tuum.
Non hic te Chloris, non hic laudat a fatigat
Cœlia; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.
Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas;
Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.
Nusquam aliquis, terræ securior errat, ob unum hoc
Grates Helleboro quin agat ille suo.

In Croydonem & Corinnam.

AH miser, & nullo fœlix in amore! Corinnam,
Cum rogat illa, negas; cum negat illa, rogat.
Ambos urit Amor, quid ut fœlicius? ambos
Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor.
Cum flagrat Corydon, *frigescit fibra* Corinnæ;
Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna *calet.*
Cur estas Corydonis *hyems fit facta* Corinnæ?
Quidve Corinnæ *æstas fit* Corydonis *hyems?*
Unde ignis glaciem? glacies unde efficit ignem?
Desine crudeles, fevæ Cupido, *jocos!*
Desive! sed nec te Coridonis *tollere flammas,*
Tollere nec castas Virginis ore nives.
Ure duos, extingue duos, & pectus utrumque
Aut Calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque gelu.

Para

Paraphras'd.

AH wretch in thy *Corinna*'s love unbleſt!
How ſtrang a fancy doth torment thy breaſt?
When ſhe deſires to ſport, thou ſayeſt her nay;
When ſhe denyes then thou deſir'ſt to play.
Love burns you both (O 'tis a happy turn!)
But 'tis at ſeveral times love doth both burn.
When ſcorching heat hath *Coridons* heart poſſeſt,
Then raigns a froſt in cold *Corinna's* breſt;
And when a froſt in *Coridon* doth raign,
Then is *Corinna's* breſt on fire again,
And then with *Coridon* is it ſummer prime,
When with *Corinna* it is winter time?
Or why ſhould then *Corinna's* ſummer be
When it is winter, *Coridon* with thee?
Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed?
Ah jeſt not Love in ſo ſevere a deed!
I bid thee not *Coridons* flame to blow
Clean out; nor clean to melt *Corinna's* ſnow.
burn both! freez both! let mutuall Fervour hold
His and her breſt, or his and her's a cold.

Ad Baſſum.

NOſtri, (Baſſe) ſolent pretio conducere ſtultos
Quos in deliciis Aulicus omnis habet.
At ſi quis cuperet ſapientem vendere præco,
Rarus erit minimo qui velit aſſe virum.
Vſque adeò nocet ingenium, tantoque putatur

Quo

Quo minus eſt cerebri, charius eſſe caput.
Unde tot ignaræ veneres? cur ſtultus amatur?
Heimihi! cur tanti non ſapuiſſe fuit?
Hac ratio eſt, peribus gaudet, Venus *atque* Cupido;
Et nunquam ſimiles non ſibi jungit Amor.

To one admiring her ſelf in a Looking-Glaſſe.

FAire Lady when you ſee the Grace
Of beauty in your Looking Glaſſe;
A ſtately forehead, ſmooth and high,
And full of Princely Majeſty.
A ſparkling eye, no gem ſo fair,
Whoſe luſtre dims the *Cyprian* ſtar.
A glorious cheek divinely ſweet,
wherein both Roſes kindely meet.
A cherry Lip that would entice
Even gods to kiſſe at any price.
You think no beauty is ſo rare
That with your ſhadow might compare,
That your reflection is alone,
The thing that men moſt dote upon,
Madam, alas your Glaſſe doth lye,
And you are much deceiv'd; for I
A beauty know of richer grace
(Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.
Hence then O learn more milde to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me;
If me your reall ſubſtance move,
When you ſo much your Shadow love.
Wiſe nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright Majeſty,

Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could, except your self, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.
Now you have what you love, you'l say
What then is left for me I pray?
My face sweet-heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due.
Your's sweet in me, and mine in you.

A Eglogue occasion'd by two Doctors disputing upon Prædestination.

Corydon.

HO jolly *Thyrsis* whether in such haste?
I'st for a wager that you run so fast?
Or past past your hour below yon Hawthorn-tree
Doe's longing *Galatea* look for thee?

Thyrsis.

No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* say
Alexis challeng'd *Tityrus* to day
Who best shall sing of Shepherds Art, and praise;
But heark I hear 'em listen to their layes.

Tityrus.

Alexis read, what means this mystique thing?
An Ewe I had two Lambs at once did bring;
Th'one black as jet, the other white as snow?
Say in just Providence how it could be so?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodnesse therefore partiall call,
That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus.

Tytirus.

Were they not both and by the ſelfe-ſame Ewe?
How could they ment then ſo different hue?
Poor Lamb alas; and couldſt thou, yet unborn,
Sin to deſerve the guilt of ſuch a ſcorn!
Thou hadſt not yet fowl'd a religious ſpring,
Nor fed on plots of hollowed graſſe, to bring
Stains to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
Sacred to *Pan*, or *Pales* Deity.
The gods are ignorant, if they not foreknow;
And knowing, 'tis unjuſt to uſe thee ſo.

Alexis.

Tityr with me contend, or *Corydon*;
But let the gods, and their high wils alone:
For in our Flocks that freedom challenge wee;
This Kid is ſacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tityrus.

Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us
To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus.
This on the barren mountains fleſh can gleam,
That fed in flowry paſtures will be lean.

Alexis.

Plow, ſowe, and compaſſe, nothing boots at all,
Unleſſe the dew upon the Tilth's do fall.
So labour ſilly Shepherds what we can
All's vain, unleſſe a bleſſing drop from *Pan*.

Tityrus.

I'll thrive thy Ewes if theſe lyes maintain.

Alexis.

And may thy Goats miſcarry ſawcy ſwain.

Thyrſis.

Fie, Shepherds fie! while you theſe ſtrifes begin,
Here creeps the Wolf, and there the Fox gets in.

To

To your vaine piping on ſo deep a Reed
The Lambkins liſten, but forget to feed,
It gentle ſwains befits of Love to ſing,
How Love left Heaven; and heavens immortall King,
His Coeternal Father. O admire,
Love is a Son as ancient as his Sire.
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth ſo great, and from ſo chaſt a womb?
His cradle was a manger; Shepherds ſee
True faith delights in poor ſimplicity.
He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine,
But could of water make a briſker wine.
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barn
The harveſt bring, nor threſh, and grinde the Corn.
Without all theſe Love could ſupply our need,
And with five Loavs, five thouſand Hungers feed,
More wonders did he, for all which ſuppoſe
How he was crown'd, with Lilly or with Roſe?
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
Or Mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they ſay,
Girts her proud Temples? Shepherds none of them
But wore (poor head) a thorny Diadem.
Feet to the Lame he gave, with which they run
To work their Surgeons laſt deſtruction.
The blinde from him had eyes; but us'd that light
Like Baſiliſques to kill him with their ſight.
Laſtly he was betrai'd (O ſing of this)
How Love could be betrai'd! 'twas with a kiſſe.
And then his innocent hands, and guiltleſſe feet
Were nail'd unto the croſſe, ſtriving to meet
In his ſpread arms his Spouſe, ſo milde in ſhow
He ſeem'd to court th'Imbraces of his foe. (ſent,
Through his pierc'd ſide, through which a ſphear was

A torrent of all flowing Balſame went,
Run *Amorillis* run: one drop from thence
Cures thy ſad ſoul, and drives all anguiſh hence.
Go ſun-burnt *Theſtylis*, go, and repair
thy beauty loſt, and be again made fair,
Love-ſick *Amyntas* get a *Phyltrum* here,
To make thee Lovely to thy truly dear.
But coy *Licoris* take the Pearl from thine,
And take the Blood-ſhot from *Atexis* eyne.
Weare this an Amulet againſt all Syrens ſmiles,
The ſtings of Snakes, and tears of Crocodiles,
Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dies;
Three dayes he ſleeps, and then again doth riſe,
(Like fair *Aurora* from the Eaſtern Bay)
And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
This pipe unto our flocks, this ſonnet get.
But ho, I ſee the Sun ready to ſet.
Good night to all, for the great night is come:
Flocks to your folds, and Shepherds high you home.
To morrow morning, when we all have ſlept,
Pan's Cornet's blowen, and the great *Sheep-ſhears* kept.

An Eglogue to M. Johnſon.

Tityrus.

VNder this Beech why ſits thou heere ſo ſad
Son *Damon*, that was erſt Jovall lad?
Theſe groves were wont to Eccho with the ſound
Of thy ſhrill reed, while every Nymph dane'd round.
Rouſe up thy ſoul, *Parnaſſus* mount ſtands high,
And muſt be clim'd with painfull induſtry,

Damon. You Father on his forked top ſit ſtill,

And see us panting up so steep a hill:
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
Never with wax, never to joynt it more.
Tyt. Fond boy 'twas rashly done; I meant to thee,
Of all the sons I have, by legacie
To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all
I meant it should her second Master call.
Dam. And do you think I durst presume to play
Where *Tytirus* had worn his lips away!
Live long thy self to tune it; 'tis from thee,
It has not from it self such Harmony.
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our *Tityrus* in his grave;
Yonder, upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies bears, on every sacred bow
We'l hang it up a relick, we will do it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it,
Tyt. Canst thou farewell unto the Muses bid?
Then Bees shall loath the Thyme, the new wean'd Kid
Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ews
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.
Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get:
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine,
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to heare
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an ear.
Which while the severall Echo's would repeat,
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the gods *Pan* doth the pipe respect,
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

Pan

Pan can distinguish what thy Raptures be
From *Bavius* loose lascivious Minstralsie,
Or *Marvius* windy Bagpipe, *Mævius*, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympany.
If ever I flock of my own do feed,
My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.
Tyt. Two Altars I will build him, and each year
Will sacrifice two well-fed Bullocks there;
Two that have horns, that while they butting stand
Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,
That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan?*
Whence is this fury? Did the partiall ear
Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did hear
Egon, and thee contend which best should play,
Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?
Does *Amarillis* cause this high despair?
Or *Galatea's* coyness breed thy care?
Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn:
Thy pipe, not always *Tytirus* wins with them:
And as for Love, insooth I do not know
Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no.
Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,
Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send
Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:
And on occasion could have quickly guest
Where two fair Ring-doves built their amorous nest:
Tyt. If none of these, my *Damon* then aread
What other cause can so much passion breed!
Dam. Father, I will, in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears.
The Reapers that with whetted sickles stand,

Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand;
Though they endure the ſcorching ſummers heat,
Have yet ſome wages to allay their ſweat:
The Lopper that doth fell the ſtoudry Oke
Labours, yet has good pay for every ſtroak.
The Plowman is rewarded: onely we
That ſing are paid with our own melody;
Rich churles have learnt to praiſe us, and admire,
But have not learnt to think us worth the hire.
So toiling Ants perchance delight to hear,
The ſummer muſick of the Graſhopper.
But after rather let him ſtarve with pain,
Then ſpare him from their ſtore one ſingle grain.
As when great *Iunos* beauteous bird diſplayes
Her ſtarry tail, the boyes do run and gaze
At her proud train; ſo look they now adaies
On Poets: and do think if they but praiſe,
Or pardon what we ſing, enough they do:
I, and tis well that they do ſo much too.
My rage is ſwell'd ſo high I cannot ſpeak it,
Had I *Pan's* Pipe or thine I now ſhould break it!
Tit. Let Moles delight in Earth; Swine dung-hils rake,
Crowes prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleaſure take
In ſlimy Pools; and Niggards wealth admire;
But we whoſe ſouls are made of purer fire,
Have other aimes: whoſe ſongs for gain hath made,
Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade.
Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiouſly
Her various muſique forth, while the whole Quire
Of other birds flock round, and all admire!
But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
Part with her prey to pay for her delight?

Or

Or will the fooliſh, painted, prattling Iay
Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
Lend her a ſtraw? or any of the reſt
Fetch her a fether when ſhe builds her neſt?
Yet ſings ſhe ne're the leſſe, till every den
Do catch at her laſt notes: And ſhall I then
His fortunes, *Damon*, 'bove my own commend,
Who can more cheeſe into the market ſend?
Clowns for poſterite may cark and care,
That cannot out-live death but in an Heir:
By more then wealth we propogate our Names,
That truſt not to ſucceſſions, but our Fames.
Let hid-bound churles yoak the laboriug Ox,
Milk hundred goates, and ſhare a thouſand flocks;
Plant gainfull Orchards, and in ſilver ſhine;
Thou of all fruits ſhould'ſt onely prune the Vine,
Whoſe fruit being taſted, might erect thy brain
To teach ſome raviſhing, high, and lofty ſtrain;
The double birth of *Bacchus* to expreſſ,
Firſt in the Grape, the ſecond in the Preſſe.
And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move
Thy minde once fixed on the Muſes Love?
Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham's* fair ſtreams,
Without deſire to ſee the prouder *Thames*,
I had no flock to care for, but could ſit
Under a Willow covert, and repeat
Thoſe deep and learned layes, on every part
Grounded on judgement, ſubtilty, and Art.
That the great Tutor to the greateſt King,
The ſhepheard of *Stagira*, us'd to ſing;
The Shepheord of *Stagira*, that unfolds
All natures Cloſet, ſhews what e're it holds
The matter, forme, ſence, motion, place, and meaſure

Of every thing contain'd in her vaſt treaſure.
How Elements do change; What is the cauſe
Of Generation; what the Rule and Laws
The Orbs do move by; Cenſures every ſtarre,
Why this is fixt, and this irregular;
Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
And help't each Angell turn about her ſphear.
The thirſty pilgrim travelling by land,
When the fierce Dog-ſtar doth the day command,
Halfe choak'd with duſt, parch't with the foultry heate,
Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with ſweat,
Finding a gentle ſpring, at her cool brink
Doth not with more delight ſit down and drink,
Then I record his ſongs: we ſee a cloud,
And fearing to be wet, do run and ſhroud
Vnder a buſh, when he would ſit and tell
The cauſe that made her miſty womb to ſwell;
Why it ſometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
Sometimes diſſolves her ſelfe in flakes of ſnow:
Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
A reaſon why it wore a beard of flame.
Ah *Tyrius*, I would with all my heart,
Even with the beſt of my carv'd mazers part,
To hear him, as he us'd, divinely ſhew,
What 'tis that paints the divers colour'd bow: (ſtray,
Whence thunders are diſcharg'd, whence the winds
What foot through heaven hath worn the milky wayes
And yet I let this true delight alone,
Cal'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
Ah wo is me another's flock to keep;
The care is mine, the maſter ſhears the ſheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece when it came hither.

Nor

Nor would it learn to liſten to my layes,
For 'twas a flock made up of ſeverall ſtrayes:
And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
A deſolation frights the Muſes there!
With ruſtick ſwains I mean to ſpend my time;
Teach me there father to preſerve my rime.
Tye. To morrow morning I will counſell thee,
Meet me at *Faunus* Beech; for now you ſee
How larger ſhadows from the mountains fall,
And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon* call.
Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
More then high time, did you not erſt behold
How *Heſperus* above yon clouds appear'd,
Heſperus leading forth his bounteous heard?

A Paſtorall Courtſhip.

BEhold theſe woods, and mark my *Sweet*
How all theſe boughes together meet!
The *Cedar* his fair arms diſplayes,
And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
The lofty *Pine* dains to deſcend,
And ſturdy *Oaks* do gently bend.
One with another ſubt'ly weaves
Into one loom their various leaves;
A ſall ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie!
Let's enter, and diſcourſe our Loves;
Theſe are, my dear, no tell-tale groves!
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,
To prate again the words they heare.
Nor babling Echo, that will tell

The neighbouring hills one syllable,
Being enter'd lets together lye,
Twin'd like the Zodiaks *Gemini*!
How soon the flowers do sweeter smell?
And all with emulation swell
To be thy pillow? These for thee
Were meant a bed, and thou for me,
And I may with as just esteem
Presse thee, as thou mayst lie on them.
And why so coy? What dost thou fear?
There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
No Venemous snake makes this his rode,
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.
And yon poor spider on the tree,
Thy spinster will, no poysoner be,
There is no Frog to leap and fright
Thee from my arms and break delight;
Nor Snail that o're thy coat shall trace,
And leave behind a slimy lace.
This is the hallowed shrine of Love,
No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove,
Nor Pismire to make pimples rise
Upon thy smooth and ivory thighes.
No danger in these shades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a sting: but I:
And in it doth no venome dwell,
Although perchance it make thee swell.
Being set, let's sport a while my Fair,
I will tie Love-knots in thy hair.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play:
And braids thy locks: And shall I find
Lesse favour then a saucy winde?

Now

Now let me ſit, and fix my eyes,
On thee that art my Paradiſe.
Thou art my all; the ſpring remains
In the fair violets of thy vains:
And that it is a ſummers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy lips diſplay.
And when for Autumn I would ſeek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
But that which onely moves my ſmart,
Is to ſee winter in thy heart.
Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four ſeaſons of the year!
I'le claſp that neck where ſhould be ſet
A rich and Orient Carkanet;
But ſwains are poor, admit of then
More naturall chains, the arms of men.
Come let me touch thoſe breaſts, that ſwell
Like two fair mountains, and may well
Be ſtil'd the Alpes, but that I fear
The ſnow has leſſe of whiteneſſe there.
But ſtay (my Love) a fault I ſpie,
Why are theſe two fair fountains dry?
Which if they run, no Muſe would pleaſe
To taſt of any ſpring but theſe.
And *Ganymed* employ'd ſhould be
To fetch his *Iove Nectar* from thee.
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe fair *Venus* ſwears,
To the next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.
Were it not then diſcreetly done
To ope one ſpring to let two run?
Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
Bluſhes to ſee no coyn ſtampt in't.
Employ it then, for though it be

Our wealth it is your royalty;
And beauty will have currant grace
That bears the image of your face.
How to the touch the Ivory thighes
Veil gently, and again do riſe,
As plyable to impreſſion
As Vrrgins wax, or *Parian* ſtone
Diſſolv'd to ſoftneſſe; plump, and full,
More white and ſoft then *Cotſall wool*,
Or Cotten from from the *Indian* Tree,
Or prety ſilk-worms huſwifery.
Theſe on two marble pillars rais'd
Make me in donbt which ſhould be prais'd;
They, or their Columnes muſt; but when
I view thoſe feet that I have ſeen
So nimbly tript it o're the Lawns,
That all the *Satyrs* and the Fawns
Have ſtood amaz'd, when they would paſſe
Over the layes, and not a graſſe
Would feel the weight, nor ruſh, not bent
Drooping betray which way you went,
O then I felt my hot deſires
Burn more, and flame with double fires.
Come let thoſe thighes, thoſe legs thoſe feet
VVith mine in thouſand windings meet.
And woven in moreſubtle twines
Then VVoodbine, Ivie, or the Vines.
For when Love ſees us circling thus
He'le like no Arbour more then us.
Now let us kiſſe, would you be gone?
Manners at leaſt allows me one.
Bluſh you at this? pretty one ſtay,
And I will take that kiſſe away,

Thus

Thus with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes off; ſo will we go
To numbers that the ſtars out-run,
And all the Atoms in the Sun.
For though we kiſſe till *Phœbus* ray
Sink in the ſeas, and kiſſing ſtay
Till his bright beams return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good manners call,
In one, good manners, grant me all.
Are kiſſes all? they but fore-run
Another duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrell ſay
That tunes his pipes and will not play?
Say what are bloſſoms in their prime,
That ripen not in harveſt time?
Or what are buds that ne're diſcloſe
The long'd for ſweetneſſe of the roſe?
So kiſſes to a Lover's gueſt
Are invitations, not the feaſt.
See every thing that we eſpie
Is fruitfull ſaving you and I:
View all the fields, ſurvey the bowers,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flowers,
And ſay if they ſo rich could be
In barren baſe Virginity.
Earth's not ſo coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plow.
For how had man or beaſt been fed,
If ſhe had kept her maiden-head?
Cœlia once coy as are the reſt
Hangs now a babe on either breaſt,
And *Chloris* ſince a man ſhe took,

Has leſſe of greenneſſe in her look.
Our Ewes have ean'd, and every damme
Gives ſuck unto her tender Lamb.
As by theſe groves we walk'd along,
Some birds were feeding of their young.
Some on their egges did brooding ſit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.
Thoſe that were ſlower then the reſt,
Were buſie building of the neſt.
You only will not pay the fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the brook
With ſilken line and ſilver hook,
Through Chryſtall ſtreams you might deſcry
How vaſt and numberleſſe a fry
The fiſh hath ſpawn'd, that all along
The banks were crowded with the throng.
And ſhall fair *Venus* more command
By water then ſhe does by land?
The Phœnix chaſt, yet when ſhe dies,
Her ſelfe with her owne aſhes lies.
But let thy love more wiſely thrive
To do the act while th' art alive.
'Tis time we left our childiſh Love
That trades for toyes, and now approve
Our abler skill; they are not wiſe
Look babies only in the eyes.
That ſmoother'd ſmile ſhewes what you meant,
And modeſt ſilence gives conſent.
That which we now prepare, will be
Beſt done in ſilent ſecreſie.
Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
Leſt ſome ſhould know what we did here.

See

See not a flower you preſt is dead,
But re-erects his bended head;
That whoſoe're ſhall paſſe this way
Knows not by theſe where *Phyllis* lay.
And in your forehead there is none
Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poor credulous and ſimple maid!
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betraid!
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day
For which thou canſt no ranſome pay.
How black art thou, transform'd with ſin!
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale;
When every Wake, and Whitſund-ale
Shall talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart
There is no Medicine for my ſmart,
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſſe you meet again to morrow.

Upon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a voyce incomparable ſweet.

I Chanc'd ſweet *Lesbia's* voyce to hear,
O that the pleaſure of the care
Contented had the appetite;
But I muſt ſatisfie the ſight:
Where ſuch a face I chanc'd to ſee
From which good Lord deliver me.
I'ſt not prophane if I ſhould tell
I thought her one of thoſe that fell
With *Lucifers* Apoſtate train
Yet did her Angels voyce retain?

A Cherubin her notes deſcri'd,
A Devill every whrre beſide.
Ask the dark woods, and they'l confeſſe
None did ſuch Harmony expreſſe
In all their bowers, from May to June
Yet ne're was face ſo out of tune.
Her Virginall teeth falſe time did keep,
Her wrinkled forehead went too deep.
Lower then *Gammus* ſunk her eyes,
'Bove *Ela* though her noſe did riſe.
I'le truſt Muſitians now that reſt
Beſt muſick doth in diſcords dwell,
Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire
Of Birds to come, who all admire,
And would with pleaſure longer ſtay,
But that her looks frights them away.
Which for a good *Priapus* goes,
And well may ſerve to ſcar the Crows.
Her voyce might tempt th'immortall race
But let her only ſhew her face.
And ſoon ſhe might extinguiſh thus
The luſting of an Incubus.
So have I ſeen a Lute o'reworn,
Old and rotten, patcht, and torn,
So raviſh with a ſound, and bring
A cloſe ſo ſweet to every ſtring,
As would ſtrike wonder in our ears,
And work an envy in the Sphears.
Say monſter ſtrange, what maiſt thou be?
Whence ſhall I fetch thy Pedigree?
VVhat but a Panthar could beget,
A beaſt ſo foule, a breath ſo ſweet?
Or thou of *Syrens* iſſue art,

If they be fish the upper part.
Or else blind *Homer* was not mad
Then, when he sung *Vlisses* had
So strange a gift from *Æolus*,
VVho odour-breathing *Zephyrus*
In severall bottles did inclose;
For certain thou art one of those
Thy looks where other women place
Their chiefest Pride, is thy disgrace.
The tongue, a part which us'd to be
VVorst in thy Sex, is best in thee.
VVere I but now to choose my dear
Not by my eye, but by my ear,
Here would I dote; how shall I woo
Thy voyce, and not thy body too?
Then all the brood I get of thee,
VVou'd Nightingales and Cygnets be:
Cygnets betimes their throats to try,
Born with more Musick then the dye.
Say *Lesbia*, say, what god will blesse
Our Loves with so much happinesse?
Some women are all tongue, but o
VVhy art not thou my *Lesbia* so?
Thy looks do speak thee witch; one spell
To make thee but invisible,
Or dye! resign thy selfe to death,
And I will catch thy latest breath;
But that the nose will scarce I feare
Finde it so sweet as did the ear.
Or if thou would'st not have me coy,
As was the self-enamour'd Boy,
Turn only voyce, an Echo prove,
Here, here, by heav'n, I'le fix my Love.

If not, you gods, to eaſe my mind,
Or make her dumb, or ſtrike me blind;
For grief, and anger in me riſe,
Whilſt ſhe hath tongue, or I have eyes.

The Milk-maids Epithalamium

I Oy to the Bridegroom and the Bride
That lye by one anothers ſide!
O fie upon the Virgin beds,
No loſſe is gain but Maiden heads.
Love quickly ſend the time may be
When I ſhall deale my Roſemary!

I long to ſimper at a feaſt,
To dance, and kiſſe, and do the reſt.
When I ſhall Wed, and Bedded be
O then the qualm comes over me,
And tels the ſweetneſſe of a Theam
That I nere knew but in a dream.

You Ladies have the bleſſed nights,
I pine in hope of ſuch delights:
And ſilly Damſell only can
Milk the Cows teats, and think on man;
And ſigh and wiſh to taſt and prove
The wholſome Sillibub of Love.

Make haſt, at once twin-Brothers bear;
And leave new matter for a ſtar.
Women and ſhips are never ſhown
So fair as when their ſails are blown.

Then

Then when the Midwife heares your moane,
I'le ſigh for griefe that I have none.

And you deare Knight, whoſe every kiſſe
Reaps the full crop of *Cupids* bliſſe,
Now you have found, confeſſe and tell
That ſingle ſheets do make up hell.
And then ſo charitable be
To get a man to pity me.

An Eglogue on the noble Aſſemblies revived on Cotſwold Hills, by M. Robert Dover.

Collen. Thenot.

WHat Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our Britiſh ſwains
How Lubber-like they loll upon the plains?
No life, no ſpirit in 'em; every Clown
Soon as he layes his Hook and Tarbox down,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,
Or nimbly run the winding of the Maze,
Now gets a buſh to room himſelf, and ſleep;
'Tis hard to know the ſhepherd from the ſheep.
And yet me thinks our Engliſh paſtures be
As flowry as the Lawns of *Arcadie*:
Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
Boaſt purer aire, nor ſheer a finer fleece.
The. Yet view their outſide, *Collen*, you would ſay
They have as much brawn in their necks as they.
Fair *Tempe* brags of luſty arms that ſwell
With able ſinewes, and might hurl as well
The weighty ſledg; their legs, and thighes of bone,
Great as *Coloſſus*, yet their ſtrength is gone,
They look like yonder man of wood, that ſtands

To bound the limits of the Pariſh-lands.
Doſt thou ken, *Collen*, what the cauſe might be
Of ſuch a dull and generall Lethargy?
Col Swain, with their ſports their ſouls were ta'ne away,
Till then they all were active, every day
They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now
Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.
Early in May up got the jolly rout
Call'd by the Lark, and ſpread the fields about:
One for to breath himſelf, would courſing be
From this ſame Beech to yonder Mulberie.
A ſecond leapt, his ſupple nerves to try,
A third was practiſing his Melody.
This a new Jig was footing, others were
Buſied at wreſtling, or to throw the Barre:
Ambitious who ſhould beare the Bell away,
And kiſſe the Nut-brown Lady of the *May*.
This ſtirr'd 'em up, a jolly ſwain was me
Whom *Peg* and *Suſan* after Victory
Crown'd with a garland they had made, beſet
With Daiſies, Pinks, and many a Violet,
Cowſlip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though ſmall,
Encourage vertue, but if none at all
Meet her, ſhe languiſheth, and dies, as now
Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.
And, *Thenot*, this the cauſe I read to be
Of ſuch a dull and generall Lethargie.
Th. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-ſay,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that took thoſe ſports away!
Col. Some melancholy ſwains about have gone
To teach all zeale their own complexion:
Choler they will admit ſometimes I ſee,
But Flegme, and Sanguine no Religions be.

These

These teach that Dauncing is a Jezabell,
And Barley-break the ready way to Hell.
The Morice-Idols, Whitsun-ales can be
But prophane Reliques of a Jubilee!
These in a zeale, t'expresse how much they do
The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;
And harmlesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon
As if they were the towers of *Babylon*.
Some think not fit there should be any sport
I'th Countrey, 'tis a dish proper to the Court.
Mirth not becomes 'em, let the lawcy swain
Eat Beefe, and Bacon, and goe sweat again.
Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be
When all is but ridiculous foppery?
The. Collen, I once the famous Spain did see,
A nation glorious for their gravity;
Yet there a hundred Knights on warlike Steeds
Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with reeds;
At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze,
Yet 'twas no better then our Prison-base.
What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
Of our more down-right sport, the Cudgel-play?
Foot-ball with us may be with them Baloome,
As they at Tilt, so we at Quintain runne.
And those old Pastimes relish best with me,
That have least Art, and most simplicity.
Collen. They say at Court there is an Art
To dance a Ladies honour from her heart;
Such wiles poor Shepheards know not, all their sense
Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
The Country Lasse, although her dance be good,
Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.
And yet their sports by some controul'd have been,

Who think there is no mirth but what is ſin.
O might I but their harmleſſe Gambols ſee
Reſtor'd unto an ancient liberty,
Where ſpotleſſe dalliance traces o're the Plains,
And harmles Nymphs jet it with harmles ſwains;
To ſee an age again of Innocent Loves
Twine cloſe as Vines, yet kiſſe as chaſt as Doves,
Me thinks I could the *Thracian* lyre have ſtrung,
Or tun'd my whiſtle to the *Mantum* ſong.
Coll. Then tune thy whiſtle boy, and ſtring thy lyre
That age is come again, thy brave deſire
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing ſhall be this yeer
Holy as the motion of a Sphear.
The. Col. with ſweeter breath Fame never blew
Her ſacred Trump, if this good news be true!
Coll. Knoweſt thou not Cotſwold hills? *Th.* Through all the land
No fiuer wool runnes through the ſpinſters hand.
But ſilly *Collen*, ill thou doſt divine,
Canſt thou miſtake a Bramble for a Pine?
Or think this Buſh a Cedar? or ſuppoſe
Young Hamlet, where to ſleep each ſhepheard goes,
In circuit, buildings, people, power and name
Equalls the Bow ſtring'd by the ſilver Thame?
As well thou maiſt their ſports with ours compare,
As the ſoft wool of Lambs, with the Goats hair.
Col. Laſt evening Lad, I met a noble ſwain,
That ſpur'd his ſprightfull Palfrey o're the plain,
His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay
As any Laſſe upon her Bridall day:
I thought (what eaſie faiths we ſhepheards prove)
This, not the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!
I ask't the cauſe, they told me this was he,
Whom this dayes triumph crown'd with victory:

Many

Many brave ſteeds there were, ſome you ſhould finde
So fleet as they had been ſons of the winde:
Others with hoofs ſo ſwift, beat o're the race
As if ſome engine ſhot 'em to the place.
So many, and ſo well-wing'd ſteeds there were
As all the brood of *Pegaſus* had been there.
Rider, and horſe could not diſtinguiſh'd be,
Both ſeem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaur's* progeny,
A numerous troop they were, yet all ſo light
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight,
Such Royall paſtimes *Cotſwold* mountains fill,
When gentle ſwains viſit her glorious hill:
Where with ſuch packs of hounds they hunting go
As *Cyrus* nere did wind his Bugle to!
Whoſenoiſe is muſicall, and with full cries
Beats o're the fields, and Ecchoes through the skies,
Orion hearing wiſh'd to leave his ſphere,
And call his dog from heaven to ſport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
So brave a dirge ſung forth his funerall.
Not *Syrens* ſweetlier rill, Hares as they flie
Look back, as glad to liſten, loth to die.
Theſ. No doubt but from the brave Heroick fire
In the more noble hearts, ſparks of deſire
May warm this colder boores, and emulous ſtrife,
Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
When thoughts of fame their quickned ſouls ſhall fill
At every glaunce that ſhews them Cotſwold hill.
Coll. There Shepherd, there, the ſolemn games be plaid,
Such as great *Theſus*, or *Alcides* made:
Such as *Apollo* wiſhes he had ſeen,
And *Iove* deſires had his invention been!
The *Nemean*, and the *Iſtmian* paſtimes ſtill

Though dead in *Greece*, ſurvive on *Cotſwold* hill.
The. Oh happy hill the gentle Graces now
Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Citherons* brow:
Parnaſſus clift ſhall ſink below his ſpring,
And every Muſe ſhall on thy frontlet ſing.
The goddeſſes again in ſtrife ſhall be,
And from mount *Ida* make appeale to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage, and in dread
The aged *Alpes* ſhall bow his ſnowy head;
Flora with all her ſtore thy Temples Crown,
Whoſe height ſhall reach the ſtars: gods looking down
Shall bleſſe the Incenſe that thy flowers exhale,
And make thee both a mountain and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy top ſhall meet,
And preſſe thy treſſes with their od'rous feet?
Whoſe eyes when wandring men ſee from afar,
They'l think thee Heaven, and each of them a ſtar.
But gentle *Collen* ſay what god or man
Fame we for this great work, *Daphnis*, or *Pan*?
Col. *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
Tell all your flocks 'tis Joviall *Dovers* ded.
Behold the ſhepherds in their ribbands go,
And ſhortly all the Nymphs ſhall wear 'em to:
Amaz'd to ſee ſuch glory met together,
Bleſſe *Dovers* pipe, whoſe Muſick call'd 'em hither.
Sport you my Rams at ſound of *Dovers* name;
Big-bellied Ews make haſt to bring a Lamb
For *Dovers* fold: Go Maids and Lillies get
To make him up a glorious Coronet.
Swains keep his holy-day, and each man ſwear
To Saint him in the *Shepheards-Calender*.

Ad Medicum.

HEu quæ me Colchis, magico quæ Thessala cantu
Sic cruciat miserum & tantis coquit illia flam-
Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta me dullas? (mis
Mitius in Lybiam Phœbi jubar antra leonis
Ingressum furit, & Vulcania mitius Etna
Sæviit, ardentes cineres, multamque favillam
In Calabros jaculata sinus: Heu, quis mihi vectes
Induit Herculeas? nam sentio virus, & omnes
Ebullire meas Nesseo sanguine venas!
Mille licet pascas fibra crescente volucres,
Felicem Tirium, multo quem frigore stringit
Caulasus! O liciat mihi tecum monte sub illo
Eternum tractare gelu, glacieq; perenni
Demulcere animum, nivibusq; extinguere flammas!
Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modo detur in undis
Stare, tuisque meum lymphis solarier æstum.
Tanta e, namque uror misere miser, æstuat intus
Indomitus, totosq; ignis depasciter artas.
Dum glisçit calor, & sævo coquit igne cruorem,
Intumet extemplo cutis, exurgitque tumescens
Purpurea macula, & multo distincta rubore;
Non aliter quam de cœlo cum decidit imber,
Plurima (vidi etenim) medio nat at æquore bulla;
Aut quale in nostris (sæpe est videre) culinis
Cum primum verubus stridit caro: Belides, in me,
In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam,

Gens

Gens eſt, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia carnes
Condere viſceribus; me, me, putet, & voret ore
Jam toſtum jecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia mem- (*bra*
Apta Thyæſteis vivunt convivia menſis.
At enim flamma ſatis totos bacchata per artus
Lenius ardeſcens deferbuit, illoco turgens
Deſcendit tutis, & paulo nunc mitius uror.
Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorque repentè
Taygeti *montis, geledive in vallibus* Hæmi
Ramorum dens a requieſcere tectus in umbra;
Et tandem revocata ſuas redit, improba, vires,
Flamma, premit q̃, iterũ, ſolitiſque caloribus urit.
Tunc mihi ſcintillant oculi, tremulumque videntes
Imbelli ſpectant, acie, bina omnia, bina
Conſpicor, & binis exurgit menſa lucernis;
Tum video Stygiis *undis, ipſoque Acharonte*
Immergi, videm flagranti claudier æra
Inque Perillæo *mugire incendia Tauro.*
Sum meus ipſe Rogus: quæ tantas pabula poſſunt,
Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammas?
Si qua eſt herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe eſt)
Extinguas pluſquam Pheæbeos, (Phæbe) *calores*
Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde ſalutem,
Ut ſemel annoſum reparaverat Æſona Colchis:
Utque Aries juvenem rediit grandævus in Agnũ.

The Song of Orpheus.

HAil ſacred Deſerts, whom kind nature made
Only to ſhelter with a loving ſhade,

The

The now neglected Muſick, glad to ſee
Lions afford her hoſpitality.
And Tygers bid her welcome, with the reſt
Of ſavage beaſts accept her for a gueſt,
Since men refuſe her, and ſcarce daign an eare
To her high notes, or if they pleaſe to heare,
'Tis all; amongſt my Pupills, you may ſee
The birds that learn't their ſweeteſt layes of me;
Thoſe that chant Carols in this thankleſſe age
To pleaſure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

SWeet *Lydia* take this Maske, and ſhroud
Thy face within thy ſilken cloud,
And veil thoſe powerfull Skies:
For he whoſe gazing dares ſo high aſpire,
Makes burning-glaſſes of his eyes,
And ſets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto me
There is no Baſilisk but thee,
Thy very looks do kill:
Yet in thoſe looks ſo fixt is my delight,
Poor ſoule (alas) I languiſh ſtill
In abſence of thy ſight.

Cloſe up thoſe eyes or we ſhall finde
Too great a luſtre ſtrikes us blind!
Or if a ray ſo good
Ought to be ſeen, let it but then appear
When Eagles do produce their brood,
To try their young ones there.

Or

Or if thou would'ſt have me to know
How great a brightneſſe thou canſt ſhow,
VVhen they have loſt the Sun;
Then do thou riſe, and give the world this theme,
Sol from th'*Heſperides* is run,
And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he ſhall ſtray,
Thou through the *Crab* muſt take thy way;
For ſhould you both ſhine bright
In the ſame *Tropick*, we poor moles ſhould get
Not ſo much comfort by the light,
As torment by the heat.

VVhere's *Lydia* now? where ſhall I ſeek
Her charming lip, her tempting cheek
That my affections bow'd?
So dark a ſable hath eclipſt my fair,
That I can gaze upon the cloud,
That durſt not ſee the ſtar.

But yet me thinks my thoughts begin
To ſay there lyes a white within,
Though black her pride controul t
And what care I how black a face I ſee,
So there be whiteneſſe in the ſoule,
Still ſuch an *Ethiope* be.

A parley with his empty Purſe.

PUrſe who I not know you have a Poet been
When he ſhall look and find no gold herein?

VVhat

What reſpect (think you) will there now be ſhewn
To this foule neſt, when all the birds are flown?
Unnaturall *vacuum*, can your emptineſſe
Anſwer to ſome ſlight queſtions, ſuch as theſe?
How ſhall my debts be paid? or can my ſcores
Be cleer'd with Verſes to my Creditors?
Hexamiter's no ſterling, and I fear
What the brain coins goes ſcarce for currant there.
Can meeter cancell bonds? Is here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rime?
Or if I were now hurrying to the jail
Are the nine *Muſes* held ſufficient bail?
Would they to any compoſition come,
If we ſhould morgage our *Eliſium*,
Tempe, *Pernaſſus*, and the golden ſtreams
Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, thoſe rich dreams
Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move
Thoſe rocks, and ſtones with his beſt ſtrains of love?
Should I (like *Homer*) ſing in lofty tones
To them *Achylles*, and his *Myrmidons*!
Hector, and *Ajax* are but Sergeants names,
They reliſh Bay-ſalt 'bove the Epigrams
Of the moſt ſeaſon'd brain, nor will they be
Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.
Muſe, burn thy Baies, and thy fond quill reſigne,
One croſſe of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
Of all the treaſure which the Poets hold
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
And mine's return'd to th'*indies*, and hath ſwore
Never to viſit this cold climate more.
Then crack your ſtrings good Purſe, for you need none;
Gape on, as they do to bepayd, gape on.

Upon

Upon love fondly refus'd for conscience sake.

NAture, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,
Not by the Tyrant conscience,
Then our commission gives us leave to do,
What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
For we must question, else heavens great decree,
And tax it with a treachery;
If things made sweet to tempt our appetite
Should with a guilt stain the delight.
Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing do;
Who made us love, made lawfull too.
It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
Ravish'd with envious Avarice,
Made women first impropriate; All were free,
Inclosures mens inventions be.
I'th golden age no action could be found
For trespasse on my neighbours greund:
Twas just with any Fair to mix our blood;
The best is most diffusive good.
She that confines her beams to one mans sight,
Is a dark-Lanthorn to a glorious light.
Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chast appeare
Cause many thirsts are quenched there?
Or have you not with the same odours met,
When more have smelt your Violet?
The Phoenix is not angry at her nest,
Cause her perfumes make others blest:
Though Incense to th'eternall gods be meant,
Yet mortals Rivall in the sent.
Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see
That all his vassals loves are free.

The

The severe wedlocks fetters do not binde
The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind;
But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
Even to the Royall Lions bed.
The birds may for a yeer their loves confine,
But make new choise each *Valentine*.
If our affections then more servile be
Then are our slaves, wher's mans soveraignty?
Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse please,
And spare the sweets, being more sweet then these?
If the fresh *Trunk* have sap enough to give
That each insertive branch may live;
The Gardner grafts not only Apples there,
But adds the VVarden and the Peare,
The Peach, and Apricock together grow,
The Cherrie and the Damson too,
Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
An intire Orchard of one tree
So left our Paradise perfection want,
VVe may as well inoculate as plant.
What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theam?
Or nodding Nurses idle dream?
So feign'd, as are the *Goblins*, *Elves*, and *Fairies*,
To watch their *Orchards*, and their *Daries*.
For who can tell when first her reign begun?
I'th' state of innocence was none:
And since large Conscience (as the proverb shewes)
In the same sense with bad one goes,
The lesse the better then, whence this will fall,
'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.
Suppose it be a vertue rich, and pure,
'Tis not for Spring, or Summer sure,
Nor yet for Autumn: Love must have his prime,

His

His warmer hearts, and harveſt time.
Till we have flouriſh'd, grown, and reap'd our wiſhes;
What Conſcience dares oppoſe our kiſſes?
But when times colder hand leads us near home,
Then let that winter-vertue come:
Froſt is all then prodigious, we may do
What youth and pleaſure prompts us to.

On Importunate Dunnes.

POx take you all, from you my ſorrwes ſwell
Your treacherous Faith makes me turn Infidell.
Pray vex me not for Heavens ſake, or rather
For your poor Childrens ſake, or for your Father.
You trouble me in vain, what e're you ſay
I cannot, will not, nay I ought not pay,
You are Extortioners, I was not ſent
T'encreaſe your ſins, but make you all repent
That e're you truſted me, wee're even here,
I bought too cheap, becauſe you ſold too dear.
Learn Conſcience of your VVives, for they I ſwear
For the moſt part trade in the better ware.
Heark Reader if thou never yet hadſt one
I'le ſhew the torments of a *Cambridge Dun.*
He railes where e're he comes, and yet can ſay
But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.
VVhat? can I keep the Day, or ſtop the Sun
From ſetting, or the Night from coming on.
Could I have kept dayes, I had chang'd the doom
Of Times and Seaſons that had never come.
Theſe evill ſpirits haunt me every day
And will not let me eat, ſtudy, or pray.

I am

I am so much in their Books that 'tis known
I am too seldome frequent in my *owne*.
What damage given to my Doors might be
If Doors might Actions have of Battery!
And when they find their comming to no end
They *Dunne* by proxie, and their Letters send,
In such a stile as I could never finde
In *Tullies* long, or *Seneca's* short wind.

Good Master Randolph, *Pardon me I pray*
If I remember you forget your day.
I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
Unkind in you, not to be kind to me.
You know Sir, I must pay for what I have,
My Creditors will be paid, therefore I crave
Pay me as I pay them Sir, for one Brother
Is bound in Conscience to pay another.
Besides, my Landlord would not be content,
If I should dodge with him for's quarters rent.
My Wife lies in too, and I needs must pay
The Midwife, lest the fool be cast away.
And 'tis a second charge to me poor man
To make the new born Babe a Christian.
Besies the Churching a third charge will be
In butter'd Haberdine & frummety.
Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
I rest (I would thou would'st) *Your loving Friend.*

A.B.M H.T.B.H.L.I.O.
I.F.M.G.P.VV. Nay I know
You have the same stile all, and as for me
Such as your stile is shall your payment be.

Just

Juſt all alike, ſee, what a curſed ſpell
Charms Devils up, to make my Chamber hell.
This ſome ſtary'd Prentice brings, one that does look
With a face blurd more then her Maſters book.
One that in any chink can peeping lye
More ſlender then the yard he meaſures by:
When my poor ſtomack barks for meat, I dare
Scarce humour it, they make me live by ayr,
As the *Camelions* do; and if none pay
Better then I have done, even ſo may they.
When I would go to Chappell, they betray
My zeal, and when I only meant to pray
Unto my God, faith all I have to do
Is to pray them, and glad they'l hear me too.
Nay ſhould I preach, the Raſcals are ſo vext,
They'd fee a Beadle to arreſt my Text;
And ſue if ſuch a ſute might granted be,
My Uſe and Doctrine to an Outlawry.
This ſtings, yet what my gall moſt works upon
Is that the hope of my *revenge* is gone.
For were I but to deal with ſuch as thoſe,
That knew the danger of my *Verſe* or *Proſe*
I'de *ſteep* my *Muſe* in *Vineger* and *Gall*
Till the *fierce* ſcold grew ſharp and hang'd 'um all;
But thoſe I am to deal with are ſo dull.
(Though got by *Schollers*) he that is moſt full
Of *underſtanding* can but *hither come*
Imprimis, Item, and the totall-ſum.
I do not wiſh them *Egypts* plagues, but even
As bad as they; I'de add unto them *ſeven*.
I wiſh not *Graſhoppers*, *Frogs*, and *Lice* come down,
But clouds of Moths in every ſhop i'th *Town*.
Then honeſt *Devils* to their Ink convey

Some

Some *Aqua-fortis* that may eat away
Their books. To adde more torments to their lives
Heaven I beſeech thee ſend 'um handſome Wives.
Such as will pox their fleſh till ſores grow in't
That all their linnen may be ſpent in lint.
And give them Children with ingenuous faces,
Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces
Of Soule and Body, that it may be known
To others, and themſelves they 'r not their own.
And if this vex 'um not, I'le grieve the Town
With this curſe, States put *Trinity-Lecture* down.
But my laſt Imprecation this ſhall be,
May they more debtors have, and like me.

A Character.

Aulico-politico Academico.

THou Cozen to great Madams and allyed,
To all the Beauties that are Ladified,
Thou Eagle of the Realm whoſe eyes can ſee,
Th'inviſible plots of forraign policie,
Thou great and unknown Learning of the Nation
Made not by ſtudy, but by inſpiration!
The Court, the State, the Schools together be
By th'ears, and fight, and ſcratch, and all for thee.
When I behold thee cringe in ſome faire Hall,
And ſcrape proportions Mathematicall,
Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick-ſpell
To circle, ovall, ſquare, and triangle,
And take a Virgin by the Ivory hand
Minting words to her, none can underſtand

But in a vision, and some verse repeat
So wellinchanted, none the sense can get,
Till they have conjur'd in lines strange and many,
To find what spirit it has, if it have any.
To see thy feet (though nature made them splay)
Screw in the toes to dance and forceaway
To some smooth measure, as might justly vaunt
Thou art turn'd Monsieur of an Elephant.
Thy mother sure going to see some sport,
Tilting, or Masque, conceav'd thee in the Court.
But when I view thee gravely nod, and spit
In a grave posture, shake the head, and fit
Plots to bring *Spain* to *England*, and confine
king *Philips* Indies unto *Middletons* Mine.
When I read o're thy Comments sagely writ
On the Currantoes, and with how much wit
Thy profound *Aphorismes* do expound to us
The *Almanacks*, and *Gallobelgicus*;
When I conceive what news thou wilt bring o're
When thou return'st with thy Embassador,
What flops the *Switzers* wears to hide his joynts,
How *French*, and how the *Spanyard* truss their points,
How ropes of Onions at Saint *Omers* goe,
And whether Turks be Christians, yea or no.
Then I believe one in deep points so able,
Was surely got under the Councell-table.
But when I heare thee of *Celarent* write
In *Ferio*, and *Baralypton* fight.
Methinks my then Prophetick soule durst tell
Thou must be born at *Aristotles* Well.
But shall I tell thee friend how thy blest fate
By chance hath made thy name so fortunate.
The State-man thinks thou hast too much oth' Court,

The

The Courtier thinks thy ſager parts do ſort
Beſt for the State ; as for the Ladies they
Poſ'd with the Medley of the language, ſay
Th'art a meer Scholler, and the Scholler ſwears
Thou art of any tribe rather then then theirs.
One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either,
Thou thinkſt thy ſelf th'art all, and I think neither.

On the loſſe of his finger.

HOw much more bleſt are trees then men ?
Their boughes lopt off will grow agen ;
But if the ſteel our limbs diſſever,
The joynt once loſt is loſt for ever.
But fondly I dull fool complain,
Our members ſhall revive again.
And thou poor finger that art duſt
Before the other members, muſt
Return as ſoon as hevens command,
And reunited be to'th hand
As thoſe that are not aſhes yet,
VVhy doſt thou then ſo envious ſit,
And malice Oaks that they to fate
Are tenants of a longer date ?
Their leaſes do more years include
But once expir'd, are nere renew'd.
Therefore deare finger though thou be
Cut from thoſe muſcles govern'd thee,
And had thy motion at command,
Yet ſtill as in a margent ſtand,
To point my thoughts to fix upon

The hope of Reſurrection:
And ſince thou canſt no finger be
Be a deaths head to humble me,
Till death doth threat her ſting in vain,
And we in heaven ſhake hands again.

---

*A paranicon to the truly noble Gentleman M.*Endymion Porter.

GOe baſhfull Muſe, thy meſſage is to one
That drinks and fils thy *Helicon*.
Who when his quill a ſportive number ſeeks,
Plants Roſes in the Ladies cheeks.
And with a ſad note from their eyes can call
Pearl-ſhowers to dew thoſe buds withall,
Whoſe layes when I by chance am bleſt to heare
My ſoule climbs up into mine eare,
And bids your ſiſters challenge from the Moon
The Learned, as the fair *Endymion*.
Sing of his faith to the bright ſoule that's fled,
And left you all poor girls ſtruck dead
With juſt deſpair of any future men
T'employ, or to reward a Pen.
A ſoul that ſtaying would have wonders wrought,
High as himſelfe, or his great thought,
And full of dayes, and honours, (with our prayer
In ſtead of Beads ſumm'd up with tears.)
Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone,
Offer what's heart, his hand, his ſword had done,
But ſing not thou a tale of diſcontent
To him whoſe joy is to lament.
We ought to pay true teares upon the hearſe,

And

And lay ſome up in faithfull verſe,
And ſo caſt off our black; for more then thus
Troubles the ſaints for troubling us.
Say to him *Cupid* being once too kind
Wept out his eyes and ſo grew blind.
For dead *Adonis*, grief being paid her due
He turn'd Loves wanton god, and ſo do you.

To a painted Miſtriſs.

THere are who know what once to day it was;
Your eyes, your Conſcience, and your morning glaſſe,
How durſt you venture that adulterate part
Belabour'd with your *Fucus*, and beſt Art
To the rude breath of every raſh ſalute?
What did your profer whiſper? expect ſuit?
You were too plyant with your eare, yno wiſht
Pomatum and *Vermilion* might be kiſs'd,
That lip, that cheek by man was never known,
Thoſe favours you beſtow are not your own.
Henceforth ſuch kiſſes I'le defie, like thee,
Which druggiſts ſell to you, and you to me.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIR, or *Madam*, chooſe you whether,
Nature twiſts you both together.
And makes thy ſoul to each confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the god of Wine,

VVith water that is feminine.
Till the cooler Nimph abate,
His wrath, and ſo incorporate,
Adam till his rib was loſt
Had the ſexes thus ingroſt,
VVhen providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*.
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but thee
In a grave ſolemnity;
For Man and VVife make but one right
Canonicall Hermaphrodite.
Ravell thy body, and I finde
In every limb a double kind,
VVho would not think that head a pair,
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One halfe's ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much
I would my tender limbs apparell
VVith *Regulus* his nailed barrell.
And the other halfe ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous with all,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair to grow,
A ſtring for his inviſible Bow.
VVhen I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies,
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orbs contain both Sun and Moon.
How many melting kiſſes skip,
Betwixt thy Male and Female lip,
Betwixt thy upper bruſh of hair,
And thy nether beards deſpair?

VVhen

VVhen thou ſpeak'ſt (I would not wrong)
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue)
But in every ſimple ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another,
This is the ſiſter, that the brother.
when thou joyn'ſt hands my ears ſtruck, fancies
The nuptiall ſound, *I John take Frances.*
Feel but the difference, ſoft and rough,
This is a gauntlet, that a muffe.
Had ſly *Vliſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers-pack
And weapon too, to know *Achilles*
From King *Nicomodes Phillis.*
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that, the warlike ſteel.
VVhen muſick doth thy pace advance
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one
But a mixt dance although alone.
Thus every Heteroclite part
Changes gender, but the heart.
And thoſe which modeſty can meane
(And dare not ſpeak) are Epicene.
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome
That can play both *Tyb* and *Tom.*
Thus did natures Mintage vary,
Coyning thee both *Philip* and *Mary.*

To his Wel Timbred Mistris.

Sweet, heard you not fames lateſt breath rehearſe
How I left hewing blocks to hack a Verſe,
Now grown the Maſter-Log, while others be
But ſhavings and the chips of Poetry.
And thus I ſaw Deal-boards of beauty forth,
To make my Love a Ware-houſe of her worth.
Her legs are heart of Oak, and columns ſtand
To bear the amorous bulk; then Muſe command
That Beech be work'd for thighes unto thoſe legs,
Turn'd round and carv'd, and joyned faſt with pegs.
Contrive her belly round, a dining room,
When Love and Beauty will a feaſting come,
Another ſtory make from waſt to chin
With breaſts like Pots to neſt young ſparrows in,
Then place the Garret of her head above,
Thatcht with a yellow hair to keep in Love.
Thus have I finiſh'd Beauties maſter prize
Were but the Glaſier neer to make her eyes.
Then Muſe her out-works ceaſe to raiſe
To work within, and wainſcot her with praiſe.

On ſix maids bathing themſelves in a River.

When baſhfull Day-light now was gone,
And Night that hides a bluſh came on.
Six pretty Nymphs to waſh away
The ſweating of a ſummers-day,
In *Chams* fair ſtreams did gently ſwim

And

And naked bathe each curious limb.
O who had this bleſt ſight but ſeen
Would think that they had *Clælia's* been.
A Scholler that a walk did take
(Perchance for meditation ſake)
This better object chanc'd to finde,
Streight all things elſe were out of minde;
What fitter ſtudy in this life.
For *Practick* or *Contemplative.*
He thought poor ſoul what he had ſeen
Dyana and her Nymphs had been,
And therefore thought in piteous fear
Acteons fortunes had been near.
Or that the water Nymphs they were
Together met to ſport them there.
And that to him ſuch love they bore
As unto *Hilas* once before.
What could he think but that his eye
Six Nymphs at once did there eſpie
Riſe from the waves? Or that perchance
Freſh-water *Syrens* came to dance
Upon the ſtream with tongue and look
To tempt poor Schollers from their book?
He could not think they *Graces* were
Becauſe their numbers doubled are.
Nor can he think they *Muſes* be
Becauſe (alas) there wanted three.
I ſhould have rather gueſt that there
Another brood of *Helens* were.
The maids betrai'd were in a fright
And bluſht, but 'twas not ſeen by night.
At laſt all by the bank did ſtand,
And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.

Where

VVhere 'twas his bliſſe to feel all o're
Soft paps, ſmooth thighes, and ſomething more.
But envious night hid from his eyes
The place where love and pleaſure lies.
Gueſſe lovers gueſſe, gueſſe you that dare
VVhat then might be this Schollers prayer.
That he had been a Cat to ſpy,
Or had he now *Tiberius* eye.
Yet ſince his wiſhes were in vain
He helpt them d'on their cloaths again,
Makes promiſe there ſhould none be ſhent,
So with them to the Tavern went.
How they all night did ſport and play
Pardon my *Muſe*, I dare not ſay,
Gueſſe you that have a mind to know
VVhether he were a foole or no.

The wedding Morne.

ARiſe, come forth, but never to return
To the ſame Center, 'tis thy virgin Urn,
Bury in it thoſe thoughts you did poſſeſſe
Thee from thy Cradle, till this happineſſe;
VVhich but to think upon will make thy cheek,
Fairer then is the Morn you ſo much ſeek
In beauty to outvy; and be the pride
Of all that ever had the name of bride.
Up Maids and let your nimble fingers be
True inſtruments of curioſity:
Set not a pin amiſſe, nor let a pleat
Be folded in her gown but what's in ſtate.

And

And when her Ivory-temples you would deck
Forbear your Art, for Nature gives you check;
There in the circuit of her radient haire
See *Cupid* fetter'd in a golden ſnare.
Mark the triumphant throne wherein the Boy
Inſtalled ſits to give the Bridegroom joy.
But when ſhe's dreſt, and that her liſtning ear
Is welcom'd by the Bridegrooms being neer,
Look how he ſtands, and how her ſtedfaſt eye
Is fix'd on him at's firſt diſcovery.
Both being met, mark how their ſouls do ſtrive
To be in eithers joy contemplative.
VVhoſe kiſſes raiſe betwixt them ſuch a fire
That ſhould the Phoenix ſee, he to expire
VVould ſhun the ſpicy mountain, and ſo take
Himſelf between their lips a grave to make.

In praiſe of women in Generall.

HE is a Paricide to his mothers name,
And with an impious hand murthers her fame,
That wrongs the praiſe of women, that dares write
Libels on Saints, or with foule ink requite
The milk they lent us; better Sex command
To your defence my more religious hand
At ſword, or Pen; ours is the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth,
The ſon of duſt; and though your ſin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your ſeed:
Adam in's ſleep a gainfull loſſe ſuſtain'd
That for one rib a better ſelf regain'd.
VVho had he not your bleſt creation ſeen,

An Anchorite in Paradise had been
Why in this work did the creation rest
But that eternall providence thought you best
Of all his six dayes labour: beasts should do
Homage to man, but man should wait on you.
You are of comlier sight, of daintier touch,
A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such
As *Parians* see in marble, skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
Eyes full of grace, and quickness, purer roses
Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet then his
Breaths spice, and Nectar drops at every kisse.
Your skins are smooth, brisles on theirs do grow
Like quills of Porcupines, rough wool doth flow
O're all their faces, you approach more near
The form of angels, they like beasts appear:
If then in bodies where the souls do dwell
You better us, do then our souls excell?
No; we in souls equall perfection see
There can in them nor male nor female be.
Boast we of knowledg? You have more then we
You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree,
And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth lye
Let him dispute against that dares deny
Your least commands, and not perswaded be
With *Sampsons* strength, and *Davids* piety,
To be your willing Captives; vertue sure
Were blind as fortune, should shee choose the poore
Rough cottage man to live in, and despise
To dwell in you the stately edifice.
Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we
Must all repent that in our Pedigre.

We

We chose the fathers name, where should we take
The mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould make
Our generation sure, and certain be,
And I'de believe some faith in Heraldry!
Thus perfect Creatures if detraction rise
Against your sex dispute but with your eyes,
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtile and so strong an argument
Will teach the Stoick his affection too,
And call the Cinick from his Tub to woo.
Thus mustring up your beauteous troops, go on
The faireſt is the valiant *Amazon*.

To M. I. S. *on his gratefull Servant.*

I Cannot fulminate or tonitruate words
To puzzle intellects, my ninth lasse affords
No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain
Garaganturne lines to Gigantize thy vein,
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies
Are terr'del fo-gos, or incognitaes,
Thy Pegasus in his admir'd career,
Curvets no Capreols of Nonsence here.

WOnder not friend, that I do entertain
Such language, that both think & speak so plain!
Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains,
That will inform, and not confound our brains.
Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream doth flow,
While others with disturbed channels go,
And headlong, like Niles Cataracts do fall
With a huge noyse, and yet not heard at all.
When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage

Gives

Gives it a ſoule from the immortall rage.
I heare the Muſes birds with full delight
Sing where the birds of *Mars* were wont to fight:
Nor flatter I, thou knowſt I do abhor it;
Let others praiſe thy Play, I'le love thee for it;
That he that knows my friend ſhall ſay, he has
A friend as Gratefull as his ſervant was.

In Obitum *Franciſci Verulamii.*

DVm moriens tantam noſtris Verulamius Heros
Tritiviam Muſis, *lumiuaque uda facit:*
Credimus heu nullum fieri poſt fata beatum,
Credimus & Samium *de ſipuiſſe ſenem:*
Scilicet hic miſeris, felix nequet eſſe, Camoenis,
Nec ſe, quàm Muſas *plus amat iſte ſuas.*
At luctantem animam Clotho *imperioſa coegit*
Ad cœlum, invitos traxit in aſtra pedes.
Ergone Phoebeias *jacuiſſe putabimus artes?*
Atque herbas Clarii *nil valuiſſe Dei?*
Phoebus *idem potuit, nec virtus abſuit herbis,*
Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere potec:
At Phoebum (*ut metuit ne Rex foret iſte* Camoenis)
Rivali medicam crede negaſſe manum.
Hinc dolor eſt; quod cum Phoebo Verulamios Heros
Major erat reliquit, hac foret arte minor.
Vos tamen O, tantùm manes atq; umbra, Camoenæ,
Et penè inferni pallida turba Jovis,
Si ſpiratis adhuc & non luſiſtis ocellos,
Sed neque poſt illum vos ſupereſſe potem:

Si

Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
Istaque non aciem fallit imago ueam:
Discite nunc gemitus, & lamentabile carmen,
Ex oculis vestris lachrima multa fluat.
En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco Camoenas,
Et lachrimas, Helicon *vix satis unus erit;*
Dencabonæis *& qui non mersus in undis*
Pernassus (*mirum est*) *hisce latebit aquis.*
Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, & qui
Multa Pierias *nutriit arte* Deas.
Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
Crescere Pegaseas *docuit, velut hasta* Quirini
Crevit, & exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
Ergo Heliconiadas *docuit cum crescere* divas,
Dimineunt hujus sæcula nulla decus.
Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, *tuum.*
Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem,
Dispulit & nubes alter Apollo *tuas.*

Dispulit & tenebras, sed quas obfusca vetustas,
Temporis & prisca lippi senecta tulit;
Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque *eripuit, sen sua filo dedit.*
Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo
Tam clarus oculus non habuisse liquet:
Hi velut Eous *surgens de littore* Phœbus,
Hic velut in media fulget Apollo *die:*
Hi veluti Typhis *tentirunt æquora primum,*
At vix deserui littora primaratis:
Pleiades *hic,* Hyadasque *atque omnia sydera noscens,*
Syrtes, *atque tuos, improba* Sylia, *canes:*

Scit

Scit quod vitandum eſt, quo diriget æquore navem,
Certius & curſum nautica monſtrat acus:
Infantes illi Muſas, *hic gignit adultas;*
Mortales illi, gignit adiſſe Deas.
Palmam ideo reliquit Magna Inſtauratio *libris*
Abſtulit, & cedunt ſqualida turba ſophi
Et veſtida novo Pallas *modo prodit amictu,*
Angnis depoſitis ut nitet exuviis.
Sic Phœuix *cineres ſpectat modo nata paternos,*
Aeſonis & rediit prima juventa ſenis.
Inſtaurata ſuos & ſic Vernlamio *muros*
Iactat, & antiquum ſperat ab inde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni, myſtica ſacra canat?
Dum ſic naturæ leges, arcanaque Regum,
Tanquam â ſecretis eſſet utriſque canat:
Dum canat Henricum, *qui Rex, idemq; Sacerdos,*
Connubio ſtabili junxit utramque Roſam.

Atqui hæc ſunt noſtris longè majora Camoenis,
Non hæc infelix Granta, *ſed* Aula *ſciat.*
Sed cum Granta *labris admoverit ubera tantis,*
Jus habet, in laudes (maximè Alumne*) tuas.*
Jus habet, ut mœſtos lachrymis extingueret ignes,
Poſſet ut è medio diripuiſſe rogo.
At noſtræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Muſæ,
Ipſe canis, laudet & canis inde tuas.
Nos tamen & laudes, quo poſſumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars deſit, laus erit iſte dolor.

FINIS.

THE MUSES Looking-Glasse.

By *T.* R.

London Printed *Anno Dom.* 1652.

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THE Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

Actus I. *Scen* I.

Enter

Bird *a Feather-man, and Mrs* Flowrdew, *wife to a Haberdaſher of ſmall wares; the one having brought feather to the Play-houſe; the other Pins and Looking-glaſſes; two of the ſanctified fraternity of Black Friers.*

Lowrdew, ſee brother how the wicked throng and crowd,
To works of vanity! not a nook, or corner
In all this houſe of ſin, this cave of filthyneſſe,
This den of ſpirituall theeves, but it is ſtufft,
Stuffed, and ſtufft full as a cuſhion
With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Siſter Were there not before Innes,
Yes, will I ſay Innes, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour ſuch
As travell'd to diſtruction the broad way;

But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.
Fowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach preach, huffe, puffe, and snuffe at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth, Had we seen a Church,
A new built Church, erected North and South.
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Flowrd. I say no works are good,
Good works are meerely popish and Apocryphall.
Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea & confounds (us.
No marvell now if Play-houses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Flowrd. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a------tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you sell Pins.
Flowrd. Or you sell Feathers brother,
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partiall.
And finds it but chance-medly? And their Comedies
Will abuse you or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawfull usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Flow. Is not this flat conjuration
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. Thats nothing Mistris *Flowrdew*, they will play

The

The knave, the fool, the Divell and all for money,
Flow Impiety! O that men indued with reason
Should have no more grace in them?
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honeſt?
Baylies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitors,
Beadles, and Martials-men, the needfull inſtruments
Of the Republque, but to make themſelves
Such Monſters, for they are Monſters, th'are monſters,
Baſe ſinfull, ſhameleſſe, ugly, vile deform'd
Pernitious monſters?
Flow. I have heard our Vicar
Call play-houſes the Colledges of tranſgreſſion,
Wherin the ſeven deadly ſins, are ſtudyed,
Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An univerſity of iniquity.
We dwell by *Black Fryers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that porphane neſt of pernitious birds
Dare rouſt themſelves there in the midſt of us
So many good; and well diſpoſed perſons.
O Impudence?
Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning Play-houſes.
Bird For charity what is it?
Flow. That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) raigns a whole world of vice,
Had been conſum'd? The *Phœnex* burn't to Aſhes,
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore: *Black-Fryers*
He wonders how it ſcap'd demoliſhing
I'th' time of reformation: Laſtly he wiſh,d
The *Bull* might croſſe the Thames to the *Bear-Garden*
And there be ſoundly baited?
Bir. A good prayers.

Flow. Indeed it ſomthing pricks my conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em Pins and Looking-glaſſes.
Bird. I have their cuſtome too for all their Feathers:
Tis fit that we which are ſuch ſincere Profeſſors
Should gain by Infidels.

Scen. 2.

Enter Roſcius a Player.

Mr. *Roſcius* we have brought the things you ſpake for.
Roſc. Why tis well.
Flow. Pray Sir what ſerve they for?
Roſc. We uſe them in our play.
Bird. Are you a Player?
Roſc. I am Sir, what of that?
Bird. And is it lawfull?
Good ſiſter lets convert him. Will you uſe
So fond a calling?
Flow. And ſo impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Flow. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Flow. To live by ſin?
Roſc. My ſpleen is up: And live not you by ſin?
Take away vanity and you both may break.
What ſerves your lawfull trade of filling Pins,
But to joynt gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, ſtrips: neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other ſuch like toyes as theſe,
To make the Baby Pride, a pretty Puppet?
And you ſweet Fether-man, whoſe ware though light,
Oreweighs your conſcience, what ſerves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,

To

To deck vain-glory? spoyling the Peacocks tail
T'adorn an Idiots Coxcomb: O dull ignorance!
How ill tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! they abuse our Scene.
And say we live by vice, indeed tis true
As the Phisitians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live we see
Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an Usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: A prodigall
Is taught by us how far from liberall
His folly bears him: boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit or vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lecturs drawn from sin,
And foppish humors; hence the cause doth rise
Men are not won by th'ears so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctifie our eyes, and make 'm carnall.

Rosc. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird No Sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defie his Engins.

Flow. I am content.

Rosc. Then take your places here, I will come to you
And moralize the plot,

Flow. That moralizing
I do approve, it may be for instruction.

Scen. 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. *Roſcius*, I heare you have a new play to day.

Roſc. We want not you to play *Mephoſtophelis*, A pretty naturall vizard!

Defor. What have you there?

Roſc. A Looking-glaſſe or two.

Defor. What things are they?
Pray let me ſee them. Heaven, what ſights are here?
I'ave ſeen a Divell. Looking glaſſes call you them?
There is no Baſiliske but a Looking-glaſſe.

Roſc. Tis your own face you ſaw.

Defor. My own, thou lieſt:
I'de not be ſuch a monſter for the world.

Roſ Look in it now with me. what ſeeſt thou now?

Defor An Angel and a Divell.

Roſc. Look on that
Thou calſt an Angel, marke it well, and tell me
Ist not like, my face

Defer. As were the ſame.

Roſc. Why ſo is that like thine. Doſt thou not ſee,
Tis not the Glaſſe, but thy deformity
That makes this ugly ſhape; if they be fair
That view the Glaſſe, ſuch the reflections are.
This ſerves the body: The ſoul ſees her face
In Comedy, and has no other glaſſe.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather ſee
Hell, then a Looking-glaſſe, or Comedy.

Exit Defor.

Roſc. And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glaſſe
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,

We

We could not finde another way to see
How neer our shapes approach divinity.
Ladies, let they who will your glasse deride,
And say it is an instrument of Pride:
I will commend you for it; there you see
If yee be fair, how truly fair you be:
Where finding beautious faces, I do know
You'l have the greater care to keep them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes,
which nature hath denyed to your own eyes;
VVere it not pitty you alone should be
Debarr'd of that others are blest to see?
Then take your Glasses, and your selves enjoy
The benefit of your selves: it is no toy.
Though ignorance, at slight esteem hath set her,
That will preserve us good, or make us better.
A Countery slut, (for such shee was, though here
Ith' City may be some as well as there:)
Kept her hands clean, (for those being alwayes seen
Had told her else, how sluttish she had been)
But had her face as nasty as the stall
Of a Fish-monger, or a usurers Hall
Daub'd ore with dirt: one might have dar'd to say
She was a true piece of *Promethus* clay,
Not yet inform'd: And then her unkem'd hair
Drest up with Cob-webs, made her hag-like stare,
One day within her pail (for Country Lasses
(Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glasses:)
She spied her uglinesse, and fain she would:
Have blush't if through so much dirt she could:
Asham'd, within that water, that I say
Which shew'd her filth, she washt her filth away.
So Comedies, as Poets do intend them,

Serve

Serve first to shew our faults, and then to to mend the m
Upon our stage two glasses ought there be,
The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragedy:
The Comick glasse is full of merry strife,
The low reflection of a County life.
Grave Tragedy void of such homely sports
Is the sad glasse of Cities and of Courts.
Ile shew you both, *Thalia* come and bring
Thy Buskin'd sister, that of bloud doth sing.

Scene 4.

Comedy. Tragedy. Mime. Satyre.

Comed. WHy do you stop? go on.
Trag. I charge him stay
My robe of state, Buskins, and Crown of Gold
Claim a propriety.
Com. Your Crown of Gold
Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrell
Is vertues Diadem: This grew green and flourish'd
When nature pitying poore mortallity
Hide thine within the bowels of the earth:
Men looking up to heaven found this that's minde,
Digging to find out hell they li't on thine.
Trag. I know you 'have tongue enough.
Com. Besides my birth-right?
Gives me the first possession.
Trag. How, your birth-right?
Com. Yes Sister, Birth-right: and a crown besides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*
By his dear Priest *Phenomoe*, she that first
Full of her, God rag'd in Heroique numbers.
Trag How came it then the Magistrate decreed

A

A publiek charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,
When you were faint' appear in raggs and tatters,
And at your own expences?
Com. My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.
Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie
You tooke a poore and beggerly Pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then
As a fit ceremony of Religion
In my full state contended at the Tomb
Of mighty *Theseus*.
Come. I before that time
Did chaunt our Hymnes in praise of great *Apollo*,
The sheepherds Deitie, whom they reverence
Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* sheep.
And cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till *Sophocles* layd guilt upon your Buskins
You had no ornaments, no robes of state.
No rich and glorious *Scene*; your first Benefactors
VVho were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus*:
For which a Goat gave you reward and name?
Trag. But sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets;
In honour of the fine chast god *Priapus*:
Come. Let age alone, merit must plead our Title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings and Emperours
From their close cabiners, and Counsell Tables
Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.
Com. Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I feare is grown too fruitfull,)
Yeild subjects various enough to move

plentifull

Plentifull laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For Poetry to aym at.

Com. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'tis a property
In man essentiall to his reason

Trag. So:
But I move horrour; and that frights the guilty
From his dear sins: he that sees *Oedipus*
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withall.
VVho views *Orestes* as a Parricide,
Shall see him lasht with *Furies* too; Th'Ambitious
Shall fear *Prometheus* Vulture; Daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus*,
And every family great in sins as bloud
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house.
Who will rely on fortunes giddy smile
That hath seen *Priam* acted on the stage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with shame,
A thing more powerfull in a generous brest.
Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd:
A covetuous Bawd laugh'd at: an ignorant Gull
Cheated: a glorious Souldier knockt, and bastl'd
A crafty servant whipt; a niggard churl
Hoarding up Dicing monies for his Sonne;
A spruce fantastique Courtier, a mad Roarer,
A jealous Tradesman, an over-weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,
Bnt (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame
As well to act those follies, as to own them,

Trag. The subject of my Scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices; Athists, Tyrants.
O're-daring Favourits, Traytors, Parasits,
The Wolves and Cats of state, which in a language

High

High as the men, and lowd as their crimes
I thunder forth with terrous and amazemente
Unto the gaſtly wondering Audience.
Satyre. And as my Lady takes deſerved place
Of thy light Miſtris, ſo yeild thou to me,
Fantaſtique *Mime.*
Mmie. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?
Sat. As the attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my ſelfe more worthy?
Mime How! more worthy.
Sat. As one whoſe whip of ſteel can with a laſh
Imprint the Characters of ſhame ſo deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud ſin,
That not eternity ſhal wear it out,
When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,
Each conſcious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freezd the chill ſoul: while every guilty breſt
Stood fearing of diſſection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand;
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of ſin
By it layd open to the publique ſcorn.
I have untruſt the proudeſt; greateſt tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, half dead
With expectation of the ſmarting jerk,
VVhoſe wound no ſalve can cure: each blow doth leave
A laſting ſcar, that with a poyſon eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th'eternall ulcer to their memories!
VVhat can your Apiſh-fine geſticulations
My man-like-Monky *Mime*, vie down to this?
Mime. When men through ſins were grown unlik the Gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My

My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his firks and jerks.
The *Spartans* when they strove t'expresse the loath-
somnesse
Of Drunckennesse to their children. brought a slave,
Some Captive *Helot*, over-charg'd with wine
Reeling in thus;---His eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his nose. a burning redness
Blazing in either cheeke, his hair upright,
His tongue and sences faltering, and his Stomack
Or'burden'd ready to discharge his load
In ech mans face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sin of swin, and not of men.
Would I expresse a complemental youth,
That thinks himself a spruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his supple hammes, kissing his hands,
Honouring Shoostrings, scruing his writh'd face
To severall postures of affection.
Dancing an entertainement to his friend,
VVho would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet such there be that very much please themselves
In such like Antique humours To our own sins
VVill be Moles. even to the grossest of 'em;
But in anothers life we can spy forth
The least of faults with eyes as sharp as Eagles,
Or the *Epidaurean* serpent: Now in me,
Where self-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists,
They find this mis-becoming soppishnesse,
And afterwards apply it to themselves:
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.
Trag. Sister lets lay this poor contention by,
And friendly live together, if one womb

Could

Could hold us both, why ſhould we think this room
Too narrow to contain us On this Stage
VVee'l plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which ſhall do beſt: that haſt, ſhe then that ſhall
By the moſt ſacred and impartiall judgement
Of our *Apollo*, beſt deſerve the Bayes,
Shall hold th'intire poſſeſſion of the place.
Come- I were unworthy if I ſhould
Appeal from his tribunall; Be it ſo:
I doubt not but his cenſure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's ſad and tragicall
Dare to approach his preſence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſery,
Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only ſee,
Not be the ſubject of a Tragedy!
Siſter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,
Let us joyn whips together.
Come Tis agreed.
Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The Maſque which we intended
Mime. Tis my care

Exeunt.

Flowr. How did ſhe ſay? a Maſſe? Brother fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.
Roſci It was a Maſque ſhe ſpake of, a rude Dance
Preſented by the ſeven deadly ſins
Bird. Still 'tis a Maſſe Siſter, away I tell, you
It is a Maſſe; a Maſſe of vile Idolatry,
Roſ. Tis but a ſimple Dance, brought into ſhew
The native fouleſſe and deformity
Of our dear ſin, and what an ugly gueſt,

He

He entertains, admits him to his breſt!

Song and Dance,

Say, in a Dance how ſhall we go,
That never could a meaſure know!
How ſhall we ſing to pleaſe the Scene
That never yet could keep a mean?
Diſorder is the Maſque we bring,
And diſords are the Tunes we ſing.
No ſound in our harſh ears can finde a place
But higheſt Trebles, or the loweſt Baſe

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and conſcienes
Had not been ſear'd, and cauterized, how could they
Affect theſe filthy harbingers of hell!
Theſe Proctors of *Belzebub*, *Lucifers* Hinch-boyes!
Roſc. I pray ye ſtirre your ſelves within a while

Exunt

Roſcius Solius

And here, unleſſe your favourable mildneſſe
With hope of mercy, do encourage us,
Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's paſt, nor that which is to come
Upon his Countery, 'tis ſo weak, and impotent
It cannot ſtand a tryall: nor dares hope
The benefit of his Clergy; but if rigour
Sit Iudge, muſt of neceſſity be condemn'd
To Vulcan or the Spunge: all he can plead
Is a deſire of Pardon: for he brings you

No

No plot at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*,
A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humours,
His desire was in single Scens to shew
How Comedy presents each single vice
Rediculous, whose number as their Character
He borrows from the man to whom he ows
All the poor skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
Now if you can endure to hear the rest,
Y'are welcome; if you cannot, do but tell,
Your meaning by some signe, and all farewell.
If you will stay, resolve to pardon first;
Our Author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he misse a pardon, as in justice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
Still he hath this left as a comfort to him,
That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
May lose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus 1. *Exit*

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 1.

Roscius Bird. Flowrdew.

Rosc. *Receive your places. The first that wee present are the extreams of a vertue necessary in our conversation, called* Comitas *or courtesie, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one* Colax, *that to seem over-courteous, falls into a servil flattery, the others (as fooles fall into the contraries which they shunn (is* Discolus, *who hating to be a slavish Parrasit growes into peevishnesse and impertinent distaste.*

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue.

Roſc. So does Philoſophy, but the Actors enter,
Colax. Dyſcolus.
Colax. How far they ſin againſt humanity
That uſe you thus! Believe me 'tis a ſymtome,
Of blaſphemy, and rudneſſe, ſo to vex
A gentle, modeſt nature, as yours is.
Dyſco. Why doſt thou vex me then?
Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you?
You that I know ſo vertuous, juſt and wiſe,
So pyous, and religious, ſo admir'd,
So lov'd of all?
Dyſ. Wilt thou not leave me then
Eternall torture? could your cruelty finde
No back but mine, that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all theſe Ephethites?
Pious, Religious, he takes me for a fool.
Vertuous and juſt? Sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me juſt,
And vertuous? I am grown the comon ſcoffe
Of all the world, the ſcoffe of all the world!
Colax. The world is grown too vile then.
Dyſc. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous!
Colax. You ridiculous?
But 'tis an impious age; There was a time,
(And pitty 'tis ſo good a time had wings
To fly away,) when reverence was payd
To a gray head; 'twas held a ſacriledge
Not expicable, to deny reſpect
To one, Sir, of your years and gravity.
Dyſ. My years and gravety? Why how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown ſo rank

As I should smell oth'grave: O times and manners!
Well *Colax*, well; go on, ye may abuse me,
Poor dust and ashes, wormes-meat, yeares, and gravety;
He takes me for a Careleſſe! what see you
So crazy in me, I have half my teeth:
I see with spectecles, do I not? and can walk too
With th'benefit of my staffe, marke if I cannot!
But you Sir at your pleasure with years and gravity
Think me decripit.
Colax. How, decript sir!
I see young Roses bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active bloud run free and fresh
Through your veins.
Dyſco. I am turn'd boy again!
A verry stripling, School-boy; have I not
The Itch, and kibes, am I not scab'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams,
Colax. Still *Dyſcolus*,----
Dyſco. *Dyſcolus*! and why *Dyſcolus*, when were we
Grown so familiar; *Dyſcolus* by my name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* are we not?
Speak good *Pylades*.
Colax. Nay worthy Sir
Pardon my error 'twas without intent
Of an offence, Ile find some other name
To call you by----
Dyſc. What do you mean to call me?
Fool? Asse? or Knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.
Colax. Still you take all worse then it was meant,
You are too jealous.
Dyſco. Jealous? I ha'not cause for't, my wifes honest;
Dost see my horns? dost? if thou dost,

VVrite Cockold in my forehead; do, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, do. Jealous! I am jealous;
Free of the Company! wife, I am jealous.
Col. I mean ſuſpitious.
For what? for treaſon, fellony, or murder?
Carry me to the Iuſtice: bind me over
Dyſc. How! ſuſpitious?
For a ſuſpitious perſon! hang me too
For a ſuſpitious perſon! O, O, O,
Some courteous plague ſeize on me, and free my ſoul
From this immortall torment, every thing
I meet with is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The Hell of Hells, and Divell of Divells.
Flow. For pitty ſake fret not the good old Gentleman.
Diſc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you muſt ad to my affliction?
Eternall ſilence ſeize you!
Colax. Sir we ſtrive
To pleaſe you, but you ſtill miſconſtrue us.
Diſc. I muſt be pleaſ'd, a very babe, an infant!
I muſt be pleaſ'd, give me ſome pappe, or plums
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horſe,
To ſtill me, do! be pleaſ'd? wouldſt have me get
A Paraſite to be flatter'd?
Col. How? a Paraſite?
A cogging flattering, ſlaviſh Paraſite?
Things I abhor and hate. Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls below reaſon will not ſtoop ſo low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by anothers wheele. They have no paſſions
Free to themſelves. All their actions,

Qualities

Qualities, humors, appetites, deſires,
Nay wiſhes, vows and prayers, diſcourſe and thoughts
Are but anothers bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turks Gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry: In this ſtate my minde
Is free: A flatterer has not ſoul nor *body*;
What ſhall I ſay?---No I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braueneſſe, take diſtaſte
At ſuch whoſe ſervill nature ſtrives to pleaſe you,
Tis royall in you Sir.
Dyſc. Ha! Whats that?
Colax. A ſerther ſtuck upon your cloak.
Dyſc. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
VVhy ſhould you hinder me from telling th'world
I do not lye on flock-beds?
Colax. Pray be pleaſ'd.
I bruſht it off for meer reſpect *I* bare to you.
Dyſc. Reſpect, a fine reſpect, Sir is it not,
To make the world to believe I nouriſh vermine?
O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms
VVithout tongues to torment us, let'um have
VVhat teeth they will. I meet not here an object
But adds to my affliction! ſure I am not
A man, *I* could not then be ſo ridiculous:
My ears are overgrown, I am an Aſſe;
It is my ears they gaze at: What ſtrang *Harpy*,
Centaure or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?
What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphoſis?
If I be a beaſt, ſhe might have made me a Lyon,
Or ſomthing not rediculous! O *Actæon*,
If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why looke they on me elſe? there is within

A glaſſe they ſay, that has ſtrange quantities in it;
That ſhall reſolve me. I will in to ſee
Whether or no, I man or monſter be. *Exit*

SCENE 2.

To them *Delius. Aphobus.*

Bird. Who be theſe? They look like preſumption, and Diſpaire.

Roſc. And ſuch they are. That is *Aphobus, one that out of an impius confidence fears nothing The other Delius that from an Athiſticall diſtruſt, ſhakes at the motion of a reed. Theſe are the extreams of Fortitude, that ſteers an even courſe between over-much daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Flow. VVhy ſtayes this reprobate *Colax?*

Roſc. Any vice
Yeilds work for flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Delius. Is it poſſible, did you not feare it, ſay you?
To me the meer relation is an ague.
Good *Aphobus*, no more ſuch tirrible ſtories;
I would not for a world lye alone to night:
I ſhall have ſuch ſtrange dreams!

Apho. What can there be
That I ſhould fear? the Gods? if they be good,
Tis ſin to fear them; if not good, no Gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells
That muſt affright me?

Delius. Divells! where good *Aphobus?*
I thought ther was ſome conjuring abroad,
Tis ſuch a terrible wind! O here it is;

Now

Now it is here again ! O ſtill, ſtill, ſtill.
Apho. Whats the matter ?
Deilus. Still it followes me !
The thing is black, behind; ſoon as the Sun
But ſhines, it haunts me ? Gentle ſpirit leave me !
Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*: what an ugly looks it has !
With eyes as bigg as ſawcers, noſterils wider
Then Barbers baſons !
Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus*
But your weak phancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing---
Deil. Where is it *Aphobus ?*
Pho,----Is but your ſhadow *Deilus.*
Deil. And ſhould we not fear ſhadowes ?
Apho. No ! why ſhould we ?
Deil. VVho knows but they come learing after us
To ſteal away the ſubſtance ? watch him *Aphobus.*
Apho I nothing fear.
Colax. I do comend your volour,
That fixes your great ſoul faſt as a Center,
Not to be moved with dangers; let ſlight cock-bots
Be ſhaken with a wave, while you ſtand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whoſe conſtant hardneſſe
Rebeats the fury of the raging Sea.
Daſhing it in froth. Baſe fear doth argue
A low degenerate ſoul.
Deil. Now I fear every thing.
Colax Tis your diſcretion. Every thing has danger
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
Ido aplaud this wiſdom: Tis a ſymptome
Of weary providence. Histoo confident raſhneſſe
Argues a ſtupid ignorance in the ſoul,
A blind and ſenſeleſſe judgement; gives me fear

To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary Sentenell----
Flowrd. Now shame take thee for
A Luke-warm formalist.
Colax.--- But daring valour
Uncapable of danger sleeps securely,
And leaves an open enterance to his enemies.
Deil. What are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That *Colax* talks of.
Apho. If they be I care not;
Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more than squibs and crackers
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!
The meer Epitomies of the Gun-powder Treason,
Faux in a lesser volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me
As if they had been shav'd---thus, thus would I
Out beard a Meteour, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deil Is there a Comet say you? Nay I saw it,
It reach't from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends
Some certain eminent danger to th'inhabitants
Twixt those two places: I'le go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. will that serve? ---I fear
It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdom,
Deil. I'le to some other Country.

Colax

Colax. Ther's danger to croſſe the Seas.
Deil Is there no way, good *Colax*,
To croſſe the Sea by land? O the ſcituation!
The horrible ſcituation of an Iſland!
Colax. You ſir are far above ſuch frivolous thoughts.
You fear not death.
Alpho. Not I,
Colax. Not ſudden death.
Alpho. No more then ſudden ſleeps: Sir I dare dye.
Deil. I dare not, death to me is terrible:
I will not dye.
Alpho. How can you Sir prevent it?
Deil. VVhy I will kill my ſelfe.
Col. A valiant courſe;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.
Your ſpirit is true Roman! — But yours greater
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,
Should heaven fall----
Apho. Why then we ſhould have Larks.
Deil. I ſhall never eate Larks again while I breath.
Col. Or ſhould the earth yawn like a ſepulchre,
And with an open throat ſwallow you quicke?
Apho T'would ſave me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'had rather trouble my executors by th'halfe.
Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Pot-guns to me
Are Cannons; the report will ſtrike me dead.
Apho. A Rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin,
It is a moſt dangerous weapon; ſince I read
Of Julius *Cæſars* death, I durſt not venture
Into a Taylors ſhop for fear of bodkins.
Apho. O that the valiant Gyants ſhould again

Rebel

Rebell against the Gods, and beseige Heaven,
So I might be their leader.
Col. Had *Encelanus*
Been half so valiant, *Iove* had been his prisoner.
Apho. Why should we think there be such things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables.
Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales.
Sea monsters, Serpents, all Poeticall figments.
Nay Hell it self, and *Acheron* meere inventions,
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timerous as to fear these bug-bear Harpyes,
Medusas, Centaurs Georgus?
Deil. O good *Aphobus*,
Leave conjuring, or take me into th'circle.
VVhat shall I do good *Colax*?
Col. Sir walke in,
There is they say, a Looking-Glasse, a strange one
Of admirable vertues, that will render you
Free from inchantments.
Deil. How! a Looking-glasse?
Dost think I can endure it? why there lyes
A man within't, in ambush to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and presently
Catch't at it,
Colax. 'Twas the shadow Sir of your selfe.
Trust me, a meer reflection.
Deil. I will trust thee. *Exit.*
Apho. VVhat Glasse is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot
Out of his wits, a Glasse so full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectles
As would amaze even you. Sir I do think

Your

Your optick nerves would ſhrink in the beholding:
This if your eye endure, I will confeſſe you
The Prince of Eagles.
Alpho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuſe this ſight,
My nayles ſhall damne you to eternall night, *Exit.*
Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCENE 3.

Acolaſtus. Anaiſthetus.

Roſci. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleaſures, when they are preſent. and a moderate deſire of them being abſent; And theſe are the extreams of that vertue.* Acolaſtus *a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and un tam'd deſire, ſeeks after all pleaſures, promiſcuouſly, without reſpect of honeſt or lawfull,* The other Anaiſthetus *a meer* Anchorite *that delights in nothing, not in thoſe legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*
Acolaſt. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wiſh'd but a Cranes ſhort neck:
Give me one, nature, long as is a Cable,
Or Sounding-line, and all the way a palate
To taſt my meate the longer. I would have
My ſenſes feaſt together; nature envied us
In giving ſingle pleaſures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, noſe, and touch, at once
Injoy their happineſſe; lay me in a bed
Made of a ſummers cloud; to my embraces
Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,
Freſh, plump, and active; ſhe that *Mars* enjoy'd
Is grown too ſtale: And then at the ſame inſtant

My

My touch is pleaſ'd, I would delight my ſight
With pictures of *Diana*, and her Nympths,
Naked, and bathing. drawn by ſome *Apelles*;
By them ſome of our faireſt Virgins ſtand;
That I may ſee whether 'tis Art or Nature
Which hightens moſt my bloud and appetite.
Noe ceaſe I here. Give me the ſeaven Orbs
To charm my ears to their cæleſtiall lutes,
To which the Angels that do move thoſe ſphears
Shall ſing ſome amorous ditty; nor yet here
Fix I my bounds, The ſun himſelfe ſhall fire
The Phœnex neſt to make me perfume
While I do eate the bird, and eternally
Quaffe of eternall Nectar. Theſe ſingle, are
But torments, but together. O together!
Each is a Paradice. Having got ſuch objects
To pleaſe the ſenſes, give me ſenſes too
Fit to receive thoſe objects: Give me therefore
An Eagles eye, a bloud-hounds curious ſmell,
A Staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be
As ſubtile as the Spiders, and my taſte
Sharpe as a Squirrills: Then I'le read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promiſes in future
I'le practiſe in the preſent
Bird. Heatheniſh Glutton!
Flow. Baſe belly-God, licentious libertine!
Axel. And *I* do thinke there is no pleaſure at all
But in contemning pleaſures; Happy *Niobe*
And bleſſed *Daphne*, and all ſuch as are
Turn'd ſtocks and ſtones, would I were Lawrell too
Or marble, I or any thing inſenſible.
It is a toyle for me to eat or drink,
Only for natures ſatisfaction;

Would

VVould I could live without it. To my ear
Muſick is but a mandrake. To my ſmell
Nard ſents of Rue and wormwood; and I taſte
Nectar with as much loathing, and diſtaſte
As gall, or aloes, or my Doctors portion.
My eye can meet no obje& but I hate it.
Acola. Come brother Stoique be not ſo melancholy.
Anai. Be not ſo fooliſh brother *Epicure.*
Aco. Come wee'l go and ſee a Comedy, that will raiſe
Thy heavy ſpirits up.
Anai. A Comedy?
Sure I delight much in thoſe toyes? *I* can
VVith as much patience hear the Marriners
Chide in a ſtorme.
Aco. Then lets go drinke a while.
Anai. 'Tis too much labour; Happy *Tantalus*
That never drinks
Aco. A little Venery
Shall recreate my ſoule.
Ana. Yes like itch,
For tis no better: I could wiſh an heire,
But that *I* cannot take the pains to get one.
Aco. VVhy, marry, if your conſcience be ſo tender,
As not to do it otherwiſe; Then 'tis lawfull.
Ana. True Matrimony's not hing elſe indeed
But fornication licenc'd, lawfull Adultery.
O heavens! how all my ſenſes are wide ſluces
To let in diſcontent and miſeries!
How happy are the Moles that have no eyes!
How bleſt the Adders that have no ears
They never ſee nor hear ought that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no ſence at all;
That neither ſee, nor hear, taſt, ſmell, nor feel.

Any

Any thing to torment them souls were given
To torture bodies, man has reason too
To add unto the heap of his distructions.
I can see nothing without sense, and motion,
But I do wish my selfe transform'd into it.
Col. Sir, I commend this temperance; your arm'd soul
Is able to contemne these petty baits.
These slight temptations, which we tittle pleasures;
That are indeed but names; Heaven it selfe knows
No such like thing; the stars nor eate nor drink,
Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence
You gain the names of moderate, chaste, and sober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of Glutton, Drunckard, and Adulterer;
Pleasurs, that are not mans, as man is man,
But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
You shall be the third *Cato*. This grave look
And rigid eye-brow will become a Censor.
But I will fit you with an object Sir,
My noble *Anaistheus*, that will please you.
It is a Looking-Glasse, wherein at once
You may see all the dismall groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,
With what in Hell it selfe can dismall be.
Anais. That is indeed a prospect fit for me *Exit*
Acol. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.
I have another humour, I cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow, with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wish my selfe
Transform'd into that blessed Epicure.
Or when I view the hot sollations Sparrow

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish my selfe that little bird of love.
Colax. It shews you a man of a soft moving clay,
Not made of flint, nature has been bountifull
To provide pleasurs, and shall we be niggards
At plentious boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a dyet at a feast.
When nature thought the earth alone too little
To finde us meat, and therefore stor'd the ayr
With winged creaturs, not contented yet,
She made the water frnitfull to delight us,
Nay I believe the other Element too
Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food;
If we would use the skill to catch the *Salamander*:
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different Odors
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cry'd not-----stop your noses: would she give us
So sweet a quire of wing'd Musitians
To have us deafe? or when she plac'd us here
Here in a Paradice, where such pleasing prospect,
So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
VVas it to have us winck? when she bestow'd
So powerfull faces, such commanding beauties
On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say
Be chast and continent? not to enjoy
All pleasurs, and at full, were to make nature
Guilty of that she ne're was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.
Acol. A Learned Lecture!
Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
Have their reward-----here----halfe of my estate
T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,

That

That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.
Col. Within Sir is a Glaſſe that by reflection
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That euer yet were acted, more variety
Than *Aretines* pictures.
Aco. Ile ſee the Iewel;
For though to do moſt moves my appetite,
I love to ſee, as well as act delight. *Exit*
Bird. Theſe are the things indeed the ſtage doth teach,
Dear heart, what a foule ſink of ſins run here!
Flow. In ſooth it is the common ſhore of lewdneſſe.

Scene 4.

Aſotus. Anleutherus.

Roſc. *Theſe are* Anclentherus *an illiberall, niggardly Uſurer, that will ſell heaven to purchaſe earth. That his ſon* Aſotus, *a profuſe Prodigall, that will ſell earth to buy Hell. The extreams of liberality, which preſcribes a mediocrity in the getting and ſpending of riches.*
Aneleu. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go
Aſot. I was in hope you would have ſaid a Bawdy houſe.
Anel Thence to th'Exchange.
Aſot. No, to the Tavern Father
Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counſell
Aſot. Your counſell? No dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow---ſhall we go and roare?
S'lid Father I ſhall never live to ſpend.
That you have got already---Pox of Atturneys,
Marchants, and Scriveners, I would hear you talke
Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel

Anel. Prodigall child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.
Asot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it,
To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves!
Anel. Asotus, my deare son, talk not to me
Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.
No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan
Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire
With all his lands melted into a morgage.
The Gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such farting, thriving dyet.
Asot. Trust me Sir,
I am asham'd la--to call you Father,
Ne're trust me now I'm come to be a Gentleman?
One of your havings, and thus cark and care?
Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two
Of *Bank-side* Ladyes, and we will be Joviall!
Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well doe your pleasure, keep me short of monies,
When you are dead, as dye I hope you must,
Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least
Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better help away with some of it?
But you will starve your selfe, that when y'are rotten,
One--Have at all of mine may set it flying.
And I will have your bones cut into Dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it:
Or I will get a very handsome bowle
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood
On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd,
Into maturity;

Asot. Marry I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chickin, capons, henns,
Larks, thrushes, quailes, wood-cocks, snites, & pheasants,
The best that can be got for love or money,
There is no life to drinking!
Anel. O yes, yes;
Exaction, usury, and opression,
Twenty i'th hundred is a very Nectar,
And wilt thou, wastfull lad, spend in a supper
What with sweat and labour, care and industry
Have been an age a scraping up together,
No, no *Asotus*, trust gray-head experience;
As I have been an Oxe, a painfull *Oxe*,
A dilligent, toyling, and laborious *Oxe*
To plow up gold for thee; so I would have thee----
Asot. Be a fine silly Asse to keepe it.
Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.
Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wise instructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counsell;
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown;
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
The weight of need, that want is vertu's clog;
Of what necessity, respect and value
VVealth is, how base and how contemptible,
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In some circumstances may be allow'd,
As when it ha's no end but honesty,
VVith a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,
Vaine, injuditious spending speakes him Idiot.
And yet the best of liberality
Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus
Your wisdome is most liberall; and knowes,

How

How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the losse of their estate
The name of one poor vertue, liberalitie,
And that too only from the mouth of beggers:
One of your judgement would not, I am sure,
Buy all the vertues at so deare a rate.
Nor are you Sir, I dare presume, so fond
As for to weigh your grains by the strict scale
Of equity and justice, names invented
To keep us beggers: I would counsell now
Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where plenty dwels;
And she shall give him honour.
Anel. Your tongne is powerfull:
Pray read this lecture to my son; I goe
To find my Scriv'ner who is gon, I heare,
To a strange Glasse wherein all things appeare, *Exit*
Asa. To see if it can shew him his lost ears.
Now to your Lecture.
Col. And to such a one
As you will be a willing Pupill to.
Think you I meant all that I told your Father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks.
I love a man like you, that can make much
Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity!
That open hand becomes thee; Let thy father
Scrape like the Dunghill-cock the Dirt and mire,
To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken
Of the white Hen to weare, It is a wonder
How such a generous branch as you, could spring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widdows house the father swallowes,

The ſonne ſhould ſpew a Taverne. How are'we
Richer then others? not in having much,
But in beſtowing;
And that ſhines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes
Impriſon'd in his truſty cheſt methinks
I heare groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to ſee the light again. Thou canſt not
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th'chin,
And yet not dare to ſup it; nor canſt ſuffer
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taſte the fruit. 'Tis generous this,
Aſot. Gramercy thou ſhalt be Doctor o'th'Chaire,
Here---'tis too little, but t'is all my ſtore,
I'le in to pump my Dad, and fetch the more. *Exit.*
Colax. How like you now my art? is't not a ſubtle one?
Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of ſin, and ſhame, that ſoweſt cuſhions
Unto the elbowes of iniquity.
Colax. I do commend this zeale; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cauſe ſo full of goodneſſe.
There is a generall froſt hath ceas'd devotion,
And without ſuch like ardent flames as theſe
There *is* no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,
That I do glorifie, and eſteem rever'rend,
As the moſt ſanctified, pure, and holy Sect
Of all Profeſſors, is by the prophane
Vs'd for a name of infamy, a by word, a ſlander.
That I ſooth Vice I do but flatter them,
As we give children plums to learn their prayers,
T'entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes
Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope he'le become a brother, and make

A Separatist!
Flowr. You shall have the devotions
Of all the Elders. But this foppishnes
Is wearisome; I could at our Saint *Anselms*,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.
Rosc. Goe in with me to recreate your spirits,
(As Musique theirs) with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long,
Finis Actus. 2. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS. 3 SCEN. 1.

Roscius, Bird, Flowrdew.

Bird. I will no more of this admonition.
Rosc. The end crowns every action, stay till that,
Just Iudge will not be prejudicate,
Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing.
Rosc. *The next we present are the extreames of Magnificence, who teaches a Decoram in great expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is* Banausus, *out of a meer ostentation vaine gloriously expensive; the other* Microprepes, *one in glorious works extreamly base and penurious.*

Banausus, Microprepes.

Ban. Being borne not for our selves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do expresse the Majesty of our soules
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.
Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles
Promise themselves a name from building Churches,
Or any thing that tends to the Re-publique;
'Tis the Re-private that I study for,
Banau. First therefore for the fame of my Re-publique,
I'le imitate a brave Ægyptian King,
And plant such store of onions, and of garlike,
As shall maintaine so many thousand workmen,

To th'building of a Pyramid at *Saint Albons*,
Upon whoſe top I'le ſet a hand of braſſe,
With a ſcrowle in't to ſhew the way to London
For th'benefit of Travellers.
Colax. Excellent,
'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim.
Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare
To build our ſteeple up, now to ſave charges
I'le get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale ſhall ſerve as well as Bow.
Colax. 'Tis wiſely caſt,
And like a carefull ſteward of the Church,
Of which the ſteeple is no part, at leaſt
No neceſſary.
Bird. Verily 'tis true
They are but wicked Synagogues where thoſe inſtruments
Of Superſtition and Idolatry ring
Warning to ſinne, and chime all into the Divell
Banan. And 'cauſe there be ſuch ſwarmes of Hereſies riſing:
I'le have an Artiſt frame two wonderous weather-cocks
Of Gold to ſet on *Pauls* and *Grantam* Steeple,
To ſhew to all the kingdome what faſhion next
The wind of Humour hither means to blow.
Micro. A Wicker Chaire, will fit them for a Pulpit.
Colax. It is the Doctrine, Sir that you reſpect.
Flow. In ſooth I 'have heard as wholſome inſtructions
From a zealous wicker Chire, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idoll of wainſcot.
Banan. Next I intend to found an Hoſpitall
For the decayed Profeſſors of the Suburbs,

With

With a Colledge of Phisitians too at *Chelsy*
Only to study the cure of the french Pox;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.
Colax. You have a care Sir? of your countries, health.
Micro. Then I will sell the Lead to thetch the Chancel.
Ban I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills
Upon *New-market heath*, and *Salisbury* Plaine,
To drain the Fens.
Colax. The Fens Sir are not there.
Ban. But who knowes but they may be?
Col. Very right;
You aime at the prevention of a danger.
Micr. A Porters Frock shall serve me for a surplice.
Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonious.
Ban. But the great Work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a Cathedrall Church:
It shall be at Hoggs-Norton, with a paire
Of stately *Organs*; more then pitty 'twere
The Piggs should lose their skill for want of practice.
Bird. Organs, fye on them for *Babilonian* Bag-pipes,
Micro. Then for the painting, I bethink my selfe
That I have seen in mother Red-caps Hall
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigall
Col. And that will be for very good use and morall.
Sir, you are wise, what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,
Ephesian Temples, *Babilonian* Towers,
Carian Colosses. Traians water-works,
Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine cost
of ignorance and prodigalitie?
Rome flourish'd when her Capitall was thatch'd,
And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages;
Since *Patian* marble and *Corynthian* brasse

Enter'd her gaudy Temple, ſoone ſhe fell,
To ſuperſtition, and from thence to ruine,
You ſee that in our Churches glorious Statues,
Rich Copes, and other ornaments of ſtate
Draw wandring eyes from their devotion.
Vnto a wanton gazing, and that other
Rich edifices, and ſuch gorgeous toyes
Doe more proclaime our conntries wealth then ſafety,
And ſerve but like ſo many gilded baits
T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invaſion.
Goe in, there is a Glaſs will ſhew you, Sir,
What ſweet ſimplicity our Grandſires us'd,
How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.
Exit. Micro.

Banau. O I have thought on't, I will ſtraight way build
A Free-ſchoole here in *London*, a free-Schoole
For th'education of young Gentlemen
To ſtudy how to drinke, and take Tobacco,
To ſweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell:
Twill be the great *Gimnaſium* of the Realme,
The *Frontiſtertum* of great Britany:
And for their better ſtudy, I will furniſh them
With a large Library of Drapers books.
Col. 'Twill put down *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.
Royall *Banauſius*! how many Spheares flye you
Above the earthly dull *Microprepes*!
I hope to live to ſee you build a Stewes
Shall out-brave *Venice*, to repaire old Tiburne
And make it Cedar. This magnificent courſe
Doth purchaſe you an immortalitie.
In them you build your honour to remaine
The'example and the wonder of poſterity,
While other hide-bound Charles do gratch themſelves

The

The Charges of a Tombe.
Ban. But Ile have one
In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,
And richer unguents then th'*Egyptian* Kings.
And all that this my precious Tombe may furnish
The Land with Mummie.
Colax. Yonder is a Glass
will shew you plots and modells of all monuments
Form'd the 'old way, you may invent a new,
'Twill make for your more glory.
Ban. Colax, true.
Rosc. *These are the extreames of magnanimity.* Caunus, *a fellow so highly conceited of his owne parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other* Micropsychus, *a base and low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his owne qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities; that otherwise his merit are capable of.*

SCEN. 2.

Caunus, Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.
Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.
Caun. The honourable *Caunus*? 'Tis decreed
I am a privy Counsellour; our new honours
Cannot so alter us as that we can
Forget our Friends; walke with us our familliar.
Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.
Colax. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilfull blindness, what rare skill
Of wisdome, policy, judgement, and the rest
Of the state vertues sit within this breast,
As if it were their Parliament; but as yet
I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger

That

That tels you, you are cal'd unto the Helm;
Or that the Rudder of great Britany
Is put into your hands, that you may ſteere
Our floating *Dolos* till ſhe be arriv'd
At the bleſt port of happineſſe, and ſurnam'd
The *Fortunate* Iſle from you that are the fortunate.
Cau. 'Tis ſtrange that I the beſt experienc'd
The skilfulleſt and the rareſt of all Carpenters,
Should not be yet a Privie Councellour!
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium*
And ſleepes, but when it wakes it cannot chuſe
But meet the glorious beames of my deſerts
Bright as the riſing Sun, and ſay to *England*,
England behold thy light!
Micro. Make me a Conſtable!
Make me that am the ſimpleſt of my Neighbours
So great a Magiſtrate! ſo powerfull an Officer!
I bluſh at my unworthineſſe: a Conſtable!
The very Prince o'th' pariſh! you are one Sir
Of an abilitie to diſcharge it better,
Let me reſigne to you
Cau. How? I a Conſtable:
What might I be in your opinion Sir?
Micro. A Carpenter of worſhip.
Cau. Very well;
And yet you would make me a Conſtable.
I'le evidently demonſtrate, that of all men
Your Carpenters are beſt Stateſmen; of all Carpenters
I being the beſt, am beſt of Statſmen too:
Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Logge,
Or a rude block of wood, your Stateſman comes,
(For by that word *I* mean a Carpenter)
And with the ſaw of Policie divides it

Into

Into ſo many boards or ſeverall orders,
Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other:
Inferiour boards call'd vulgar fit for nothing
But to make ſtiles or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on: this adds unto the Log
Call'd Common wealth at leaſt ſome ſmall perfection,
But afterwards he plains them, and ſo makes
The Common-wealth, that was before a beard,
A pretty wainſcot; ſome he carves with Titles
Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; ſome ſtand plaine,
And ſerve us more for uſe then ornament,
VVe call them Yeomen; (Boards now but of faſhion,
And leaſt the diſproportion breake the frame,
He with the pegs of amity and concord,
As with the glew-pot of good Government
Joynts 'm together, makes an abſolute edifice
Of the Re-publique: State-skil'd *Machivell*
Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke
A Conſtable, a Gyant dignitie.
Micro Pray heaven that *Icarus* like *I* do not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that from this bright chariot of the Sun
I fall not headlong downe with *Phaeton*,
I have aſpir'd ſo high: make me a Conſtable
That have not yet attain'd the Greeke tongue!
VVhy 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His Majeſties peace: *I* am not fit to keep
His Majeſties Hogs, much leſſe his peace, the beſt
Of all his Jewells: How dare *I* preſume
To charge a man in the Kings name! *I* faint
Under the burthen of ſo great a place,
Whoſe weight might preſſe down *Atlas*: Magiſtrates
Are only Sumpter-Horſes, Nay they threaten me

To

To make me a warden of the Church.
Am I a Patriot? or have I ability
To preſent Knights-Recuſant, Clergy reelers,
Or Gentlemen Fornicators?
Col. You have worth
Richly enamel'd with a modeſty;
And though your lofty merit might ſit crown'd
On *Caucaſus*, or the *Pirenean* mountaines.
You chooſe the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below; then dare the windes,
And be a Cedar, Sir you know there is not
Halfe ſo much honour in the Pilots place
As danger in the ſtorme. Poore windy Titles
Of Dignity, and Offices that puffe up
The bubble pride till it ſwell big and burſt,
What are they but brave nothings? Toyes cal'd Honours
Make them on whom they are beſtow'd no better
Then glorious ſlaves, the ſervants of the Vulgar:
Men ſweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare.
There is a Glaſſe within ſhall ſhew you, Sir,
The vanity of theſe Silke-worms, that do thinke
They toyle not, 'cauſe they ſpin ſo fine a thread.
Micro. I'le ſee it. Honour is a babies rattle,
And let blind *Fortune* where ſhe will, beſtow her;
Lay me on earth, and I ſhall fall no lower. *Exit.*
Cau. Colax, what newes?
Col. The *Perſian* Emperour
Is deſperately ſicke.
Cau. Heaven take his ſoule!
When I am the grand *Sophie*, (as tis likely
I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.
Col. The *Turke* they ſay prepares again for *Poland*.
Cau. And I no *Baſhaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col.

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction,
Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their Duke?
Col. Our Merchants doe report th'inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the setling
The Crowne upon a more deserving head
Then his that beares it.
Cau. Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes flye certaine.
Colax. Be bold, thou seest the *Prestor Iohn*,
Well *England* of all Countries in the world
Most blind to thy own good. Other Nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and presents; had I liv'd in *Rome*
Who durst with *Cæsar* stand a candidate?
I might have choice of *Edile*, *Consul*, *Tribune*,
Or the perpetual *Dictators* place.
I could discharge'em all, *I* know my merits
Are large, and boundless: A *Cæsar* might be hewed
Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman
But undertooke it.
Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.
Let birds of night and shame, with their Owles eyes
Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour;
They are no Presidents for Eagles: Bats,
Like dull *Micropsychus*; things of earth, and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom
Promotheus has spent much of his stolne fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour
Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! Whats a man
Without desert? and what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his house some buried Chests

Of

Of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them?
What was the Load-ſtone, till the uſe was found,
But a foule dotard on a Fouler Miſtreſſe?
I praiſe your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turne
Back on themſelves, and find an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation:
You are at home no ſtranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell
VVhat uſe the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cockes
Scrape into durt again. This ſearching judgement
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you. I ſhall live to ſee
A Diadem crown that head. There is within
A glaſſe that will acquaint you with all places
Of Dignity, Authority and renown,
The State and carriage of them: Chooſe the beſt,
Such as deſerve you, and refuſe the reſt.
Can. I go, that want no worth to merit honour;
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me,
Fortune, thou arbitreſſe of humane things
Thy credit is at ſtake: if I but riſe,
The worlds opinion will conceive th'haſt eyes.

Exit.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Roſc. *Theſe are the extreames of meekneſſe.* Orgylus *an angry quarrelſome man mov'd with the leaſt ſhadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect.* Aorgus, *a fellow ſo patient, or rather inſenſible of wrong, that he is not capable of the groſſeſt abuſe.*

Org. Perſwade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries ſteele about him, Dags, and Piſtolls!

To

To bite his thumbe at me.
Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?
Org. At me? were I sword
To see men bite their thumbs!--Rapiers and Daggers--
He is the sonne of a whore,
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had beene some pretence
T'have mov'd this anger; he may bite his own
And eate it too.
Org. Muskets, and Cannons!--eat it?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eate something else too that rides here,
Ile try his Estridge stomack.
Aor. Sir, be patient
Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.
Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnesse?
Pray be milder.
Org. Your Mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.
Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?
Org. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reason doth in equall ballance poyse
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lyes heavy, when that other would not turne
An even scale; and yet it moves not me;
My anger is not up.
Org. But I will raise it;
You are a foole!
Aor. I know it, and shall I
Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are besides
An arrant Knave!
Aor. So are my betters, Sir.

Org.

Org. I cannot move him--O my ſpeen--it riſes,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me:
Org. You are a horned beaſt, a very Cuckold,
Aor. 'Tis my wives fault, not mine, I have no reaſon
Then to be angry for anothers ſin.
Org. And I did graft your hornes, you might have come
And found us glewd together like two Goats,
And ſtood a witneſs to your transformation.
Aor. Why if I had, I am ſo far from anger
I would have e'ne faine down upon my kneet,
And deſir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.
Org. Your children are all Baſtards, not one of them;
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.
Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them
That they will call me father; it was luſt
Perchance, that did beget them, but I am ſure
'Tis charity to keep the Infants.
Org. Not yet ſtirre'd?
'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to expreſſe his ſcorne of me,
'Tis above patience this, inſufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard you will be angry, will you not;
Aor. To ſee how ſtrange a courſe fond wrath doth goe;
You will be angry 'cauſe I am not ſo.
Org. I can endure no longer, if your ſpleen
Lye in your breech, thus I will kick't up--
Aor. *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epſilon, Zeta Eta, Theta, Iota, Kappa Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Ro, Sigma Tau, Vpſilon, Phi, chi, Pſi, Omega,*
Org. How? what contempt is this?
Aor. An Antidote

Againſt

Againſt the poyſon, Anger: 'twas preſcrib'd
A Roman Emperour, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and Practiſe.
Org. Not yet angry?
Stil will you vex me? I will practiſe too, (*Kicks again*)
Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.
Org. What new Alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I uſe
A ſecond remedy.
Org. O my Torment ſtill?
Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Org. VVell,
I'le try your Phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I K L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V. *W.X.Y.Z.*
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. No ſir? why now?
Now have you done.
Org. O 'tis a meer plot this,
To jeer my tameneſſe: will no ſence of wrong
Waken the Lethargy of a cowards ſoul?
Will not this rowle her from her dead ſleep, nor this?
Aor. VVhy ſhould I Sir be angry if *I* ſuffer
An injury? it is not guilt of mine?
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence:
Org. A bitterneſſe o're-flows me; my eyes flame,

My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of ſoule and body move in a diſorder,
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: Sirrah villain
I will diſſect thee with my rapiers point:
Rip up each vein, and ſinew of my ſtorque,
Anatamize him, ſearching every entraile,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this Aſſe,
This ſuffering Aſſe, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,
Let him not glory in ſo brave a death,
As by your hand, it ſtands not with your honour
To ſtain your rapier in a cowards blood,
The *Lesbian* Lyons in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne;
But trouble not the painted butterfly,
Ants crawle ſecurely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intolerable!
Would thou wert worth the killing.
Colax. A good wiſh,
Savouring as well diſcretion, as bold valour.
Thinke not of ſuch a baſſl'd aſſe as this,
More ſtone, then man. *Meeduſa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every flye
Carries a ſpleen: poor worms being trampled on
Turn tayle, as bidding battayle to the feet
Of their oppreſſors. A dead palſy ſure
Hath ſtruck a deſperate numneſſe through his ſoule,
Till it be grown inſenſible. Meer ſtupidity
Hath ſeiz'd him: Your more manly ſoule I finde
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the ſtrikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetſtone, anger;

Which

Which ſets an edge upon the ſword, and makes it
Cut with a ſpirit; you conceive fond patience
Is an injuſtice to our ſelves, the ſuffering
One injury invites a ſecond that,
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martial Brow, A glaſſe within
Will ſhew you ſir when your great ſpleen doth riſe
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learn anger ſir againſt you meet me next,
Never was man like me with patience vext. *Exit,*
Aor. I am ſo farre from anger in my ſelfe,
That 'tis my griefe I can make others ſo.
Colax. It proves a ſweetneſſe in your diſpoſition,
A gentle winning carriage--deare *Aorgus*,
O give me leave to open wide my breſt,
And let ſo rare a friend unto my ſoule;
Enter, and take poſſeſſion; ſuch a man
As has no gall, no bitterneſſe, no exceptions;
Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity where all diſcourſe
Flows innocent, and each free jeſt is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors;
But he's a better, takes no notice of them.
How like a beaſt with rude and ſavage rage
Breath'd the diſtemper'd ſoule of *Orgylus*?
The proneneſſe of this paſſion is the Nurſe
That foſters all confuſion, ruines ſtates,
Depopularies Cities, layes great Kingdomes waſte;
'Tis that affection of the minde that wants
The ſtrongeſt bridle, give it reins it runs
A deſperate courſe, and drags down reaſon with it.
It is the whirlewind of the ſoule, the ſtorm

And tempeſt of the mind, that rayſes up
The billowes of diſturbed paſſions
To ſhipwrack judgement, O--a ſoule like yours
Conſtant in patience! Let the Northern wind meet
The South at Sea, and *Zephyrus* breath oppoſite
To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty ſonnes
Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
The Ocean, and diſpeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calme; it is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injur
Call blood into it. There's a glaſſe within
VVill let you ſee your ſelfe, and tell you now
How ſweet a tameneſſe dwels upon your brow.
Aer. *Colax.* I muſt believe, and therefore goe;
VVho is diſtruſtfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon. Eiron.

Roſc. *The next are the extreames of truth,* Alazon *one that arrogates that to himſelfe which is not his; and* Eiron, *one that out of an itch to be thought modeſt diſſembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falſhood, the other offending in denying a truth.*
Ala. I heare you're wondrous valiant?
Eir. I! Alas
VVho told you I was valiant?
Ala. The world ſpeaks it.
Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does ſhe ſpeak truly?
Ala. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;
But ſhe cals you *Achilles*.
Eir. I *Achilles*

No

No, I am not *Achilles* : I confesse
I am no coward,--That the world should think
That I am an *Achilles* ! yet the world may
Call me what she please.
Ala. Next to my valour,
(VVhich but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my share ;
But the last valour shew'd in Christendome
VVas in *Lepanto*. (him not ;
Alazon. He might be thought so fit by them that knew
But I have found him a poor bassl'd snake :
Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every Post i'th'City.
Eiron. VVho ?
Alaz. *Lepanto*,
The valour sir that you so much renown.
Eir. *Lepanto* was no man sir, but the place
Made famous by the so much mention'd battayle
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.
Alaz. Cry you mercy ?
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it seems,
VVas but *Lepantoe's* name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skil'd in history.
Eir. Not a whit, A novice, If I could perchance
Discourse from *Adam* downward, but what's that
To History ? All that I know is only
Th'original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common-wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Iunius*, *Baterculus*,
VVith *Florus*, *Justin*, *Salus*, and some few
More of the Latine : For the modern, I

Have all without book *Gallo-belgicus*,
Philip De-comine, *Machiavele*, *Guicciardine*,
The Turkiſh and Ægyptian Hiſtories,
With thoſe of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands,
For *England*, *Polidore Virgil*, *Cambden*, *Speed*,
And a matter of forty more; nothing
Alas to one that's read in Hiſtories.
In the Greek I have a ſmack or ſo, at
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and
Stowes Cronicle.
Alaz. Believe me ſir, and that
Stowes Chronicle is very good Greek; you little
Think who writ it! Doe you not ſee him? are
You blind? I am the man.
Eir. Then I muſt number
You with my beſt Authors in my Library.
Alaz. Sir the reſt to are mine, but that I venture 'em
With other names to ſhunne the opinion
Of arroganee; ſo the ſubtile Cardinall
Cals one book *Bellarmine*, 'nother *Toſtatus*,
Yet one mans labour both, You talke of numbering;
You cannot chooſe but heare how loud fame ſpeaks
Of my experience in Arithmetique:
She ſayes you too grow neare perfection.
Eir. Farre from it I; ſome in-ſight, but no more,
I count the Starres, can give the Totall ſumme,
How many ſands there bei'th' ſea, but theſe
Are trifles to the expert, that have ſtudied
Penketh-mans precident. Sir I have no skill
In any thing, if I have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet in ſooth I ſpeak
Onely my mother-Tongue; I have not gain'd
The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick*;

Nor

Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Choriate* both excell me.
I have no skil in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Egyptian*, *China*, *Persian* Tongues,
Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into;
But *Russian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*
With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
That of the *Cossasites*, and *Hungarian* too,
With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welch*, and *Irish* are too hard for mee
To be familiar in: and yet some thinke
(But thought is free) that I doe speake all those
As I were borne in each; but they may erre
That thinke so; 'Tis not every Judgement fits
In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth
All *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa* too;
But in *America*, and the new found world
I very much feare there be some languages
That would goe neere to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely.
You have a prety pittance in the Tongues,
But *Eiron*, I am now more generall;
I can speake all alike, there is no stronger
Of so remote a nation heares me talk
But confidently cals me Country-man.
The witty world giving my worth her due
Surnames me the Confusion: I but want
An Oratour like you to speake my praise.
Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon*? no;
Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent;
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all Hyperboles: something sir

Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Eſpecially *Alazon* in your preſence
Ala. Your modeſty *Eiron* ſpeaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter theſe, they'le do't themſelves,
And croſſe the Proverb that was wont to ſay.
One Mule doth ſcrub another, here each Aſſe
Hath learn'd to claw himſelfe.
Ala. I doe ſurpaſſe
All Oratours. How like you my Orations,
Thoſe againſt *Catiline*, I account them beſt,
Except my *Philippicks*, all acknowledge me
Above the three great Oratours of *Rome*.
Eir. VVhat three, *Alazon*?
Ala, *Marcus*, *Tullius*,
And *Cicero*, the beſt of all the three.
Eir. VVhy thoſe three names are all the ſelfe ſame mans
Ala. Then all is one. VVere thoſe three names three men,
I ſhould excel them all. And then for Poetry
Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*,
Alaz. Alas 'twas writ ith'nonage of my Muſes.
You underſtand th'Italion?
Eir. A little, ſir,
I have read *Taſſo*.
Ala. And *Torquato* too?
Eir. They're ſtill the ſame.
Ala. I finde you very skilfull
Eiron. I erre only to ſound your judgement.
You are a Poet too?
Eir. The world may thinke ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for't.
But I will tell you ſir ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learn'um.

Sir. *Strange sights there late were seene that did affright*
The multitude; the Moone was seene by night,
And Sun appear'd by day—is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. *Without remorse*
Each starre and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them (mark the answer now)
O sir aske not that:
The Vulgar know not why they feares, nor what,
But in their humors too inconstant be,
Nothing seemes strange to them but constancy,
Has not my friend approv'd himselfe a Poet?

Ala. The verses sir are excellent, but your friend Approves himselfe a thiefe.

Eir. VVhy good *Alazon?*

Ala. A Plagiary, I mean, the verses sir VVere stolne.

Eir. From whom?

Ala. From me, believ't I made'um.

Eir. They are alas unworthy sir your owning, Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on This morning.

Ala. Nay, they may be yours: I told you That you come neere me sir. Yours they may bee. Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*, Your friend must steale them, if he have them.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take'um off.

Alazon. You are learned.

Ala. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

Ala.

Alaz. Tis confeſs'd,
Col. A good Hiſtorian.
Ala. Who dares deny it?
Col. A rare Arithmetician.
Ala. I'have heard it often.
Col. I commend your care
That know your vertues, why ſhould modeſty (neighbor:
Stop good mens mouths from their own praiſe? our
Are envious, and will rather bleſſe our memories
With infamy, then immortalize our names;
When fame hath taken cold, and loſt her voyce,
We muſt be our own trumpets; careſull men
Will have an Inventory of their goods,
And why not of their vertues? ſhould you ſay
You were not wiſe, it were a ſinne to truth.
Let *Eirons* modeſty tell baſhfull lyes,
To cloake and masque his parts; he's a foole for't.
T'was heavenly counſell bid us *know our ſelves.*
You may be confident, chaunt your own incomiums.
Ring out a Panegyrique to your ſelfe;
And your ſelfe write the learned Commentary
Of your own actions.
Ala. So I have.
Co. Where is it?
Ala. Tis ſtolne.
Co. I know the thiefe, they call him *Ceſar.*
Goe in good ſir, there is within a Glaſſe
That will preſent you with the Felons face. *Exit. Alaz.*
Eiron. You heare the newes?
Eir. Not I, what is it?
Co. That you are held the onely man of Art.
Eir Is't currant *Colax?*
Col. Currant as the Ayre

Every

Every man breathes it for certainty.
Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth.
Can it be certaine; so much charity left
In mens opinion?
Co. You call it charity
Which is their duty: Vertue sir, like yours
Commands mens prayses, Emptinesse and folly,
Such as *Alazon* is, use their own Tongues,
While reall worth hears her own praise, not speaks it,
Other mens mouths becomes your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaimes you loudly forth
From East to West, till either pole admire you.
Selfe praise is bragging, and begets the envy
of them that heare it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: You are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: The fish would lose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet sir I would have you
Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them.
Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted with them.
Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe
By a reflection; goe and speake 'em there.
Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit. Eir.*
Rosc. Retire your selves againe, for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Flowrdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a pot,
An over heated pot, still, still it boyleth;

It

It boyleth, and it bubleth with diſdaine.
Flow. My ſpirit within me too fumeth, I ſay
Fumeth, and ſteemeth up, and runneth ore
VVith holy wrath, at theſe delights of fleſh,
Roſc. The Actors beg your ſilence--- *The next vertue whoſe extreames we would preſent, wants a name both in the Greek and Latine.*
Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchriſtian vertue.
Roſc. *But they deſcribe it ſuch a modeſty as directs us in the purſuite, and refuſall of the meaner honours, and ſo anſwers to the Magnanimity as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humour of the perſons, being already foreſtal'd and no pride now ſo much practiſ'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparrell, let me preſent you* Philotimia, *an over curious Lady, to neat in her attire; and for* Aphilotimus, Luparius *a naſty ſordid ſloven.*
Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia. Luparus. Colax.

Phil. What mole dreſt me to day? *O* patience! (maids? who would be troubled with thoſe mop-ey'd Chamber-
There's a whole haire on this ſide more then t'other,
I am no Lady elſe! come on you ſloven.
VVas ever Chriſtian Madam ſo tormented
To wed a ſwine as I am? make you ready,
Lupa. I would the Taylor had bin hang'd for me
That firſt invented cloathes--O nature, nature!
More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And Oxen have no breeches to put off.
The Lamb is borne with her Freez-coat about her:
Hogs goe to bed in reſt, and are not troubled
VVith pulling on their hoſe and ſhoos 'ith morning
With gartring, girdling, truſſing, buttoning,

And

And a thouſand torments that afflict humanity,
Phi To ſee her negligence! ſhe hath made this cheek
By much to pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The natural redneſſe of my noſe, ſhe knowes not
What 'tis wants dealbation. *O* fine memory!
If ſhe has not ſet me in the ſelfe-ſame teeth
That I wore yeſterday, I am a Jew.
Does ſhe think that I can eate twice with the ſame,
Or that my mouth ſtands as the Vulgar does?
What, are you ſnoring there, youle riſe you ſluggard,
And make you ready?
Lupa. Riſe, and make you ready?
Two works of that, your happy birds makes one;
They when they riſe are ready. Bleſſed birds;
They, fortunate creatures! ſleep in their own cloathes,
And riſe with all their feather-beds about them.
VVould nakedneſſe were come againe in faſhion;
I had ſome hope then when the breaſts went bare
Their bodyes too would have come to't in time.
Phi. Beſhrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fil'd.
Youl goe and waſh--you are a pretty husband!
Lupa Our Sow ne're waſhes: yet ſhe has a face
Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
If you durſt weare your owne.
Co. Madam, *Superbia*,
You're ſtudying the Ladye-Library,
The Looking-glaſſe; 'tis well! ſo great a beauty
Muſt have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The Peacocks rayle with ſtars; 'tis ſhe attires
The Bird of Paradice in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis ſhe
Spangled the Heavens with all thoſe glorious lights
She ſpotted the Ermine's skin; an arm'd the fiſh

In ſilver male. But man ſhe ſent forth naked
Not that he ſhould remain ſo, but that he
Indued with reaſon ſhould adorn himſelfe
With every one of theſe. The ſilke worm is
Onely mans ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted Butterfly
Above her maſter-peece. You are the Image
Of that bright goddeſſe; therefore weare the Jewels
Of all the Eaſt; let the red ſea be ranſack'd
To make you glitter, look on *Luparus*
Your husband there, and ſee how in a ſloven
All the beſt characters of Divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are loſt and buried.
Philo. I ſee it to my griefe, pray counſell him.
Col. This vanity in your nice Ladies humors
Of being ſo curious in her toyes, and dreſſes,
Makes me ſuſpitious of her honeſty.
Theſe Cobweb lawnes catch Spiders Sir, believe it;
You know that cloathes doe not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age preferre
A cloake of Pluſh, before a braine of art.
You underſtand what miſery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the Draper for;
No doubt you ſpend the time your Lady loſes
In tricking up her body, to cloath the ſoul.
Lup. To cloath the ſoule, muſt the ſoul too be cloath'd?
I proteſt ſir, I had rather have no ſoul
Then to be tormented with the cloathing of it.

Roſc. *To theſe enter the extreames of modeſty, a neer kinſwoman of the vertues*, Anaiskyntia *or* Impudence, *a bawd, and* Cataplectus *an over-baſhfull Schollar: where our Author hopes the woman will pardon him, if of 4. & 20 vices, he preſents but two* (pride and impudence) *of their ſexe.*

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Anaiskyntia. Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskyntia* to;--O fates!
Acolastus, and *Asotus* have sent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother,
Are the Gentlemen there already?
Anais. Come away;
Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull? well
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soone have seene you fairely hang'd as sent you
To 'th Vniversity.
Phil. What Gentleman is that?
Anais. A shameful Scholar, Madam: looke upon her,
Speake to her, or you lose your exhibition
--Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons.
Kata. What should I say?
Anais. Why tell her you are glad
To see her Ladiship in health, nay out with it.
Catap.-Gaudeo te bene valere--
Phil. A pretty Proficient!
What standing is he of i'th Vniversity?
Anais. He dares not answer to that question, Madam---
Philo. How long have you been in the Academy?
Katap.--*Profecto Do -Domina sum Bac---Bac--Baccha. laureus Artiunt.*
Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!
Anais. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vaine;
I have as your Ladiship knowes full well,
Good practise in the Suburbs; and by reason
That our Mortality there is very subject
To an infection of the French Disease,
I brought my Nephew up i'th Vniversity,

Hoping

Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a Phyſitian;
But all in vaine: he is ſo baſhfull, Madam,
He dares not look upon a womans water.
Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in baſhfulneſſe,
'Tis vertues beſt preſerver---
Kata. *Rectè dicis, ſic inquit Ariſtoteles,*
Col. That being gone,
The reſt ſoone follow, and a ſwarme of vice
Enter the ſoul; no colour but a bluſh
Becomes a young mans cheek: pure ſhamefaſtneſſe
Is porter to the lips, and eares, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modeſt: Nature ſtrives to hide
The parts of ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides,
Katap. Natura dux optima.
Colax. Teach us to doe ſo too in our diſcourſe.
Katap. Gratias tibi ago.
Philo. Injure him to ſpeake bawdy.
Anaiſ. A very good way: *Kataplectus* her's a Lady,
VVould heare you ſpeake obſcenely.
Katap. Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam agi non oportuit.
Anaiſ. Off goes your velvet cap! did I maintain you
To have you diſobedient? you'l be perſwaded?
Katap. Liberis operam dare,
Anaiſ. VVhat's that in Engliſh?
Katap. To doe and endeavour for children.
Anaiſ. Some more of this, it may be ſomething one day:
Katap. Communis eſt omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi cauſâ.
Phil. Conſtrue me that.
Katap. All creatures have a natural deſire, or appetite to be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony,

that

that they may have ſons and daughters.
Anaiſ. Your Landreſſe has beſtow'd her time but ill,
Why could not this have been in proper tearmes?
If you could catechize my head, and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay, a head?
So would my skin confeſſe it ſelfe a skin;
Nor any part about me be aſham'd
Of his own name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd
Col. Our Stoique, the graveſt of Phyoſophers
Is juſt of our opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſs
Is either grounded in the things themſelves,
Or in the words that ſignifie thoſe things;
Not in the things that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaſt, and honeſt; if not in the things,
How in the words, the ſhadowes of thoſe things
To manure grounds, is a chaſt honeſt terme;
Another word that ſignifies the ſame,
Vnlawfull: ever man endures to heare,
He got a child; ſpeak plainer and he bluſhes,
Yet means the ſame. The Stoique thus diſputes,
That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
As they doe upward.
Anaiſ. I commend him Madam,
Vnto your Ladyſhips ſervice, he may mend
With counſell; let him be your Gentleman-uſher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the juſt ſize, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Philo. So he will prove a Stoique;

I long to have a Stoique strut before me:
Here kisse my hand. Come what is that in Latin?
Katap. *Deosculor manum.*
Philo. My lip;--nay sir you must if I command you.
Katap. *Oscular te, vel oscular ate.*
Philo. His breath smells strong.
Anaist. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.
Philo. He will come to it one day-you shall go with me
To see an exquisite glasse to dresse me by.
Nay goe! you must goe first; you are to mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so--on-- *Exeunt.*
Colax. Slow *Lupurus* rise, or you'l be metamorphos'd;
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Lup. Where's my wife?
Colax. She's gone with a young Snip, & an old bawd.
Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my comfort is
She'has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off, yet Madam Il'e prevent you *Exit.*
Rosc. *The next are the extreames of justice.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Iustice Nymis *Iustice* Nyhil.
Plus *and* Minus *their Clarks.*

Nym. *Plus*!
Plus. What sayes your worship,
Nym. Have my tenants
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chiefe,
payd their rent-charge?
Plus They have and't please your worship;
I, Receiver generall gave'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir I resigne my Pen, and, ink-horn to you;
shall forget my hand if I stay here.
I have not made a *Mittimus* since I serv'd you.

Were

Were I a reverent Justice as you are,
I would not sit a Cypher on the Bench,
But do as Justice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus fac-misericordiam*
Instead of your *Totums*: People shal not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off, iyt do's me good
To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pittifull
I wake the better for it.
Nym. The yearly value
Of my faire manner of *Clerken-well*, is pounds
So many--besides New-years capons, the Lordship
Of *Turnball* so--which with my *Pick hatch* grange
And *Shoreditch* farme, and other premises
Adjoyning--very good, a pretty maintenance
To keepe a Justice of Peace, and *coram* too;
Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriors of all such as due, *quatenus* whores,
And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due
To such as hunt in Purly, this is something,
With mine own Game reserv'd
Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worships Bayly.
Parum. Wil't please your worship sir, to heare the Catalogue
Of such offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me, sir, to heare of any
That doe offend; I would the world were innocent.
Yet to expresse my mercy you may reade them.
Par: First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse.
Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Diſcharge him *Parum*.
Parum. Here's another brought
For the ſame fact, ta'ne in the very Action.
Nihil Alas it was for need, bid him take warning.
And ſo diſcharge him too; 'Tis the firſt time.
Nimis. *Plus*, ſay, what hopes of gain brings this dayes ſinne?
Plus *Anaiskyntia* Sir was at doore
Brought by the Conſtable.
Nimis. Set the Conſtable by the heels,
he's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.
Nim. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence*.
Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not ſhe
Plus.
One of my laſt Compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worſhip's ſinner.
Nim. All Subſidy women, goe free'em all.
Parum. Sir here's a known offender: one that has
Been ſtockt, and whipt innumerable times,
Has ſuffer'd Bridewell often; not a Jayle
But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and ſhoulder; both his eares cut off,
with his noſe ſlit, what ſhall I do with him?
Nihil. So often puniſh'd? nay, if no correction
will ſerve his turn; even let him run his courſe.
Plus. Here's Miſtreſſe *Frailty* too, the waiting woman,
Nim. For what offence?
Plus. A ſinne of weakneſſe too
Nim. Let her be ſtrongly whipt.

Plus,

Plus. An't please your worship
She has a noble mans-letter.
Nim Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the Kings picture too.
Plus. Besides
Sh'has promis'd me I should examine her
Above i'th garter.
Nim. What's all that to me?
Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept-
Nim. Nay, if she can *intreat in English*, *Plus*,
Say she is injur'd.
Par. Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor.
Charg'd with a riot.
Nihil. *Parum* Let him goe,
He is our Neighbour.
Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A stranger! O 'tis pitty
To hurt a stranger, we may all be strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum.*
Plus. Here's a Gentlewoman of S. *Ioanes* is
Charg'd with dishonesty,
Nim. With dishonesty?
Severity will amend her, and yet *Plus*
Aske her a question, if she will be honest?
Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold.
Nim. Tell her of cooking-stooles, tell her there be
Oyster queenes, with Orange women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noyse,
Yet if she can *speak English*,
We may suppose her silent,
Par. Here's a Batchelour
And a Citizens wife for flat Adultery,
What will you do with them?

Nib. A Citizens wife !
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who blame her then ?
Par. Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.
Nib. No enquire
First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;
And Justice counts it veniall.
Plus. Her's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophron*, that doe mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony !
Nym. Of the two which is the richer ?
Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.
Nym. Then *Sophron* is the thiefe.
Plus. Here is withall
Panourgus come with one call'd *Prodotes*
Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nym He's the Traytor then.
Plus. How Sir ? the richer ?
Nym. Thou art ignorant *Plus*;
We must doe some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,
Bomoloçus has abus'd him.
Nym. Send *Eutrapeles* to th'Jayle.
Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complains Sir.
Nym. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law: were not for *Summum Ius*,
How could the land subsist ?
Celax. I, or the Justices
Maintain themselves--goe on--The Land wants such

As

As dare with rigour execute her Lawes:
Her festred members must be lanc't and tended
He's a bad Surgeon, that for pitty spares
The part corrupted, 'til the Gangrene spread
And all the body perish; he that's mercifull
Unto the bad, is cruell to the good.
The Pillory must cure the eares disease;
The stocks the foots offences; let the back
Beare her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:
And yet the secret, and purse-panishment
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the vertuous and corrects the vitious
Let not the sword of Justice sleep, and rust
Within her Velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharpe with cutting. Vse must whet her
Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,
Till *Hydra*-like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains,
All you can find- for some have lurking holes
Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse
Will shew you every close offenders face,
Nym. Come *Plus* let's go in to finde out these concealements;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus—
I meane to be a *Baron of Summum Ius*. *Exit. Ny. Plus.*
Parum. you are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murther.
Nihil. How!
Par. He kill'd a man last night.
Nih. How com't to passe?

Par. Vpon a falling out.
Nih. They ſhall be friends, I'le reconcile'em, *Parum.*
Par. One of them is dead.
Ni. Is he not buried yet?
Par. No Sir.
Ni. Why then I ſay they ſhall ſhake hands.
Col. As you have done
With Clemency, moſt Reverend Iuſtice *Nihil*;
A gentle mildneſs thrones it ſelfe within you,
Your worſhip would have juſtice uſe her ballance
More then her ſword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe ſhe weares, deep ſcarlet, in the blood
Of poor offenders: How many men hath rigour
By her to haſty, and ſevere proceedings
Prevented from amendment, that perchance
Might have turn'd honeſt and have prov'd good Chriſtians?
Should *Jove* not ſpare his thunder, but as often
Diſcharge at us, as we dart ſins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himſelf want arms,
And yet tyre *Vulcan*, and *Pyracman* too.
You imitate the Gods! and he ſins leſſe
Strikes not at all, then he ſtrikes once amiſſe.
I would not have juſtice too falcon-eyed;
Sometimes a wilfull blindneſs much becomes her;
As when upon the Bench ſhe ſleeps and winks
At the tranſgreſſions of Mortality:
In which moſt mercifull poſture I have ſeen
Your pitifull worſhip ſnorting out pardons
To the deſpairing ſinner, there's within
A mirrour fit like you! goe ſee your face
How like *Aſtrea* 'tis in her own Glaſſe

Par.

Par. And I'le petition Juſtice *Nimi's* Clerke
To admit me for his under officer. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. 4.

Agroicus.

Roſc. *This is* Agroicus, *a ruſtique clowniſh fellow, whoſe diſcourſe is all Country; an extreame of urbanity, whereby you may obſerve there is a vertue in jeſting.*

Agro. They talke of witty diſcourſe and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle, would make a Cat piſſe to heare'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams Engliſh? They think they talk learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They muſt be breaking of jeſts with a murrain, when I had as live heare'em break wind Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* is a pretty booki ſh Schollar of his age, God bleſſe him; he can write and read, and make bonds and bills, and hobligations God ſave all. But by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him ſuch a Jackſawce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, he ſhould have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keep a talley: There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wist not what; they call'em--Boets, a new name for beggars I think, ſince the ſtatute againſt Gypſies. I would not have my Zonne *Dick* one of thoſe Boets for the beſt Pig in my ſtye by the mackins: Boets? Heav'n ſhield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better I trow then being a Boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the Jayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men & true contemn him to the Gallowes, and there ſee him vairely petſecuted. There is a *Bomolchus* one of the Boets, now a bots take all the red-noſe tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! he does

ſo

To abuſe his betters! well 'twas a good world, when I
virſt held the plow!

Col. They car'd not then ſo much for ſpeaking well
As to mean honeſt; and in you ſtill lives
The good ſimplicity of the former times;
When to do well was Rhetorique, not to talke.
The tongue-diſeaſe of Court ſpreads her infections
Through the whole Kingdom; flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts
Are borne between our lips: The heart is made
A ſtranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
A language that ſhe never underſtood.
What is it to be witty in theſe dayes,
But to be bawdy, or prophane? at leaſt
A buſy? wit is grown a petulant waſpe,
And ſtings ſhe knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
Spues Vinegar, and gall on all ſhe meets
Without diſtinction, buyes laughter with the loſſe
Of reputation, Father, Kinſman Friend;
Hants Ordinaries onely to deliver
The idle Timpanies of a windy brain:
That beates and throbs above the pain of child-bed,
Till every eare ſhe meetes be made a Midwife
To her light baſtard iſſue: how many times
Bomolochus ſides, and ſhoulders ake, and groan!
He's ſo witty---here he comes--away--

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not ſtay. *Exit.*

SCEN. 5.

Bomolochus.

Roſc. *This is the other extreame of urbanity*; Bomolochus *a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the baſe dregs of ſcandall, and a lump of moſt vile and loat ſome ſcurrility.*

Bird.

Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while!
Scurrility, here ſhe hath her impious throne,
Here lyes her heatheniſh dominion,
In this moſt impious cell of corruption:
For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Lymbo*,
Where the black Devil and his damb Scurrility
Do rule the roſt, foule Princes of the ayre!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth ſcandols,
Soweth, and throweth ſcandols as 'twere dust
Even in the face of holineſſe, and devotion.
His preſence is contagious, like a dragon
He belches poyſon forth, poyſon of the pit,
Brimſtone, helliſh and ſulphurious poyſon;
I will not ſtay, but flye as farre as zeal.
Can bury me--the roofe will fall and brain me,
If I endure to heare his blaſphemies,
His graceleſſe blaſpemies.
Roſe. He ſhall vent none here;
But ſtay, and ſee how juſtly we have us'd him,
Flow. Stay brother, I do find the ſpirit grow ſtrong.
Col. Hayle ſacred wit!--Earth breeds not bayes enough
To crown thy ſpatious merit.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. *Cratinus, Eupolis, Ariſtophanes,*
Or whatſoever other wit did give
Old *Comedies* the reins, and let her looſe
To ſtigmatize what brow ſhe pleas'd with ſlander
Of People, Prince, Nobility--All muſt yeeld
To this triumphant brain.
Bomo Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. They ſay you'l loſe a friend before a jeſt,
'Tis true, there's not a jeſt that comes from you,
That is the true *Minerva* of this brain,

But

But is of greater value then a world
Of friends, were every payre of men we meet
A *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.
Bomo. Oh--*Oh*--*Oh*--
Col Some ſay you will abuſe your Father too,
Rather then looſe the opinion of your wit;
Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty Parents were expoſ'd
To ſcorn and laughter, then the ſimpleſt thought
Or leaſt conceit of yours, ſhould dye abortive,
Or periſh a brain-Embrio.
Bomo. Oh--*Oh*--*Oh*--
Col. How's this? that tongue grown ſilent that Syren
Stood ſtill to admire;
Bomo. Oh--*Oh*--*Oh*-- (harmony,
Col. Twere better that the ſpheares ſhould loſe their
And all the Choriſters of the woods grow hoarſe:
VVhat Wolfe hath ſpyed you firſt!
Bomo. Oh--*Oh*--*Oh*-
Col. Sure *Hermes* envyiug that there was on earth
An eloquence more then his, has ſtruck you dumb!
Malicious deity?
Bomo. Oh--*Oh*--*Oh*--
Cola. Go in ſir, there's a Glaſſe that will reſtore
That tongue whoſe ſweeneſs Angels might adore.
Bomo. Oh--*oh*--*oh*--*oh*--*oh*--*oh*--*oh*--
Roſc. Thus Sir you ſee how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of baſe ſcurrility;
He ſhall not *Ibis*-like purge upwards here,
T' infect the place with peſtilentiall breath;
We'le keep him tongue-tyde: you, and all, I promiſe
By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whoſe chaſt Zones
Were never yet by impure bands united,

Our

Our language ſhall flow chaſte nothing ſounds here
That can give juſt offence to a ſtrict eare.
Bird. This gagg hath wrought my good opinion of you.
Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull recreations.
Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practiſe,
I'le flatter my deare ſelf—O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiſſe it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
And grow inamour'd with my other half!
Selfe-love, *Narciſſus*, had not been a fault,
Had'ſt thou, inſtead of ſuch a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine, I can gild vice,
And praiſe it into Alchymie till it goe
For perfect gold, and cozen almoſt the touchſtone,
I can perſwade a toad into an Oxe,
Till ſwell'd too big with my *Hyperboles*
She burſt aſunder, and 'tis vertues name
Lends me a maske to ſcandalize her ſelf.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
That art is great makes vertue guilty too.
I have ſuch ſtrange varieties of colours,
Such ſhifts of ſhapes, blew *Protius* ſure begot me
On a Camelcon, and I change ſo quick
That I ſuſpect my mother did conceive me,
As they ſay Mares do, on ſome wind or other.
I'le peep to ſee how many fooles I made
VVith a report of a miraculous glaſſe.
—Heaven bleſſe me, I am ruin'd. *O* my brain
VVitty to my undoing! I have jeſted
My ſelf to an eternal miſery.
I ſee lean hunger with her meager face

Ride

Ride Poſt overtake me, I do propheſie
A Lent immortall; *Phœbus* I could curſe
Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora's* box
Compar'd with this might be eſteem'd a bleſſing.
The Glaſſe which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,
The two extreams of every vertue there
Beholding how they either did exceed,
Or want of juſt proportion, joynd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean:
As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Phyſitian
Does take two different poyſons, one thats cold,
The other in the ſame degree of heate,
And blends them not to make an Antidote;
Or as the Lutaniſt takes Flats and ſharps,
And out of thoſe ſo diſſonant notes, does ſtrike
A raviſhing Harmony. Now there is no vice
Tis a hard world for *Colax*: what ſhift now?
Dyſcolus doth expect me--ſince this age
Is grown too wiſe to entertain a Paraſite,
Ile to the Glaſſe, and there turn vertuous too,
Still ſtrive to pleaſe, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is no good uſe indeed la to be made
From their Converſion.
Flow. Very good in ſooth la
And edifying.
Roſc. Give your eyes ſome reſpite.
You know already what our vices be,
In the next Act you ſhall our vertues ſee.

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1. *Exit.*

Roſcius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. Now verily I finde the devout Bee
May ſuck the hony of good Doctrine thence,

And

And beare it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious ſpider
Gathers her impious venome! I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this play a good
And wholeſome Salad of inſtruction!
What doe you next preſent?
Roſc. The ſeverall vertues.
Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!
Roſc. There be not.
Bird. Then I'le ſtay, I hate a vertue
That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall*-vertues,
Next to *Pope*-vertues are moſt impious.
Biſhop-vertues are unwarrantable
I hate a vertue in a Morris dance.
I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues,
Or Elder-vertues.
Roſc. Thoſe are Morall vertues.
Bird. Are they lay-vertues?
Roſc. Yes!
Bird. Then they are lawfull,
Vertues in Orders are unſanctified.
Roſc. We do preſent them royal, as they are
In all their ſtate, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawfull
But *Prinkum Prankum*!
Flow. Will vertues dance?
O vile absurd, Maypole--Maid-Marrion vertue!
Roſc. Dancing is lawful, &c.

Flouriſh.

Enter Mediocrity.

Flow. Who's this?
Roſc. It is the Mother of vertues.

Flow.

Flow. Mother of Pearle I thinke she is so gawdy,
Rose. It is the golden Mediocrity.
Flow. She looketh like the Idol of *Cheap side.*

Mediocrity.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract
'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the small *Isthmus*
That suffers not th'*Ægean* tyde to meet
The violent rage of the *Ionian* wave.
I am a bridge o're an impetuous sea;
Free, and safe passage to the wary step:
But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certain ruine,--Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the Sun,
As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beames: nor so remote
From his bright rayes as to be situate
Under the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocrity:
The labour of whose wombe are all the vertues,
And every passion too commendable:
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they beare to severall objects:
Else had their names beene one as are their features.
So when eleven faire Virgins of a blood,
All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of yeares,
March into severall houses, from each family,
Each makes a name distinct, and all are different:
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,

As

As if both roſes were confounded there.
Their ſtature neither Dwarfe nor Gianti∫h,
But in a comely well diſpos'd proportion;
And all ſo like their Mother, that indeed
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midſt of dangers I ſtand up
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,
Not ſo ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearefull of heaven's juſt anger when ſhe ſpeaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my Religion ſhake to ſee my Country
Threatned with fire and ſword, by a ſtark coward
To any thing may blaſt my reputation:
But I can ſcorn the worſt of poverty,
Sickneſs, Captivity, Baniſhment, Grim death,
If ſhe dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my countries cauſe upon my ſword
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civill blood, or cuſtomary danger;
Nor the fooles whetſtone, in experience;
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleaſures,
And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths juſt ſteward,
And call me *Liberality*; with one hand
I'le gather riches home, and with the other
Rightly diſtribute e'm, and there obſerve
The perſons, quantity, quality, time and place:
And if in great expences I be ſet
Chiefe Arbitreſs, I can in glorious works,
As raiſing Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines,
Veſtures, and ornaments to Religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.

And to my country the like meane obſerve,
In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Caſtles, walls,
Conduits, Theaters, and what elſe may ſerve her
Fo uſe or ornament: and at home be royall
In buildings, Gardens, coſtly furniture,
In entertainments free and hoſpitable,
With a reſpect to my eſtate, and meanes,
And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence:*
As *Magnanimity*, when I wiſely ayme
At greateſt honours, if I may deſerve'm,
Not for ambition, but for my countryes good,
And in that vertue all the reſt do dwell.
In leſſer dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up ſuch groſſe wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that obſerve
What cauſe hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
Look that it be not ſuddain, nor too thirſty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Then the offence, know my time when, where
I muſt be angry, and how long remain ſo;
Then, then you may ſurname me *Manſuetude*,
VVhen in my carriage and diſcourſe I keep
The meane that neither flatters nor offends,
I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
Gives name and ſhould do being--*Courteſy*.
Twixt ſly diſſembling and proud arrogance
I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*.
Give me my ſword and ballance rightly ſwayd,
And *Juſtice* is the Title I deſerve.
VVhen on this ſtage I come with innocent wit,
And jeſts that have more of the ſalt then gall.
That move the laughter and delight of all,

Without

VVithout the griefe of one; free, chaſt conceits,
Not ſcurril, baſe, obſcene, illiberall,
Or contumelious ſlandyrs, I am then
The vertue they have term'd, *Vrbanity*:
To whom if your leaſt countenance may appeare
She vowes to make her conſtant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come--

The Song.

SCEN. 2.

The Maſque, wherein all the vertues dance together.

Medioc. You have ſeen all my daughters, Gentlemen,
Chuſe you wives hence; you that are Batchelours
Can find no better; and the maryed too
May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the ſame wife, and the ſame man
May wed two Vertues. yet no Bigamy;
He that weds moſt is chaſteſt; Theſe are all
The daughters of my womb; I have five more,
The happy iſſue of my intellect
And thence ſyrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,
We hope they act in each ſpectators braine.
I have a Neece beſides, a beauteous one
My daughters deare companion--lovely Friendſhip
A royall nymph; her we preſent not too,
It is a Vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Charo contentium.

SCEN. 3.

Bird. O Siſter what a glorious traine they be
Flow. They ſeem to me the Family of love,
But is their ſuch a Glaſſe, good *Reſcius*?
Reſc. There is! ſent hither by the great Apollo
Who in the worlds bright eye and every day
Set in this Car of light, ſurvayes the earth

From Eaſt to Weſt: who finding every place
Fruitfull in nothing but phantaſtique follies,
And moſt ridiculous humours, as he is
The God of Phyſick, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and ſin, two grand diſeaſes,
And now grown Epidemicall: many Receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted *Helleborе*
In every Garden--But none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the Muſes ſpring,
And ſends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a Chriſtall--That being done, he makes,
A Mirrour with it: and inſtills this vertue,
That it ſhould by reflection ſhew each man
All his deformities both of ſoul and body,
And cure 'em both---
Flow. Good Brother lets go ſee it!
Saints may want ſomething of perfection.
Roſc. The Glaſs is but of one dayes continuance
For Pluto, thinking if it ſhould cure all,
His Kingdome would grow empty (for ti's ſin
That peoples hell, went to the fates and bid 'em
Spin it too ſhort a thread; (for every thing
As well as man is meaſur'd by their ſpindle)
They, as they muſt obey, gave it a thread
No longer then the Beaſts of *Hyppanis*
That in one day is ſpun, drawn out, and cut.
But *Phœbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
Will, when the Glaſs is broke, transfuſe her vertue
To live in Comœdy, if you mean to ſee it,
Make haſte--
Flow. We will goe poſt to reformation. *Exeunt.*
Roſc. Nor is the Glaſs of ſo ſhort life I feare

As

As this poor labour--our diſtruſtfull Author
Thinks the ſame Sun that roſe upon her cradle
will hardly ſet before her funerall:
Your gracious and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or when ſhee's dead,
Raiſe her again, and ſpin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes Religion ſin,
Sets zeale upon the rack, and ſtretches her
Beyond her length--Moſt bleſſed Looking-glaſs
That didſt inſtruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the narrow way!
Bird. Hereafter I will viſit Comœdies,
And ſee them oft, they are good exerciſes!--
I'le teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it ſhall loſe any of her heat
Or Purity, but henceforth ſhall be ſuch (*Exeunt.*
As ſhall burn bright, although not blaze ſo much.

EPILOGUS.

Roſcius ſolus.

Y'*Have ſeen* The Muſes Looking-Glaſs, *Ladies faire*
And Gentle, ouths; and others too who ere
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
Your ſelves unto your ſelves ſtill to preſent.

A ſouldier ſhall himſelfe in Hector *ſee,*
Grave Counſellours, Neſtor, *view themſelves in thee.*
When Lucrece Part *ſhall on our Stage appeare,*
Every chaſt Lady ſees her ſhadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glaſſes
will ſhew both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vexe and cure them: but weneed not feare,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire ſoule and a Beauteous face,
Will viſit oft the Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

FINIS.

AMYNTAS.

OR THE IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED
before the King and Queene
At *WHITE-HALL.*

By T. R.

Paſtorem, Tityre, pingues Paſcere oportet oves, deductum dicere Carmen.

LONDON

Printed in the yeare. 1652.

Drammatis personæ.

Pilumnus. The high Priest of *Ceres*: Father to *Damon* and *Vrania*.

Medorus Father to *Laurinda*.

Clajus. A wild Sylvan, father to *Amyntas* and *Amaryllis*.

Corymbus An under-Priest.

Damon. } Two Rivalls in *Laurinda's* Love.
Alexis. }

Amyntas. A mand Shepheard.

Laurinda. A wavering Nymph.

Vrania A sad Nymph, enamoured on *Amyntas*.

Amaryllis A distressed sheapheardesse, in love with *Damon*.

Thestilis. An old Nymph, sister to *Clajus*.

Iocastus. A phantastique sheapheard and a fairy Knight

Bremius. His man, a blunt Clown.

Mopsus. A foolish Augur enamoured on *Thestilis*.

Dorylas. A knavish boy.

Echo.

Chorus of { *Priests.* *Shepheards.* *Nymphs.*

Quorum sit mentio

Philæbus. }
Lalage. }
Mycon. }

The Scene Sicile, *in the holy vaile.*

The time an Astrologicall day from Noone to Noone.

Prologus

PROLOGVS.

Nymph. Shepheard.

Nymph. ILe ſpeake the Prologue.

Shep. Then you doe me wrong.

Nymp. VVhy, dare your Sexe compare
with ours for tongue?

Shep. A Female *Prologue*!

Nym. Yes, as well as Male.

Shep. That's a new trick;

Nym. And t'other is as ſtale.

Shep. Men are more eloquent then women made.

Nym. But women are more powerfull to perſwade.

Shep. It ſeems ſo; for I dare no more contend.

Nymph. Then beſt give ore the ſtrife, and make an end.

Shep. I will not yeeld.

Nymph. Shall we divide it then?

Shep. You to the women ſpeake.

Nymph. You to the Men.

Shep. Gentlemen, look not from us Rurall Swaine,
For poliſh'd ſpeech, high lines, or courtly ſtrains:
Expect not we ſhould bring a labour'd Scene,
Or Complements; we ken not what they meane.

Nym. And Ladies, we poore Country Girles do come
VVith ſuch behaviour as we learn'd at home.
How ſhall we talke to Nymphs ſo trim and gay,
That nere ſaw Lady yet, but at a *May*?

Shep. His Muſe is very baſhfull, ſhould you throw
A Snake into her Cradle, I do know
She is no *Hercules* to out-live your Ire.

Nym.

Nym. One Hiſſe would make the fearfull foole expire,
Without a ſting.
Sh. Gentlemen do but you
Like this, no matter what the women doe.
Nym. It was a ſawcy *Swain* thus to conclude!
Ladyes, the Gentlemen are not ſo rude,
If they were ever ſchool'd by powerfull love,
As to diſlike the things you ſhall approve.
If you but like him 'twill be greater praiſe
Then if each Muſe of Nine had fetch'd him Bayes!

AMYNTAS.

ACTUS. I. SCENA. I.

Laurinda. Dorylas.

Dor. TIs newes *Laurinda* that will raviſh you!
L. How raviſh me? if't be ſuch deſperate newes
I pray concealeit.
Dor. So I will.
Laur. Nay *Dorylas*,
Pray tell it though.
Dor. Tis deſperate newes, I dare not,
Laur. But prethee doe.
Dor. I muſt conceale it.
Lau. Doe not.
Dor. Miſtreſſe you have prevail'd: I will relate it.
Laur. No matter though whether you do or no,

Dor.

Dor. No? then I will not tell you,
Laur. Yet I care not
Much if I heare it.
Dor. And I care not much
VVhether I tel't or no.
Laur. VVhat is it?
Dor. Nothing
Laur. Sweet *Dorylas* let me know.
Dor. What pretty weather-Cocks
Theſe women are? I ſerve a Miſtreſſe here
Fit to have made a Planet: ſheele waxe and wane
Twice in a minute.
Laur. But good *Dorylas*
Your newes.
Dor. VVhy excellent newes?
Laur. But what?
Dor. Rare newes!
Newes fit,--
Laur. For what?
Dor. To be conceal'd: why Miſtreſſe,
The Rivalls, thoſe on whom this powerfull face
Doth play the Tyrant.---
Laur. *Dorylas*, what of them?
Dor. Now, now ſhe wanes: O for a dainty husband
To make her a full Moon! The amorous couple,
Your brace of ſweet hearts, *Damon* and *Alexis*
Deſire your audience.
Laur. Is this all your newes?
You may conceale it.
Dor. Now you have heard it told
I may conceale it! well, I thank thee nature
Thou didſt create me man, for I want wit
Enough to make up woman, but good Miſtriſs

VVhat

What do you think of *Damon*.
Laur. As a Man
Worthy the best of Nymphs.
Dor. What of *Alexis*?
Laur. As one that may deserve the faireſt Virgin
In *Cicily*.
Dor. What Virgin?
Lau. *Proſerpine*,
Were ſhe yet *Ceres* daughter.
Dor. And what *Damon*?
Lau. He? *Ceres* ſelfe, were ſhe not yet a mother.
Dor. *Creet*, *Creet*! There is no Labyrinth but a woman!
Laurinda, gentle Miſtriſs tell me which
Of theſe you love?
Lau. Why *Damon* beſt of any.
Dor. Why ſo, that's well and plaine:
Lau. Except *Alexis*--
Dor. Why then you love *Alexis* beſt?
Lau. Of any.
Dor I am glad on't.
Lau. But my *Damon*.
Dor. Be this true
And Ile beſworne *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler;
Preſto! You love *Alexis* beſt but *Damon*,
And *Damon* but *Alexis*! love you *Damon*,
Lau. I doe.
Dor. And not *Alexis*?
Lau. And *Alexis*.
Dor. She would ha'both I think.
Lau. Not I by *Ceres*,
Dor. Then you love neither?
Lau. Yes, I doe love either.
Dor. Either, and yet not both, both beſt, yet neither;

Why

Why do you torture thoſe with equall Racks,
That both vow ſervice to you? If your love
Have prefer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it:
Or if *Alexis*, let poor *Damon* know it,
That he which is refus'd, ſmothering his flame,
May make another choyce, now doubtfull hope
Kindles deſire in both.
Lau. Ah *Dorylas*,
Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love!
Thou haſt not learn'd the myſteries of *Cupid*!
Doſt thou not ſee through all *Cicilia*,
From gentleſt ſhepheards to the meaneſt Swaines,
What in auſpicious torches *Hymen* light:
At every wedding? what unfortunate hands
Link in the wedding ring? Nothing but feares
Iarres, diſcontents, ſuſpitions, Jealouſies,
Theſe many yeares meet in the bridall ſheets.
Or if all theſe be miſſing, yet a barrenneſs,
A curſe as cruell, or abortive births
Are all the bleſſings crown the Geniall bed
Till the ſucceſſe prove happier, and I find
A bleſſed change, Ile temper my affection,
Conceale my flames, diſſemble all my fires,
And ſpend thoſe yeares I owe to love and beauty
Only in chooſing one whoſe love to fixe
My love and beauty.
Dor. Rare ſeminine wiſdome!
Will you admit'em?
Lau Yes, goe call them hither.
Yet do not now I think on't; yet you may too;
And yet come back again.
Dor. Nay I will goe.
Lau. VVhy *Dorylas*?

Dor.

Dor. VVhat newes?
Lau. Come back I say.
Dor. Yes, to be sent againe.
Lau. You'l stay I hope.
Dor. Not I by *ceres*.
Lau. Doryas.
Dor. No good Mistriss
Farewell, for I at length have learn'd to know
You call me back onely to bid me goe, *Exit,*
Lau. Tis no great matter sirrah :--when they come
Ile beare my selfe so equall unto both,
As both shall think I love him best, this why
I keep both fires alive, that when I please
I may take which I please.--But who comes here?

SCEN. 2.

Laurinda. Thestylis.

O *Thestylis* y'are welcome!
Thest. If *Laurinda*,
My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely
As to disturbe your private meditations,
I begge your pardon.
Lau. How now *Thestylis*?
Grown Orator of late? has learned *Mopsus*
Read Rhetorique unto you, that you come
To see me with *Exordiums*?
Thest. No *Laurinda*;
But if there be a charm call'd Rhetorique,
An art, that woods and forrests cannot skill;
That with perswasive Magique could command
A pitty in your soule, I would my tongue
Had learn'd that powerfull art!
Lau. VVhy *Thestylis*?
Thou know'st the brests I suck'd were neither VVolves
Nor

Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of waxe,
Soft and ſoone melting; try this amorous heart, 'tis not
Of flint or marble.
The. If it were, *Lauinda*,
The teares of her, whoſe Orator I come
have power to ſoften it. Beauteous *Amaryllis*,
She that in this unfortunate age of love,
This hapleſſe time of *Cupids* Tyranny
Plac'd her affection on a ſcornfull ſhepheard,
One that diſdaines her love.
Lau. Diſdaines her love!
I tell thee *Theſtylis* in my poor judgement,
(And women if no envy blind their eyes,
Beſt Judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis*
May make a bride worthy the proudeſt ſhepheard
In all *Cicilia*: but wherein can I
Pitty this injur'd Nymph?
The. Thus ſhe deſires you,
As you deſire to thrive in him you love;
As you do love him whom you moſt deſire,
Not to love *Damon*: *Damon* alas repayes
Her love with ſcorn; tis a requeſt ſhe ſayes
She knowes you cannot grant, but if you do not
She will not live to aske again.
Lau. Poore Nymph!
My *Amaryllis* knowes by fidelity,
How often I have weſported on the Lawns,
And dane'd a roundelay to *Iocaſtus* pipe?
If I can do her ſervice *Theſtylis*,
Be ſure I will: Good wench; I dare not ſtay
Leſt I diſpleaſe my Father; who in this age
Of hapleſſe lovers watches me as cloſe
As did the Dragon the *Heſperian* fruit,

Fare-

Farewell. *Exit. Laur.*
Thest. Farewell *Laurinda*! Thus poor foole
I toyle for others like the painfull Bee,
From every flower cull hony drops of love
To bring to others hives: *Cupid* does this
Cause I am *Clajus* sister. Other Nymphs
Have their variety of loves, for every gown,
Nay every petticoate; I have only one,
The poor foole *Mopsus*! yet no matter wench,
Fooles never were in more request then now;
Ile make much of him, for that woman lyes
In weary sheets, whose Husband is too wise.

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Iocastus.

Mop. Iocastus, I love *Thestylis* abominably,
The mouth of my affection waters at her.
Io. Be wary *Mopsus*, learn of me to scorn
The mortalls; choose a better match: go love
Some *Fairy* Lady! Princely *Oberon*
Shall stand thy friend: and beauteous *Mab* his Queen
Give thee a *Maid of Honour*.
Mop. How *Iocastus*?
Marry a Puppet? Wed a mote ith'Sunne?
Go look a wife in nutshells? woo a gnat
That's nothing but a voyce? No, no, *Iocastus*,
I must have flesh and blood, and will have *Thestylis*,
A fig for *Fairies*!
The. Tis my sweet-heart *Mopsus*,
And his wise brother: O the twins of folly!
These do I entertain only to season
The poor *Amyntas* madness.
Mop. Sacred red and white,

How

How fares the reverend beauty?
Theſt. Very ill
Since you were abſent, *Mopſus*! where have you
Been all this live-long hour?
Mop. I have been
Diſcourſing with the Birds!
Theſt. VVhy, can birds ſpeak?
Io. In Fairy land they can: I have heard'em chirp
Very good Greek and Latin.
Mop. And our Birds
Talk better farre than they: a new-laid egge
Of *Sicily* ſhall out-talk the braveſt Parrot
In *Oberons Etopia.*
Theſt. But what languages
Doe they ſpeak, ſervant?
Mop Severall languages,
As *Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation,*
Whiſtleation, Crowation, Cackleation,
Shreekation, Hiſſation.
Theſt. And Foolation?
Mop. No, that's our langnage, we our ſelves ſpeak that,
That are the learned Augurs.
Theſt. What ſucceſſe
Does your art promiſe?
Mop. Very good.
Theſt. What Birds
Met you then firſt?
Mop. A Wood-cock and a Gooſe,
Theſt. Well met.
Mop. I told'm ſo.
Theſt. And what might this portend? (and Cock.
Mop. Why thus--and firſt the Wood-cock--*Wood*
Both very good ſignes, For firſt the wood doth ſignifie

The fire of our love shall never goe out,
Because it has more fuell: wood doth signifie
More fuell.
Thest. What the Cock?
Mop. Better then t'other:
That I shall crow o're those that are my rivals,
And roost my selfe with thee.
Thest. But now the Goose?
Mop. I, I, the Goose that likes me best of all,
Th'hast heard our gray-beard, shepheards talk of Rome,
And what the Geese did there: the Goose doth signifie
That I shall keep thy *Capitoll.*
Thest. Good Gander!
Io. It cannot choose but strangely please his highness!
Thest. What are you studying of *Iocastus*, ha?
Io. A rare device, a Masque to entertaine
His grace of *Fairy* with.
Thest. A Masque? what is't?
Io. An anti-Masque of fleas, which I have taught
To dance Curranto's on a spiders thread.
Mop. An anti-masque of fleas? brother me thinks
A Masque of Birds were better, that could dance
The morrice in the ayre, Wrens and Robbin-redbrests,
Linnets, and Titmice.
Io. So! and why not rather
Your Geese & wood-cocks? mortall hold thy tongue,
Thou dost not know the mystery.
Thest. Tis true,
He tells you *Mopsus*, leave your Augury,
Follow his counsell, and be wise.
Mop. Be wise?
I skorn the motion, follow his counsell and be wise?
That's a fine trick i'faith! in this an age

For

For to be wise in?
The. Then you meane I see,
T'expound the Oracle,
Mop. I doe mean to be
Th'interpreter.
Io.--And then a Jig of Pismires
Is excellent.
Mop. What to interpret Oracles?
A foole must be th'interpreter.
The. Then no doubt
But you will have honour.
Mop. Nay I hope
I am as faire for't as another man.
If I should now grow wise against my will,
And catch this wisdome!
The. Never feare it *Mopsus*.
Mop. T'were dangerous vent'ring now I think on't too
Pray Heaven this ayre be wholsome! is there not
An Antidote against it? what doe you think
Of Garlike every morning?
The. Fye upon't,
'Twill spoyle our kissing! and besides I tell you
Garliks a dangerous dish, eating of garlick
May breed the sicknesse, for as I remember
Tis the Phylosophers dyet.
Mop. Certainly
I am infected, now the fit's upon me!
Tis something like an ague, sure I caught it
With talking with a Scholler next my heart.
The. How sad a life live I
Betwixt their folly and *Amyntas* madnesse!
For *Mopsus* Ile prescribe yourfuch a dyet
As shall secure you,

Mop. Excellent she Doctor!
Your women are the best Physitians,
And have the better practice.
The. First my *Mopsus*,
Take heed of fasting, for your hungry meales
Nurse wisdome.
Mop. True! O what a stomach have I
To be her patient!
The. Besides, take speciall care
You weare not thred-bare clothes: 'twill breed at least
Suspition you are wise.
Io. I marry will it.
The. And walk not much alone; or if you walk
With company, be sure you walk with fooles,
None of the wise.
Mop. No, on, I warrant you,
Ile walk with no body but my brother here,
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.
The. By all meanes
Take heed of Travell, your beyond-sea wit
Is to be fear'd,
Mop. If ere I travell hang me.
Io. Not to the *Fairy* land?
The. Thither he may.
But above all things weare no beard, long beards
Are signes the braines are full; because the excrements
Come out so plentifully.
Io. Rather empty;
Because they have sent so much out, as if
Their braines were sunk into their beards: King *Oberon*
Has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am sure
He might have been a Giant, Who comes here?

Enter Dorylus.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter
Of fowles and Oracles!
Mop. Thankes good *Dorylas*,
Dor. How fares the winged cattell? are the wood-cocks,
The Jayes, the Dawes, the Cuckoes, and the Owles
In health?
Mop. I thanke the gracious ſtarres they are.
Dor. Like health unto the preſident of the Jigs,
I hope King *Oberon* and his Royall *Mab*
Are well.
Io. They are, I never ſaw their *Graces*
Eate ſuch a meale before.
Dor. E'ne much good do't'em!
Io. They're rid a hunting.
Dor. Hare or Deere my Lord?
Io. Neither, a brace of ſnailes of the firſt head.
Theſt. But *Dorylas*, there's a mighty quarrell here,
And you are choſen umpire.
Dor. About what?
Theſt. The expoſition of the Oracle.
Which of theſe two you think the verier foole.
Dor It is a difficult cauſe, firſt let me poſe'em.
You *Mopſus*, cauſe you are a learned Augur,
How many are the ſeven liberall Sciences?
Mop. Why, much about a dozen.
Dor. You *Iocaſtus*,
When *Oberon* ſhav'd himſelfe, who was his Barber?
Io. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Perriwinkle*.
Dor. Theſtylis,
A weighty cauſe and askes a longer time.
The. Wee'l in the while to comfort ſad *Amyntas*.
Exeunt. The. Mop. Io.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas, Laurinda.

Lau. I wonder much that *Dorylas* stayes so long,
Fain would I heare whether they'l come or no,
Dor. Ha? would you so?
Laur. I see in your Messages
You can goe fast enough.
Dor. Indeed forsooth,
I loyter'd by the way.
Lau. VVhat will they come?
Dor. VVhich of them?
Laur. Damon.
Dor. No.
Laur. Alexis will?
Dor. Not he.
Laur. How neither; am I then neglected?
Dor. Damon will come.
Lau. And not *Alexis* too?
Dor Onely *Alexis* comes.
Laur. Let him not come?
I wonder who sent for him; unlesse both,
Ile speake with none.
Dor. Why? both will visit you.
Lau. Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you sawcy rascall you,
How do you strive to crosse me?
Dor. And sweet Mistris,
Still I will crosse you, 'tis the onely way
Truly to please you.

SCEN. 5.

Enter Medorus.

Medo. So, you'l all please her,
I wonder who'l please me? you all for her

Can

Can runne of errands, carry love-ſicke letters,
And amorous Eglogues from her howling ſuitors
To her, and back again, be *Cupids* Heraulds,
And point out meetings for her.
Dor. Truly *Sir*,
Not I, pray aske my Miſtreſſe:
Your ſweet-hearts, ſpeak, ſpeak, nay ſpeak if you can;
Doe I?
Laur. VVhy no.
Dor. Nay ſay your worſt, I care not,
Did I goe ever?
Lau. Never.
Dor. La you now!
We were deviſing nothing but a ſnare
To catch the Pole-cat,
Med. Sirrah get you in;
Take heed I doe not find your haunts.
Dor. VVhat haunts?
Med. You'l in?
Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy,
To skimme the milke-bowles like a lickoriſh *Fairy*.
Exit. Dor.
Med. He that's a womans keeper, ſhould have eyes
A hundred more than *Argus*, and his eares
Double the number. Now the newes, What letters?
What poſie, ring or bracelet wooes to day?
VVhat grove to night is conſcious of your whiſpers?
Come tell me for I feare your truſty ſquire,
Your little cloſet blabbes into your eare
Some ſecret, let me know it.
Laur. Then you feare,
Leſt I ſhould be in love.
Med. Indeed I doe,

Cupid's a dangerous boy, and often wounds
The wanton roving eye.
Laur. Were I in love,
Not that I am (for yet by *Diana's* bow
I have not made my choyce,) and yet suppose,
Suppose I say I were in love, what then?
Me. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girle,
Till lovers prove happier, till the wretched *Clajus*
Hath satisfied the gods.
Lau. Why *Clajus*, Father?
Me. Hast thou not heard it?
Lau. Never. *Me.* Tis impossible.
Lau. How should I sir? you know that my discourse
Is all with walls and pictures, I nere meet
The Virgins on the downs.
Me. VVhy I will tell thee,
Thou knowest *Pilumnus*?
Lau. The high Priest of *Ceres*?
Me. Yes: This *Pilumnus* had a son *Philæbus*,
VVho was, while yet he was, the only joy
The staffe and comfort of his fathers age,
And might have still been so, had not fond love
Undone him
Lau. How did love undoe *Philæbus*?
Me. Why thus; one *Lalage*, a beauteous Nymph
As ever eye admired, *Alphestus* daughter,
Was by her father promis'd him in marriage,
Lau. Why hitherto his love had good successe.
Me. But only promis'd for the shepheard *Clajus*,
(A man accurst in *Sicilian* fields!)
Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage*
From sweet *Philæbus*: he sad heart being rob'd,
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty

VVhich

VVhich gave him life and motion; seeing *Clajus*
In joy those lips whose cherries were the food
That nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,
In melancholly sighs and discontents;
Look'd like a withered tree o'regrown with mosse,
His eyes were ever dropping Icesakles.
Disdain and sorrow made *Pilumnus* rage,
And in this rage, he makes his moan to *Ceres*
(*Ceres* most sacred of *Sicilian* powers;)
And in those moanes he prosecutes revenge,
And that revenge to fall on *Lalage*.
Lau. VVould *Ceres* heare his prayers?
Me. Silly maid!
His passions were not causeleſſe; and with what justice
Could she deny *Pilumnus*? how oft hath he sprinkled,
The finest flower of wheat, and sweetest myrrhe.
Vpon her Altars? *Lalage* rul'd the time
Shee flouted brave *Philebus*. Now she was great
With two sweet twins, the faire chaste *Amaryllis*,
And mad *Amyntas*; (an unlucky payre)
These she brought forth, but never liv'd to see them.
Lucina caus'd her sorrowes stop her breath;
Leaving this matchleſſe payre of beauteous infants,
In whom till now she lives.
Lau. After her death,
How far'd the sorrowfull *Philebus*?
Me. VVorse
Then ever: She being dead whose life was his,
VVhose looks did hold his eyes from shutting up,
He pin'd away in sorrowes, griefe it was
To see she was not his, but greater farre
That she was not at all, Her Exequies being past,
He casts him down upon that turfe of earth,

Vnder

Vnder whose roofe his *Lalage* was hous'd,
And parlied with her ashes, till his own lamp
VVas quite extinguish'd with a fatall damp
Here ended th'noble shepheard.
Lau. Vnhappy lover!
Tis pitty but the Virgins once a yeare,
Should wash his tomb with maiden teares! but now
Both *Lalage* being dead, and her *Philebus*,
How comes it other loves should prove unfortunate?
Med. Philumnus having lost his hopefull Sonne,
Though he had two more Children, faire *Pravia*.
And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*
Suffic'd not his revenge, but he a new implores (me thus
His goddesse wrath 'gainst *Clajus*--Doth *Ceres* prize
Shall *clajus* tread upon the flowry Plain,
And walke upon the ashes of my body?
VVill I be *Archy-flamen* where the gods
Are so remisse? let woolves approach their shrines?
Their howlings are as powerfull as the Prayers
Of sad *Philumnus*!--Such disguests at last
A waken'd *Ceres* with hollow murmuring noise
Her *Ompha* like a thunder 'gins to roare.
(The *Ompha* if it menace speaks at large
In copious language, but perplexed terms.)
And laid this curse on all *Trinacria*.

Sicilian swains, ill luck shall long betide
To every bridegroome, and to every bride:
No sacrifice, no vow shall still mine Ire,
Till Clajus *blood doth quench and kindle fire*
The wise shall misconceive me, and the wit
Scorned, and neglected shall my meaning hit.

Laur. Angry and intricate! Alas for love!
VVhat then became of *Clajus*?

Me.

Me. VVhy, the *Oracle*
Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing
The hate of old *Pilumnus* fled away:
I think he's sayl'd to the *Antipodes*,
No tidings can be brought what ground receives him,
Unlesse *Corymbus* make a happy voyage;
Corymbus that will search both East and Occident
And when he finds him, spill his captive blood.
Which *Ceres* grant he may! tender *Laurinda*,
Now dost thou see the reason of my care,
And why my watchfull eyes so close observe
Thy steps and actions.
Lau. And I promise, father,
To temper my affections, 'till the Goddesse
Doe mitigate her anger.
Me. Doe so then:
For now you see with what unfortunate choyce
Pilumnus daughter, delicate *Vrania* loves
The mad *Amyntas*: for the angry Goddesse,
Though she repaid the wrong done to *Philebus*,
Yet not approving the revengefull mind
Of great *Pilumnus*, scourg'd him with his own asking,
By threatning an unhappy marriage
To his *Vrania*, unlesse he that wooes her
Pay an impossible dowry; for as others
Give Portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Priests
Vse to receive for theirs. The words are these,

That which thou hast not, must not, nor canst not have
Amyntas is the Dowry that I crave
Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine
To give Vrania *thin, and she is thine.*

Which while the poore *Amyntas* would interpret,
He lost his wits; take heed of love, *Laurinda*,

You see th'unhappinesse of it in others;
Let not experience in thy selfe instruct thee
Be wise my Girle: so come and follow me. *Exit.*
Lau. I'le make a Garland for my kid and follow you,
What a sad tale was here! how full of sorrow!
Happy that heart that never felt the shaft
Of angry *Cupid.*

SCEN. 6.

Damon, Alexis.

Damon and *Alexis*?
Their presents quickly puts these cogitations
Out of my mind: Poore soules, I fain would pity them,
And yet I cannot, for to pity one
Were not to pity t'other, and to pity
Both were to pity neither. Mine old temper
Is all the shift I have; some dew of comfort
To either of them. How now bold intruders,
How dare you venture on my privacy?
If you must needs have this walk, be it so!
I'le seek another: What? you'll let me goe,
Da. Cruell *Laurinda* (if a word so foule
Can have so faire a dwelling,) seale not up
Thy eares, but let a pity enter there
And find a passage to thy heart,
Alex. Laurinda,
The name which but to speak I would not wish
For life or breath. Let not thy powerfull beauty
Torment us longer: Tell us which of us
You vallue most.
Da, and t'other, for old friendship
Strangling his bitter Corrosive in his heart,
Hath promis'd to desist from further suit.
Alex. Or if he cannot so, as sure he cannot;

Yet

Yet he will rather chuſe to dye then live
Once to oppoſe your liking.
Lau. Since you are
Growne ſo importunat, and will not be anſwer'd
With modeſt ſilence; Know, I wiſh you well.
Alex. How, me *Laurinda*?
Laur. Why I wiſh *Alexis*
I were thy wife
Da. Then moſt unhappy me
Alex. That word doth reliſh immortality?
Lau. And I do wiſh thou wer't my husband, *Damon.*
Alex. Still more perplexed, what do you think I am?
Lau. My head, *Alexis.*
Da. And what I?
Lau. My heart.
Da. Which hand am I?
Lau. *Damon*, my right.
Alex. Which I?
Lau. My left, *Alexis.*
Alex. Thus you ſcorn my love.
Lau. Not I *Alexis*; th'art my only hope.
Da. Then I am all deſpaire, no hope for me.
Lau. Why ſo my *Damon*? thou art my deſire.
Alexis is my flame; *Damon* my fire.
Alexis doth deſerve my nuptiall Bed,
And *Damon's* worthy of my Maindenhead!

Exit. Lau.

Alex. *Damon*, deſiſt thy ſuit or loſe thy life.
Thou heard'ſt *Laurinda* wiſh ſhe were my wife
Da. Thy wife *Alexis*? But how can it be
Without a Husband? and I muſt be he.
Alex. I am her head; that word doth ſeems'impart
She meanes my marriage.

Da. How without her heart?
For that am I: besides you heard her say
I was the right hand you the left, away,
Desist *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.
Alex But *Damon*, I next to her heart doe stand,
I am her hope, in that you plainly see,
The end of her intents doth ayme at me,
Da. But I am her desire, in that 'tis shown
Her onely wish is to make me her own.
Alex. I am her flame.
Da. 'Tis true, but I her fire.
Alex. The flame's the hotter, therefore her desire
Most aimes at me.
Da. Yet when the flame is spent,
The fire continues; Therefore me she meant,
Al. She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed.
Da. *Alexis* doe, so *I* her maiden-head.
Al. I see she still conceales it, and with speeches
Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.
Da. Let's heve another meeting, since her words
Delude us thus; wee'le have a pregnant signe
To shew her mind.
Alex. I goe that way a hunting,
And will call for her.
Da. I'le the while retire
Into the Temple, if I linger here
I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*,
Who with unwelcome love solicites me.
Alex. And would she might prevaile!
Da. Till then farewell.
Alex. All happinesse to *Damon* be
Except *Laurinda*
Da. All but her to thee.

Alex,

Alex. Thus we in love and Courteſie contend,
Da. The name of Rivall ſhould not loſe the Friend.

Finis, Actus. 1. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS SCEN. 1.

Pilumnus. Vrania.

Vra. FAther perſwade me not! The power of Heaven
Can never force me from *Amyntas* love;
'Tis rooted here ſo deep within my heart
That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once
That and my ſoul together.
Pil. Fond *Vrania*!
Can ignorant love make thee affect the ſeed,
The hatefull ſeed of curſed *Lalage*?
Did I for this beget thee;
Vra. Father you know
Divinity is powerfull, *Cupids* will
Muſt not be queſtioned, when love meanes to ſpore
(I have heard your ſelfe relate it) he can make
The VVolfe and Lamb kiſſe friendly; force the Lyon
T'forget his Majeſty, and in amorous dalliance
Sport with the friſking Kid; when *Venus* rides,
She'le linke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan
To the ſame chariot, and will yoake together
The necks of Doves and Eagles, when as ſhe
Commands; all things loſe their Antipathy,
Even contrarieties; can I alone
Reſiſt her will? I cannot, my *Amyntas*,
Shall witneſſe that!
Pil. I blame thee not ſo much
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas*,
But being mad, and having loſt himſelfe,
VVhy ſhould not thou loſe thy affection too?
Vra. I love him now the rather; he hath loſt

Himſelfe

Himselfe for me: and should he lose me too?
It were a sinne he should!
Pil. VVhat canst thou love
In his distemper'd wilderneſſe?
Vra. Onely that,
His wilderneſſe; 'tis the comfort I have left
To make my teares keep time to his distractions;
To think as wildly as he talkes, to marry
Our griefes together, since our selves we cannot.
The Oracle doth aske so strange a Dowry,
That now his company is the onely bliſſe
My love can ayme at: but I stay too long
I'le in to comfort him.
Pil. Doe not *Vrania*
Vra. Doe not,
I must and will; nature commands me no,
But love more powerfull sayes it shall be so *Exit.*
Pil. The Gods did well to make their Destinies
Of women, that their wills might stand for law
Fixt and unchang'd, who's this *Corymbus*,

SCEN. 2.

Pilumnus, Corymbus.

Pil. Corymbus -welcome
Cor, Sacred *Pilumnus*--hayle
And fruitfull *Sicilie* I kiſſe thy duſt.--
Pil. What newes *Corymbus*? is our Countries Miſchiefe
Fetter'd in chaines?
Cor. Thrice the ſun hath paſt
Through the twelve Inns of heaven, ſince my dilligence
Has been imploy'd in queſt of him, whoſe death
Muſt give poor Lovers life, the hatefull *Clajus*;
Yet could I ne're heare of him.--The meane while
How fare the poore *Sicilians*? Does awfull *Ceres*

Still

Still bend the angry brow? Find the sad lovers
No rest, no quiet yet?
Pil Corymbus none!
The goddesse has not yet deign'd to accept
One sacrifice, no favourable *Echo*
Resounded from her *Ompha*; all her answers,
Are full, and doubtfull.
Cor. The true signe, *Pilumnus*,
Her wroth is not appeas'd.
Pil. Appeas'd say you?
Rather again incens'd so far, *Corymbus*,
As that my selfe am plagu'd; My poore *Vrania*
Doates on *Amyntas*.
Cor. First shall our hives swarme in the venomous yew,
And Goats shall browze upon the myrtle wands!
One of our blood, *Pilumnus*, (is it possible)
Love *Lalage* and *Clajus* brood?
Pil. The chaine of fate
Will have it so! And he lov'd her as much
Cor. That makes it something better.
Pil. Ah, thou knowest not
What sting this waspish fortune pricks me with!
Seeing their loves so constant, so inflexible,
Chid with dame *Ceres* 'cause she us'd me thus.
My words were inconsiderate, and the heavens
Punish'd my rash expostulations:
Seeing *Archi-flamen* of *Trinacria*
I did demand a Dowry of that Shepheard
That makes my daughters--Set the prize said I,
Thou goddesse, that dost cause such hatefull loves;
If that *Amyntas* be thy darling swaine,
Aske thou, and let a Dowry for *Vrania*:
With that the Altar groan'd, my haire grew stiffe,

Amyntas look'd agast; *Vrania* quiver'd,
And the *Ompha* answer'd.
Cor. VVith an *Echo*?
Pil. No.
Cor. Then I presage some ill!
Pil. This darke demand.
That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have,
Amyntas, *is the dowry that I crave:*
Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine
To give Urania *this, and she is thine.*
And so he did, but the perplexed sense
Troubl'd his braines so far, he lost his wits:
Yet still he loves, and she,--my griefe *Corymbus*
Will not permit me to relate the rest.
I'le in into the Temple, and expresse
What's yet behind in teares. *Exit.*
Cor, Sad, sad *Pilumnus*!
And most distress'd *Sicilians*! other Nations
Are happy in their loves, you only are unfortunate!
In all my travells ne're a spring but had
Her paire of lovers, singing to that musique
The gentle bubling of her waters made.
Never a walk unstor'd with amorous couples
Twind with so close imbraces, as if both
Meant to grow one together! every shade
Sheltred some happy loves, that counting dazies
Scor'd up the summes on one anothers lips,
That met so oft and close, as if they had
Chang'd soules at every kisse. The marryed sort
As sweet and kind as they: at every evening
The loving husband and full brested wife
Walkt on the Downes so friendly, as if that
Had been their wedding dey. The boyes of five

An

And girles of foure, e're that their lisping tongues
Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love,
Court one another, and in wanton dalliance
Returne such innocent kisses, you'd have thought
You had seen Turtles billing.

SCEN. 3.

Mopsus, Corymbus.

Mop. What ayr is that? *The voyce of--Turtles billing?*
Of Turtles! a good Omen! she is chaste--
And *billing, billing,* O delicious *billing!*
That word presages kissing -
Co. Who is this?
Mopsus, my learned Augur?
Mop. Stand aside,
--The other side; I will not talke to thee
Unlesse I have the winde.
Co. Why, what's the matter *Mopsus?*
Mop. Th'art infected.
Co. What with the Plague?
Mop. Worse then the Plague, the wisdome!
You have been in travell, and that's dangerous
For getting wisdom.
Co. Then ne're feare it, *Mopsus,*
For I come home a foole just as I went.
Mop. By *Ceres?*
Co. Yes.
Mop, By *Ceres* welcome then,
Co. But *Mopsus,* why doe you walk here alone?
That's--dangerous too.
Mop. I: but I come to meet
The Citizens of the ayre; you have heard my skill
In Augury?
Co. Why I have heard your name

Not mention'd any where in all my travells.
Mop. How? not mention'd?
Co. Y'are too hasty *Mopsus*,
Not-without admiration.
Mop. I know that.
Co. How should you know it?
Mop. Why some birds or other
Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me.
Co. But how dare you converse with birds that travell?
Mop. With an Antidote I may, but my *Corymbus*
What strange birds have you seene beyond seas?
Cor. Brave ones:
Ladyes with fans and feathers! dainty fowles!
There were brave taking augury.
Mop. But *Corymbus*,
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things?
Co. As tame as Sparrowes, and as sweet as Nightingales.
Mop. Is the Cocklady-bird, or Henlady-bird
The better?
Cor. All are Hens.
Mop. O admirable!
Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan?
Cor. A fan's a-wing of one side.
Mop. Delicate!
And what's their Feather?
Cor. Like the copple crowne
The Lap-wing has.
Mop. The Lap-wing? then they'l---ly.
Co. With men they will.
Mop. Delicious Lady-birds!
But have they such brave traines, such curious tayles
As our birds have?
Cor. Like Peacocks, there's the head

Of

Of all their pride.
Mop. Nay, 'tis the tayle, *Corymbus*,
Surely these things you call Lady-birds
Are the true birds of Paradice!
Enter Corymbu's Carriages.
Cor. Very right--
Mopsus, I cannot stay, I must attend
My carriage to the Temple: gentle *Mopsus*
Farewell. *Exit.*
Mop. Farwell *Corymbus*! By my troth
I never long'd for any thing in my life
So much as Lady-birds; dainty Lady-birds!
I would fetch one of them; but I dare not travell
For feare I catch the wisdome. O sweet Lady-birds!
With copple crownes, and wings but on one side!
And tayles like Peacocks! curious Lady-birds!

SCEN. 4.

Amyntas, Vrania, Amaryllis, manet, Mopsus.
Amyn. *That which I have not, may not, cannot have!*
It is the moone! *Vrania*, thou shalt weare
The horned goddesse at thy beauteous eare.
--Come hither *Pegasus*, I will mount thy back,
And spurr thee to her orbe,
Mop. O good *Amyntas*!
Amyntas--Why, art thou foundred *Pegasus*, *Amaryllis*,
Fetch him a peck of provender.
Vra. Sweet *Amyntas*!
Amyntas What sayes my *Cythera*? wouldst thou eat
A golden Apple? if thou wilt, by *Venus*
I'le rob th' *Hesperian Orchard*.
Mop. Ha, ha, he!
Amyn. Ha? dost thou laugh old *Charon*; sirrah sculler.

Prepare

Prepare thy boat!
Amar. For what? deare brother ſpeak!
Amyn. Art thou my ſiſter? *Hellen*? were we hatch'd
In the ſame eg-ſhell?--Is your Cock-boat ready?
Mop. It is, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Amynt. Very well!
Row me to hell!--no faſter? I would have thee
Chain'd unto *Pluto's* Gallies.
Vra. Why to hell,
My deare *Amyntas*?
Amynt. Why; to borrow money!
Amar. Borrow there?
Amyn. I there! they ſay there be more Uſurers there
Then all the world beſides--ſee how the winds
Riſe! Puffe--puffe *Boreas*--what a cloud comes yonder
Take heed of that wave *Charon*! ha? give me
The Oares!--ſo ſo: the boat is overthrowne,
Now *Charons* dround: but I will ſwim to ſhore--
Vra. O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes,
Look on ſo ſad an object, and not melt
Them and thy heart to pity?
Ama. How this griefe
Racks my tormented ſoule! but the neglect
Of *Damon* more afflicts me; the whole Senate
Of Heaven decrees my ruine.
Vra. And mine too,
Come *Amaryllis* lets weep both together,
Contending in our ſorrowes!
Ama. Would to *Ceres*
That I were dead!
Vra. And I had nere been born!
Am. Then had not I been wretched!
Vra. Then *Amyntas*,

Might

Might have beene happy.
Mop. Nay if you begin
Once to talke wisely, 'Tis above high time,
That I were gone: farewell *Bellerophon*.
I must goe seek my *Bestylis*; shee's not here. *Exit.*
Amy. My armes are weary,---now I sink I sink!
Farewell *Vrania*.
Ama. Alas what strange distractions,
Tosse his distempered braine!
Vra. Yet still his love to me
Lives constant.
Amy. *Styx*, I thanke thee! That curld wave
Hath tost'd me on the shore--come *Sysiphus*,
I'le rowle thy stone a while: me thinks this labour
Doth looke like love! does it not, *Tysiphone*?
Ama. Mine is that restlesse toyle.
Amy. I'ft so *Erynnis*?
You are an idle huswife, goe and spin
At poore *Ixions* wheele!
Vra. *Amyntas*.
Amynt. Ha?
Am I knowne here
Vra. *Amyntas*, deare *Amyntas*--
Amyn. Who calls *Amyntas*? beauteous *Proserpine*?
Tis she--Faire Empresse of th'*Elysian* shades,
Cere, bright daughter intercede for me
To thy incensed mother; prethee bid her
Leave talking ridles, wilt thou?
Vra. How shall I
Apply my selfe to his wild passions?
Ama. Seeme to be
What he conceives you.
Amyn. Queene of darkenesse

Then

Thou ſupreme Lady of eternall night.
Grant my petitions! wilt thou beg of *Ceres*
That I may have *Vrania?*
Vra. Tis my prayer,
And ſhall be ever, I will promiſe thee
She ſhall have none but him.
Amyn. Thanks *Proſerpine!*
Vra. Come ſweet *Amyntas*, reſt thy troubled head
Here in my lap:--Now here I hold at once
My ſorrow and my comfort: Nay lye ſtill
Amyn. I will, but *Proſerpine* -
Vra. Nay, good *Amyntas*.--
Amyntas. Should *Pluto* chance to ſpy me, would not he
Be jealous of me?
Vran. No.
Amyn. Tiſiphone,
Tell not *Vrania* of it, leſt ſhe feare
I am in love with *Proſerpine*: do not fury!
Amynt. I will not.
Vra. Pray lye ſtill!
Amynt. You *Proſerpine.*
There is in *Sicilie* the faireſt Virgin
That ever bleſt the land, that never breath'd
Sweeter then *Zephyrus*! didſt thou never hear
Of one *Vrania?*
Vra. Yes
Amyntas This poore *Vrania* (*ſiphone*,
Loves an unfortunate Shepheard, one that's mad, *Ty-*
Canſt thou believe it? Elegant *Vrania*
I cannot ſpeake it without teares) ſtill loves
Amyntas, the diſtracted man mad *Amyntas.*
I'ſt not a conſtant Nymph?--But I will goe
And carry all *Eliſium* on my back.

And

And that shall be her joynture.
Vra. Good *Amyntas*,
Rest here a while.
Amyn. VVhy weep you *Proserpine*?
Vra. Because *Vrania* weeps to see *Amyntas*
So restlesse and unquiet,
Amyn. Does she so?
Then will I lye as calme as doth the Sea,
When all the winds are lockt in *Æolus* jayle:
I will not move a haire, nor let a nerve
Or Pulse to beat lest I disturb her. Hush—
She sleepes!
Vra. And so do you
Amy. You talk too loud,
You'l waken my *Vrania*.
Vra. If *Amyntas*,
Her deare *Amyntas* would but take his rest,
Vrania could not want it.
Amy. Not so loud!
Amt. What a sad paire are we?
Vra. How miserable!
He that I love is not!
Ama. And he that I
Do love, loves not; or, if he love, not me:
Vra. I have undone *Amyntas*!
Ama. And my *Damon*
Has undone me.
Vra. My kindnesse ruin'd him.
Amt. But his unkindnesse, me; unhappy me?
Vra. More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reason,
And he may love.
Ama. But does not thy *Amyntas*
Returne thee mutuall love?

Vra.

Vra. True *Amaryllis*
But he has loſt his reaſon: mine has love,
No reaſon
Ama. Mine has reaſon, but no love,
O me!
Vra. My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefe
Meet full with mine to make the trueſt ſtory
Of perfect ſorrow that ere eye bede'wd
With teares of pitty!
Ama. Come *Vranie*:
Let's ſit together like two marble monuments
Of ever weeping miſery--

Da. Minds in love,
Doe count their dayes by minutes, meaſures houres
By every ſand that drops through the flow glaſſe;
And for each vicious teare,
Ama. If ſo my *Damon*,
How many times hath thy unkindneſſe ruin'd
Sad *Amaryllis*? every frowne is mortall,
Dam. Ill luck, to ſeek my love and finde my hate!
Ama. Be not ſo cruell to me! Gentle *Damon*,
--Accept this witneſſe of my love, it is
The ſtory of poore *Echo*, that for love
Of her *Narciſſus* pin'd into a voyce,
Da. Doe thou ſo too!
Ama. *Damon*, ſuppoſe I ſhould,
And then the Gods for thy contempt of me
Should plague thee like *Narciſſus*
Da. *Amaryllis*,
They cannot do it: I have fixt my love
So firme on my *Laurinda*, that for her
Ie're ſhall hate my ſelfe:

Ama.

Ama. ---Prethee love accept it,
'Twas wrought by mine own hand.
Da. For that I hate it!
Vra. Fy Brother can you be of the same stock,
Issue, and bloud with me, and yet so cruell?
Da. Nor can I, sister, dote like you on any
That is the cursed brat of *Lalage*.
Amy. Saist thou so *Centaure*?--
Vra. Good *Amyntas* hold,
This is the sacred valley: here 'tis death,
For to shed humane blood.
Da. Still idly you complain
To crosse me, *Amaryllis*, but in vain! *Exit.*
Ama. O, I am sick to death!
Amy. What a brave show
The monsters braines would make.

SCEN. 5.

Thestylis, Mopsus, Amyntas, Amarillis, Vrania.

Ama. My griefe o're weighs me!
The. How fares my *Amaryllis*?
Ama. Like a Taper
Almost burnt out: sometimes all a darknesse,
And now and then a flash or two of comfort,
But soone blown out again. Ah *Thestylis*,
I cannot long subsist; for the vain labour
Away! I hate the cause my *Damon* does,
And for that reason too I hate my selfe,
And every thing but him!
Vra. Come my sad partner,
Poore rivall of my sorrowes: Goe with me
Into the Temple, I'le intreat my Brother
To use thee kindly: if in me it lye,

I'le

I'le helpe thee

Ama. Doe *Vrania*, or I dye *Exeunt Vrania, Amaryllis Amyntas, Thestylis, Mopsus.*

The. What a ſtrange thing is Love!

Amy. It is a madneſſe.

See how it ſtares--Have at thee thou blind Archer!

--O I have miſt him!--Now I'le ſtand the *Cupid*!

Look how the raſcall winks a one eye *Theſtylis*!

May draw your arrow home, boy, juſt i'th heart!

--O I am ſlain!

Theſt. *Amyntas*!

Amy. Doſt not ſee?

My blood runs down about me, I lye ſoaking

In a red Sea, take heed! ſee *Theſtylis*,

What a fine Crimſon 'tis?

Mop. Where?

Amy Here you Puppet!

Doſt thou not ſee it?

Mop. Yes I ſee it plain,

But I ſpy nothing.

Amy. Then thou art a mole,

Mop. Now I look better on't, I ſee it plain,

Does it not hurt you?

Amy. Srangely, Have at thee-

How thinke you now?

The. Be quiet good *Amyntas*,

Mop. You'l fright away the birds elſe, and clean ſpoyle

My augury.

Amy. Goe about it, I am quiet-

Mop. Now for ſome happy Omen! *a Cuckoe cries*

Amy. Ha, ha, he!

Mop. VVhy langs the mad man?

Amy. VVho can chooſe but laugh?

The

The bird cryed Horns,
The. What happineſſe portends it,
Sweet *Mopſus?*
Mop. Conſtancy in Love, my *Theſtylis*,
This bird is alwayes in a note,
The. Moſt excellent! (thee
Mop. Bird of the ſpring I thanke thee! *Mopſus* thanks
Amy. This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus*,
Apollo, *Reverend Phœbus*, *Don of Delphos.*
Mop. VVhat a brave man am I?
Amy. Thou canſt reſolve
By thy great Art all queſtions: What is that
That which I have not, may not, cannot have?
Mop. That which you have not, may not, cannot have?
It is my skill, you cannot have my skill.
Amy. Where lyes that skill?
Mop. 'Lyes here within this noddle.
Amy. Fetch me my wood knife I will cut it off,
And ſend it to *Vrania* for a Dowry.
Mop. No, no, I am deceiv'd, it is not that.
Amy. You dolt, you aſſe, you cuckot.
Mop. Good *Amyntas.*

SCEN. 6.

Dorylas, *Mopſus*, *Theſtylis*, *Iocaſtus*, *Amyntas.*

Io. Iſt not a brave ſight *Dorylas?* can themortalls
Caper ſo nimbly?
Dor. Verily they cannot!
Io. Does not King *Oberon* beare a ſtately preſence?
Mab is a beauteous Empreſſe,
Dor. Yet you kiſſ'd her
With admirable courtſhip.
Io. I doe thinke
There will be of *Iocaſtus* brood in *Fairy.*

Mop.

Mop. You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*
You lye with *Mab* his wife.
Io. Doe not good brother,
And I'le wooe *Thestylis* for thee.
Mop. Doe so then.
Io. Canst thou love *Mopsus*, mortall?
The. Why suppose
I can sir, what of that?
Io. why then be wise,
And love him quickly.
Mop. *Wise?* then I'le have none of her, that's the way
To get wise children, 'troth I had rather
They should be bastards.
Amy. No, the children may
Be like the Father.
Io. True distracted Mortall:
Thestylis, I say love him, he's a fool.
Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter,
The. But what estate shall he assure upon me?
Io. A royall joynture all in *Fairy* land.
Amy. Such will I make *Urania*.
Io. *Dorylas* knowes it,
A curious Parke.
Dor. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.
Io. Besides a house made all of mother of Pearle;
An Ivory Teniscourt.
Dor. A nut-meg Parlour.
Io. A Saphyre dairy-roome
Dor. A Ginger-hall.
Io. Chambers of Agate.
Dor. Kitchins all of Cristall.
Amy. O admirable! This is it for certain:

Io. The jacks are gold.
Dor. The ſpits are Spaniſh needles.
Io. Then there be walks.
Dor. Of Amber.
Io. Curious Orchards.
Dor. That beare as well in winter as in ſummer.
Io. 'Bove all the fiſh-ponds! every pond is full,
Dor. Of Nectar, will this pleaſe you? every grove
Stor'd with delightfull birds.
Mop. But be there any
Lady birds there?
Io. Abundance.
Mop. And Cuckoes too
To preſage conſtancy?
Do. Yes.
The. Nay then lets in
To ſeale the writings.
Amy. There boy, ſo, ho, ho, ho. *Exeunt.*
Do. What pretty things are theſe both to be born
To Lands and Livings! we poore witty knaves,
Have no inheritance but Brains:--who's this?

Enter Alexis.

--One of my Miſtreſſe beagles:
Alex. *Dorylas*,
I have had the braveſt ſport.
Dor. In what *Alexis*?
Alex. In hunting, *Dorylas*: a brace of Grey-hounds cours'd a ſtag
With equall ſwiftneſſe till the wearied deere,
Stood bay at both alike: the fearfull doggs
Durſt neither faſten
Dor. So, and did not you
Compare the ſtag to my faire miſtreſſe, ha?

Io. Purſued

Pursued by you and *Damon*, caught by neither?
Alex. By *Cupid* th'art i'th right.
Dor. Alas poore whelps,
In troth I pitty you, why such a hunting
Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter,
Mopsus and wise *Iocastus* hunting folly
With a full mouth.
Alex. I much wonder, *Dorylas*,
Amyntas can be sad, having such follies
To provoke mirth,
Dor. And to that end his sister
Keeps them about him; but in vaine, his Melancholly
Has took such deep impression.

Enter Damon.

Da My *Alexis*!
Well met, I'ave been at your cottage to seek you.
Alex. But I am ne're at home; Thou and I *Damon*,
Are absent from our selves.
Da. Excellent application!
To see the wit of love!
Da. Let us goe seek her,
To have a finall judgement.
Alex. That may end
One of our miseries, and the others life!
Da. O lamentable! who would be in love?
Da. Content.

SCEN. 7.

Lawinda. Dorylas, Alexis. Damon.

Da. Here comes my joy or death.
Dor. O pittifull!
Alex. My sweet affliction.
Dor. Pittifully sweet!
Ne're feare your father, Mistresse, kisse securely,

I'le

I'le be your *Mercury*, and charm asleep
Old *Argus*.
Laur. Doe.
Do. But if he chance to spy
You and your sweet-hearts here, I know not of it:
Lau. You doe not!
Do. Nay, you know if I had seen them,
I should have told him.
Lau. Y'are a trusty servant-
Do. Poore *Dorylas* is blind, he sees not here,
Damon no nor *Alexis*.
Lau. No not he!
Do. Alack I am innocent: if the belly swell
I did not fetch the poyson.
Lau. No, be gone, *Exit. Dorylas.*
Da. *Laurinda* now for mercy sake give period
To our long miserie's.
Alex. Now you are like cruell
To both, and play the tyrant equally.
On him you hate as much as on him you love.
Da. Depriving one the comfort of his joy.
Alex. The other the sure remedy of his death.
Lau. *Damon* you have a love, faire *Amaryllis*,
Content your selfe with her.
Da. I'le rather kisse
An *Ethiops* crisped lip: imbrace a Viper,
Deformity it selfe to her is faire.
Al, *Damon* thou hast thy answer.
Lau. And *Alexis*,
There is in *Cicily* many Virgins more
Worthy your choyce: why did you plac't on me?
Goe seek some other.
Alex. Those words to me

Are poyſon
Da. But to me an antidote
Alex. Thus ſhe gave life to me to tak't away.
Da. And me ſhe ſlew to raiſe me up again:
You ſhall not ſlight us thus what doe you think
Of me?
Lau. Thou art the glory of the woods.
Alex. And what am I?
Laur. The pride of all the Plaines,
Alex. Theſe your ambiguous terms have now too oft
Deluded us.
Da. Shew by ſome ſigne which of us
You have deſign'd for happineſſe.
Lau. So I will.

She takes Damon's Garland and weares it on her own head: and puts her own on Alexis.

Damon, as I affect thee, ſo I vow
To weare this Garland that adorns thy brows
This wreath of flowers, *Alexis*, which was mine
Becauſe thou lov'ſt me truly ſhall be thine.
This is plaine dealing; let not *Cupid's* warres
Drive your affections to uneivill jarres! *Exit*
Da. Now happy *Damon*, ſhe thy Garland weares
That holds thy heart chein'd in her golden haires.
Alex. Moſt bleſſed I! this Garland once did twine
About her head that now embraces mine,
Dam. Deſiſt *Alexis*, for ſhe deſigns to have
The Garland that was mine.
Alex. But me ſhe gave
That which was hers
Da. Tis more to take than give!
Alex. I think tis greater kindneſſe to receive,
Da. By this your ſhare's the leſſe, you but receive

Alex. And by your argument, yours you did but give,
Love is the Garland.
Da. Then ſhe did approve
Of my affection beſt, ſhe took my love.
Alex. Fond *Damon*, ſhe accepted love from thee,
But what is more ſhe gave her love to me!
In giving that to me, ſhe proves my right.
Da. Why took ſhe mine, but meaning to require?
Alex. I will diſpute no more.
Da. Then let our ſpheares
Plead for us,
Alex. And determine of our feares.
Come *Damon*, by this argument lets prove,
Which 'tis of us *Laurinda* beſt doth love.
Da. Yet 'tis, *Alexis*, clean againſt our oath,
Alex. True *Damon*, and perchance may ruin both!
Da. So neither ſhall enjoy her.
Alex. Cruell breath!
Beſides this is the *Sacred Vale*, 'tis death
To ſtain the hallowed graſſe but with one drop
Of humane bloud.
Da. So both ſhould loſe their hope.
Alex. And which is more, 'tis againſt her commands.
Da. Whoſe every breath has power to ſtay our hands.
Alex. Wee'l have her anſwer make a certain end,
Da. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.
Alex. Come *Damon*, lets together ſeek reliefe.
Da. 'Tis fit, being Rivals both in love and griefe.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS 3. SCEN. 1.

Damon, Alexis, Laurinda.

Laurinda, by thy ſelfe, the ſweeteſt oath
That can be ſworn.--

Al. By thoſe faire eyes, whoſe light
Comforts my ſoule
Dam. Whoſe heat inflameth mine,
Al. Unleſſe you deigne at length to end our ſtrife,
Da. We both have vow'd to ſacrifice our life,
Al. On one anothers ſpeare.
Lau. What ſhall I doe?
I find an equall war within my ſoule,
My ſelfe divided; now I would ſay *Damon*,
Another time *Alexis*, then again
Damon, and then *Alexis*: like a ſheapheard
That ſees on either hand a ravenous wolf,
One ſnatching from his ew a tender lamb,
The other watching for a gentle Kid,
Knowes not poore ſoule which hand to turne to firſt,
Now he would ſave his Lamb; but ſeeing his Kid
Halfe in the jaw of dearh, turns back in haſt
To reſcue that, where viewing then his Lamb
In greater danger, runs to that again;
As doubtfull which to ſave as which to loſe:
So fares it now with me- But love inſtruct me!
Da. Reſolve.
Al. Or wee'l reſolve,
Lau. No trick left yet?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. If ever one was peppe'rd look on me!
Lau. Why whats the matter?
Do. You talke of love and *Cupid*,
I have been plagu'd with a whole ſwarme of *Cupids*.
Al. What ſhould this mean?
Do. I know not, but I am ſure
I have a thouſand naturall rapiers
Stick in my fleſh.

Da. The meaning of the Riddle?
Al. The morrall?
Dor. In plaine termes I have been driving
One of your ſwarms of Bees, gentle *Laurinda*;
Lau. The pureſt wax give *Damon*, and, good ſwain,
The hony to *Alexis*: this is plaine. (th'eares.
Dor. Now will the hony and the wax fall together by
Da. *Alexis*, this plain ſign confirms her grant,
She gave me wax to ſeale the covenant.
Dor. Well argu'd for the wax, now for the hony.
Al. To me ſhe gave the hony, that muſt be
The ſweeteſt, and the ſweeteſt ſweet is ſhe.
Dor. The hony is the ſweeteſt argument.
Da. But by the wax ſhe ſayes that ſhe from none
But me will take true loves *impreſſion*.
Do. The wax is very forward to the bargain;
He would be ſealing of her.
Al. But plain the hony ſpeaks, no other gueſt
But I, ſhall take in her a lovers feaſt.
Dor. Delicious reaſon! my mouth waters at it.
Dam. The wax muſt make the Taper that muſt light
The wedded paire to bed on *Hymen's* night.
Beſides 'tis Virgins wax, by that you ſee
To me ſhe deſtines her virginity.
Dor. Two excellent twin-arguments born at birth.
Al. And hony ſhewes a wedding; that muſt knead
A Cake for *Hymen* ere we goe to bed.
Take you the wax, the hony is for me;
There is no hony in the world but ſhe.
Dor. His diſputation ſtill has ſome good reliſh in't,
Da. I ſee *Alexis*, all *Laurinda's* bees
Serve but to ſting us both.
Do. Now, what's the matter?

The morall?

Lau. See what 'tis to live a maid!
Now two at once do ſerve us and adore,
Shee that weds one, ſerves him, ſerv'd her before?

Da. *Alexis* come!

Ale. Come *Damon*!

Da. Cure my feare.

Alex. There's no help left but in a *Pelian* ſpeare.

Lau. O ſtay your hands, for by my maiden-head--

Dor. Happy the man ſhall quit her of that oath.

Alex. Moſt happy *Dorylus*!

Dor I knew that before!

Laur. I have proteſted never to diſcloſe
Which 'tis that beſt I love: till the firſt Nymph,
As ſoone as *Titan* guilds the Eaſtern hills,
And chirping birds, the Saints-bell of the day,
Ring our eares a warning to devotion,
That lucky damſell what ſo e're ſhe be
Shall be the goddeſſe to appoint my love,
To ſay, *Laurinda*, this ſhall be your choyce:
And both ſhall ſweare to ſtand on her award.

Both. By faire *Laurinda's* hand we ſweare.

Lau. Till then
Be friends, and for this night it is my pleaſure
You ſleep like friendly Rivalls arme in arme.

Both. Thanks to thee faire *Laurinda*.

Alex. Come *Damon*, you this night with me ſhall reſt.

Da. Were thou but my *Laurinda* I were bleſt.

Exeunt. Damon Alexis.

Dor. Miſtreſſe, if they ſhould dreame now,--

Lau. And they ſhould?

SCEN

SCEN. 2.

Amaryllis, Vrania, Dorylas, Laurinda.

Vra. Sweet *Amaryllis*!

Ama, Stay me not *Vrania.*

Dor More *Cupids*, more bees, more ſinging yet!

Ama. Diſhevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head
I'le teare you from my crown! what doſt thou here?
Weak chaines! my pride preſum'd you had a power
To fetter *Heroes*! and in amorous Gives
Lead any Sheapheard captive!

Vra. *Amaryllis.*

Ama. But *Damon* breakes thee like a ſpiders loome!
And thou poore face that wer't ſo oft beli'de
For faire and beauteous, by my flattering glaſſe;
I'le teare thoſe crimſon Roſes from my cheeks,
That but my ſelfe ne're yet inchanted any.
My will is fixt!

Lau. Where goe you *Amaryllis*?

Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life, I'le goe and ſee
If I can pleaſe him in my death: if hee'le but deigne
To kiſſe me, and accept my lateſt breath,
I ſhall ſalute the gods a happy ſoule.
This dart I'le give him; and upon my knee
Beg till I have obtain'd to dye by him:
Death from that hand is welcome.

Lau. I will ſhew you
A way moſt probable to redeeme his love.

Ama. I ſhall wrong you, *Laurinda*. No, enjoy him,
The treaſure of the Earth: my lateſt words
Shall be prayers for you: mild *Vrania*,
Siſter in blood to *Damon*, not in affection,
Nymph take this whiſtle, 'twas a *Tritons* once,
With which I call my Lamb-kins when they ſtray;

'Tis *Amaryllis* bequeathment unto you,
Vra. Live happy sheaperdesse and weare it still
Ama. Laurinda, my great Legacy in yours,
Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.
Lau. I re-bequeath him to my *Amaryllis*:
Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by me;
This night wee'l sleep together.
Do. And sheeroo
Should dream of *Damon*---
Lau. Dorylas goe to *Thestylis*
T'excuse her this nights absence. *Amaryllis*,
VVenches are nere so witty as a bed,
And two together make a statesmans head.
---Be gon to *Thestylis*.
Do. So I am sure
Still *Cupids* factor: well ere long I see
There will be many an heire the more for me.
Vra. My *Bellamore* y'are under good protection,
The Temple gates will close, unlesse I haste.
Lau. Vrania, a happy night unto you
Vra. The like to her that pitties the distressed *Amaryllis*.
Exeant. Lau, Ama. Vrania.
Dor. So so, this hony with the very thought
Has made my mouth so liquorish that I must
Have something to appease the appetite.
Have at *Iocastus* Orchard! dainty Apples (hearts
How lovely they look! why these are *Dorylas* sweet-
Now must I be the Princely *Oberon*,
And in a royall humour with the rest
Of royall *Fairies* attendant goe in state
To rob an Orchard: I have hid my robes
On purpose in a hollow tree. Heaven blesse me.
Clajus, Dorylas.
VVhat Puck, what Goblins this? *Cla.*

Cla. Thrice Sacred Valley,
I kiſſe thy hallowed Earth!
Do. Another lover,
Enamour'd of the Ground.
Cla. Faine would I ſpeake
And aske for *Amaryllis*: but my feare
Will not permit me.
Do. S'lid, I thinke he takes me
For *Oberon* already.
Cl. Youth'can you tell me
How I may ſpeake to night with *Amaryllis*?
Do. Age, by no means to night: this night ſhe lodges
With faire *Lauvinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.
Cl. Can you inſtruct me then how I may meet
Amyntas?
Do. Who, the mad-man? Every evening
He walks abroad into the valley here
With *Theſtylis*. Farewell old walking Ivie-buſh,
Exit. Dor.

Cajus Solus.

Cl. I ſee the ſmoake ſteeme from the Cottage tops,
The fearfull huſwife rakes the embers up,
All huſh to bed. Sure no man will diſturbe me.
O bleſſed vally! I the wretched *Clajus*
Salute thy happy ſoyle, I that have liv'd
Pelted with angry curſes in a place
As horrid as my griefs, the Lylibean mountaines,
Theſe ſixteen frozen winters, there have I
Been with rude out-lawes, living by ſuch ſinnes (wiſhe,
As runne o'th'ſcore with juſtice 'gainſt my prayers and
And when I would have tumbled down a rock,
Some ſecret power reſtrain'd me, There I lately heard
By a diſconſolate Pilgrim that ſought death,

That

That my *Amyntas* wits (ha me!) were marr'd,
'Twas not a time to think to ſave my ſelfe,
When my poore boy was loſt. Loſt ſaid I? O *Phabus*
If there be ſoveraigne power in juyce of hearbs,
And that the teeming earth yeeld medicinall flowers
To cure all maladies, I have ſought the skill,
No leaf, no root hath ſcap'd me: I may boaſt it,
I have beene natures dilligent Apothecary.
Be lucky my emplaiſter, I have temper'd
The ſureſt Receipt the worlds garden yields;
'Twould put *Oreſtes* in his wits again.
I know I ſtep upon my death: the Oracle
Deſires my blood for ſacrifice, and *Pilumnus*
For his old hate ſtill ſeeks it: make long ſtay
I dare not, onely I deſire t'apply
My medicine and be gone. Who's this I ſpy?

SCEN. 3.

Theſtylis, Amyntas, Mopſus.

——I doe remember now that countenance;
It is my ſiſter *Theſtylis*, Ile ſtand cloſe
T'obſerve their actions.
The. VVould to *Ceres*
She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pitty poore *Amyntas*!
El. So pray I!
Amyn. I have the braveſt ſpaniell in the world,
Of a ſharp ſent and quick, ſo ho, ho! ſo ho, ho!
Ringwood, Iowler, Whitefoot, ſo ho, ho! ſo ho, ho!
Mop. I ſhall be a whole kennell of dogs anon.
Amyn. Iuno, Vulcan Venus! ſo ho, ho! ſo ho, ho!
Mop. Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me now?
Amyn. There *Lady* there!
Mop. Ha! be there Lady-dogs as well as Lady-birds too?

Amy.

Amy. *Beauty, Beauty.*
Mop. S'lid I was never call'd that name before,
Thestylis *Amyntas* calls me *Beauty,*
I prethee come kisse me.
The. Thus I spend my life
Laughing amidst my teares.
Amyn. Now *Vertue, Vertue!*
Mop. Is that a dogs name too? would I were hang'd
If Ile have any of it for that trick.
Amy. Dost thou not scent it yet? Close, close you rogue!
By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.
Mop. O good master! Bow wow, bow wow wow--
Amy. So now he has't again.
What at a fault you mungrell? will you never
Start me this Oracle?
Mop. Start an Oracle?
As if an Oracle were a hare?
Amy. So 'tis,
And skuds away so swift we cannot take it,
Start me this Oracle.
Mop Start it who's will for me:
For Ile not start it.
Amy. Then unkennell it.
Mop. Vnkennell it?
Amy. I, 'tis a Foxe, a Fox.
A cunning crafty rogue, no body knowes
Which way to find him. Ha? what scent is this?
Dost thou not smell?
Mop. VVhat?
Amy. The meaning of the Oracle.
Vnkennell it, or I will lashe thee.
Mop. Good sir,
I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,

But

But if you'le have me ſpring an Oracle--
Amy. And wilt thou doe it? ſpring me then this Oracle
Mop. I that I will, my skill lyes all in birds,
Whoſe flight I feare I have obſerv'd ſo long
That I am metamorphos'd to a ſpaniell.
Amy. Look how my Hawke of underſtanding ſoares
About the Partridge Oracle!--ill luck!
'Tis a retreat again.
Mop. O ſhall I never
Rid me of this misfortune! (thanks good Omen)
Cras Cras ſhe ſayes, to morrow 'twill be better. A *crow*
Black bird I thanke thee! *Clajus to them.* *caues*
The. Little thinks the wretched *Clajus* now
How ſad a life his poor *Vmyntas* lives!
Cl. To well unto his griefe--I'le goe unto him
And follow him in his humor:--You have got
A dainty ſpaniell, ſir.
Amy. I thinke the world
Cannot afford his equall.
Cl. What breed is he?
Amy. True *Spartan* I'le aſſure you.
Cl. VVas the ſire
Of the ſame Country?
Amy. No, as I remember
He was an Iriſh Grey-hound, but the damme
Came of *Actæons* brood.
Cl. As how I pray?
Amy. Why thus; *Melampus* was the ſire of *Lelaps*,
Lelaps to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichonbates*,
Ichonbates to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*
To *Tarcens*, he to *Labros*, that was ſire
To *Oreſitrophus*, *Oreſitrophus*
To fleet *Theridamus*, *Theridamus*

To

To ſwift *Nebrophonus*, *Nebrophonus*
To the quick nos'd *Aellus*, he to *Dromas*
Dromas to *Tygris*, *Tygris* to *Orybaſus*,
Orybaſus to *Peterelas*, he to *Nape*,
The damme of *Mopſus*.
Mop. So then *Orybaſus*
Was my great grand-father. Though I be a Dog
I come of a good houſe. My Anceſtors
Were all of Noble names paſt underſtanding.
What a brave man's my Maſter! where learn'd he
All this? Ne're ſtirre now I could find in my heart
To leave my Augury and ſtudy Heraldry;
A man I thinke may learn't as well as t'other,
Yet never feare of growing too wiſe upon't,
And then will I record the pedigree
Of all the dogs i'th 'world. O that I had
The armes of all our houſe by th' Mothers ſide!
Cl. Sir I have brave things in a Basket for you,
Give me your Dog, and you ſhall have'em all.
Amy. Take him.
Mop. O heaven! and ſhall I change my Maſter,
One mad man for another?
Amy. Curre be quiet,
I have ſaid it, and my will ſhall be a law.
Mop. O good ſir, for *Melampus* ſake, and *Dorceus*
Lelaps, *Ichonabates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,
Labres, *Mebrophonos*, *Oreſtrophus*,
Tygris, *Orybatus*, *Theridamas*,
Aellus, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and the reſt
Of all my noble Anceſtors deceas'd
Be merifull unto me! Pitty pitty
The onely hope of all our family.
Cl. Sir can he fetch and carry?

Amy,

Amy. You ſhall ſee him,
Feteh ſirrah:---there:--the curre is run away,
Help me to catch my dog: you'l bring you mungrel?
Mop. Yes much! the birds will not adviſe me to it. *Exit.*
The Sylvan, why gaze you on us? would you frolike
With poor *Amynta's* madneſſe? 'twould ill beſeeme you
To make our griefe your paſtime.
Cl. Not I by heaven!
My joyes are counterfeit, my ſorrowes reall:
(I cannot hold for weeping) ah you know not
what griefe lyes here within, (teares you'l betray me)
Give me my eye full of this noble ſheapheard!
VVho hath not heard how he hath chac'd the beare?
And how his ſpeare hath torne the panch of wolves,
On the barke of every tree his name's ingraven.
Now Planet ſtruck, and all that vertue vaniſh'd,
The. Thy looks are fierce thy words beſpeak thee gentle
Amy. VVhy wept he *Theſtylis*?
The. I did not mark him,
Amy. It was a mote in's eyes, ile kiſſe it out;
Ile curle thy ſhackled looks, and criſpe thy haire
Like the ſtraight-growing Cypreſſe, come lets put
Our head together. Thou art more then mortall,
And ſhalt expound to *Ceres* what ſhe askes.
It is a gallant *Sylvan*, *Theſtylis*
Cl. I am not skild in riddles, no interpreter
Of Divinations, but dare contend
VVith any Emperick to do a cure,
VVhether the body or the mind be ſick,
That is my ſtuffy, I but crave the leave
To try the power of art upon this ſheapheard,
If *Eſculapius* be propitious, to him,
After the dew of one nights ſofter ſlumbers,

I dare be bold to say he shall recover.
Amyn. My dog again? dost reade it in the stars?
VVhat a strange man is this?
Cl. Thy wits *Amyntas*,
I mean; O cast thy armes in my embraces,
Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus distracted?
Amy. I do you mean? with a very-very-very mad trick.
By making verses.
Cl. Rest rest deluded fancy.
The. There was a time (alas that e're it was!)
VVhen my poor sheapheard fell in love,
Cl. VVith whom? (*Vrania*,
The. The starre of beauty, *Pilumnus* much admir'd
Cl. O the crosse darts of fate!
The. She sweet Nymph inlodged
The casket of his love in her own bosome,
But *Ceres* set a Dowry. (Out alasse!
Would she had ask'd our flocks, our Kids, our groves,
Would she had bid us quench the flame of *Etna*
In *Arethusa's* streames, it had been easy.
VVe fight with cords and cannot conquer them;
This her imperious *Ompha* as'd, and Thundered
That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have
Amyntas, *is the Dowry that I crave.*
To finde out her commands, he lost himselfe.
Cl. Your stories pittifull 'Tis my profession
To wander through the Earth, and in my travell,
I am inquisitive after the sicke to heale 'em;
Their cure and kinde acceptance is my pay.
You will not feare to lodge me for a night?
The. VVe have but homely hospitality.
Amy Ile feast thee with some Venison, brave *Montano*:
Cl. Thy restitution is my feast *Amyntas*,

Your

Your curds and chestnuts and your country fare
Is bounteous for so meane a guest as I:
But send for that *Vrania* her sweet voyce
Must sing a Lullaby to drown his senses,
And charm soft sleep upon his troubled phancy,
And 'fore the gray-eyd morn do peep, be confident
I'le put the musique of his braines in tune,
Col. You'l call *Vrania*.
The. Doubt not sir, I will,
Or send my servant *Mycon* by the *Vale*.
Amy. Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs do bark I'le brain'em;
VVee'l sleep to night together, and to morrow,
Cl. Will end I hope thy madnesse, not my sorrow,
Amy. Wee'l go a hunting, so ho ho! so ho ho! *Exeunt.*

Mopsus from the Orchard.

Mop. Are the mad dogs gone yet?
A little more would have perswaded me
Into a spaniell, and I may be one,
For any thing I know, yet sure I am not
Because methinks I speak; but an this speaking
Should be but barking now? if I be a dog
Heaven send me a better Master then the former,
Ceres defend me, what strange *Elves* are there!

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas with a Bevy of Fairies.

Dor. How like you may my Grace? is not my countenance
Royall and full of Majesty? walk I not
Like the young Prince of *Pigmies*? Ha? my knaves,
Wee'l fill our pockets, Look look yonder, *Elves*,
VVould not yon apples tempt a better conscience
Then any we have to rob an Orchard; ha!
Fairies, like Nymphs with child must have the things
They long for, You See here a *Fairy* catch In

In that ſtrange tangue I taught you: while your ſelfe
Doe climbe the Trees. Thus Princely *Oberon*
Aſcends his throne of State.

Nos Beati Fauni Proles,
Elves *Quibus non eſt magna moles,*
Quamvis Lunam incolamus,
Hortos ſæpe frequentamus.
Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto Dulcior Puella.
Furto omma decora,
Cum poma dulciora.
Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis poma noctu placent.
Illa tamen ſunt ingrata,
Niſi furto ſint parata.

Jo: aſtis. Bromius.

Jo What divine noyſe fraught with immortal harmony
Salutes mine eare?
Bro. Why this immortall harmony
Rather ſalutes your Orchard: theſe young Raſcalls,
Theſe peſcod-ſhelers doe ſo cheat my maſter:
We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
But ſtraight ſome *Fairy* longs for't: well it I
Might have my will, a whip again ſhould Jerk'h'em,
Into their old mortality:
Jo. Dar'ſt thou ſcreetch Owle
With thy rude croaking interrupt their muſique;
Whoſe melody, hath made the ſpheares to lay
Their heavenly lutes aſide, only to liſten
To their more charming notes?
Bro. Say what you will,
I ſay a cudgell now were excellent muſique.

Oberon descende citus,
Elves *Ne cogaris hinc invitus.*
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

Io. Prince *Oberon?* I heard his Graces name.
Bro. O ho: I spy his Grace! Most noble Prince
Come down, or I will pelt your Grace with stones,
That I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted
Since twas a Grace.
Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand.
Bro. Immortal! thiefe come down, or I will fetch you:
Me thinks it should impaire his Graces honour
To steale poore mortalls Apples. Now have at you!
Dor Iocastus, we are *Oberon*, and we thought
That one so neare to us as you in favour,
Would not have suffered this prophane rude groome
Thus to impaire our royalty.
Io. Gracious Prince,
The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged
From his mortality.
Do. Did we out of love,
And our intire affection, of all Orchards
Choose yours to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry measures, and phantastick rings!
And you ingratefull mortall thus requite us.
All for one Apple!
Io. Villaine th'hast undone me:
His Grace is much incens'd.
Do. You know, *Iocostus*,
Our Grace have Orchards of our own more precious
Then mortalls can have any: and we sent you
A present of them t'other day.

Io. Tis right.
Your Graces humble servant must acckowledge it.
Bro. Some of his owne I am sure.
Do. I must confesse
Their out-side look'd something like yours indeed;
But then the taste more relish'd of Eternity,
The same with *Nectar.*
Io. Your good Grace is welcome
To any thing I have: Nay, Gentlemen
Pray doe not you spare neither:
Elves Ti-ti-ta-ti.
Io. What say these mighty Peeres, great *Oberon?*
Do. They cannot speak this language, but in ours
They thank you; and they say they will have none.
Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti--Tititatie.
Io. What say they now?
Do. They do rebuest you now
To grant them leave to dance a Fairy ring
About your servant, and for his offence
Pinch him: Doe you the while command the Traitour
Not dare to stirre, not once presume to mutter.
Io. Traitour, for so Prince *Oberon* deignes to call thee,
Stirre not, nor mutter.
Bro. To be thus abus'd!
Io. Ha? mutter'st thou?
Bro. I have deserved better.
Io. Still mutter'st thou?
Bro. I see I must endure it.
Io. Yet mutter'st thou? Now Noble Lords begin
When it shall please your honours.
Do. Titi ta tie.
Our Noble friends permits, *Tititatie*
Doe you not sir?

Io. How should I say I doe?
Dor. *Ti ti ta tie.*
Io. *Ti ti ta tie* my noble Lords:

Quoniam parte violamur
Elves *Ungues hic experiamur,*
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valde variatam.

They dance.

Io. *Tititatie* to your Lordship for this excellent musick.
Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to one's master.
Io. Still mutter'st thou?

Exit. Bromius.

Dorylas from the tree. Iocastus falls on his knees.

Do. And rise up Sir *Iocastus*, our deare Knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a *mellisonant Tingle-Tangle.*
(Indeed a sheep bell stolne from's own fat weather.) *asid*
The Ensigne of his Knight-hood. Sir *Iocastus*,
we call to minde we promis'd you long since
The president of our Dances place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you, give him there
His staffe of Dignity.
o. Your grace is pleas'd
o honour your poore lie eman
Dor. Now be gone.
Io. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you,
Tititatie my Noble Lords farewell.
Dor. *Tititatie* my Noble foole farewell:
Now, my Nobilitie and honoured Lords,
Our Grace is pleas'd for to part stakes; here *Jocolo*
These are your share; these his, and these our graces,

Ha

Have we not gull'd him bravely! see you Rascalls,
These are the fruits of my witty knaverie.

Mopsus enters barking. (Lords!

Dor. Heaven shield Prince *Oberon*, and his honoured
VVe are betraid.

Mop. Bow wow wow.

Nay nay since you have made a sheep of my brother
Ile be a dog to keep him.

Dor. O good *Mopsus*!

Mop. Does not your grace, most low and mighty
Dorylus.
Feare whipping now?

Do. Good *Mopsus* but conceale us,
And I will promise by to morrow night
To get thee *Thestylis*.

Mop. I will aske leave
Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night; (*An owle*
That plainly shewes that by to morrow night, (*shreekes.*
He may performe his promise.

Do. And I will.

Mop. Why then I will conceale you. But your Grace
Must thinke your Grace beholding to me.

Dor. VVell.
VVe doe

Mop. And thanke the owle, she stood your friend,
And for this time my witty Grace farewell.

Do. Nay be not so discourteous; Stay and take
An apple first: you *Jocalo* give him one,
And you another, and our Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberall: But I feare
I am not he that must interpret the Oracle.
My brother will preveut me, to my griefe.

I much ſuſpect it, for this *Dorylas*
A ſcarre-crow cozend him moſt ſhamefully,
VVhich makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.
Exit Mopſus.

Dor. So, we are clean got off: Come noble Peeres
Of *Fairy*, come attend our royall Grace.
Let's goe and ſhare our fruit with our Queen *Mab*,
And th'other Dairy-maids: whereof this theam
VVe will diſcourſe amidſt our Cakes and Cream.

Cum tot poma habeamus,
Elves. *Triumphos leti jam canamus:*
Faunos ego credam oreos,
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I domum Oberon ad illas,
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.
Quarum oſculemur ſinum,
Inter poma, lac, & vinum.
Finis actus tertij.

ACTUS 4. SCEN. 1.

Mopſus. Theſtylis.

Mop. I Would have you to know *Theſtylis*, ſo I would, I am no dog, but mortall fleſh and blood As you are.

Theſ. O be patient gentle *Mopſus.*

Mop. S'lid fetch and carry!

Theſ. Nay good ſweet heart Be not angry.

Mop. Angry? why, 'twould anger

A dog indeed to be ſo us'd, a dog!
I would not uſe a dog ſo: bid a dog
That comes of a good houſe to fetch and carry!
Diſcourteous! let him get dogs of his own,
For I have got my neck out of the collar
Let him unkennel's Oracles himſelfe
For *Mopſus*, if I ſtart or ſpring him one,
Ile dye the dogs death, and be hang'd: mad foole.
Theſ. But *Mopſus*, you may now ſecurely viſit
Me and my houſe: *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd,
Is now recover'd of his wits again.
Mop. How? and grown wiſe!
Theſ. *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.
Mop. Shut up your doores then; *Carduus*, *Benedictus*
Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.
Theſ. What meane you *Mopſus*?
Mop. Mean I? what mean you?
To invite me to your houſe when 'tis infected?
Theſ. Infected.
Mop. I *Amyntas* has the Wits;
And doe you thinke Ile keepe him company?
Though as I told you ſtill, I am ſuſpitious
Iocaſtus is the man that muſt---
The. Doe what?
Mop. It grieves me to thinke of it.
The. Out with't man.
Mop. That muſt interpret; I have cauſe to think
(With ſorrow be it ſpoken) he will prove
The verier foole, but let him; yet now my Augury
That never failes me, tells me certainely
That I ſhall have thee, *Theſtylis*, yet ere night;
It was an owle.---

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Clajus Amyntas.

---And---see see, *Thestylis*,
Here comes the Ivy-bush, Ile stand aside,
For I am still most bodily affraid.
Amy. What Deity lives here? the soule of *Phœbus*,
Breaths in this powerfull man: sure *Æsculapius*
Revisits earth again; and in this shape
Deales health amongst us! I before was nothing
But bruit and beast. O tell me by what reliques
Of heavenly fire have you inspir'd me with
This better soule of reason! worthy sir
If y'are some god (as lesse I cannot deem you)
That pitying of my miseries, came downe
From heaven to cure me, tell me, that I may
With sacrifice adore you.
Mop. Adore him?
Are there such ruffian gods in heaven as he?
Such beggerly Deities?
Amyn. If you will conceale it,
And I by ignorance omit to pay
Those sacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd
To pardon me.
Mop. Heighday! well *Thestylis*,
You may be glad your house is not infected;
Hee's ten times madder now then ere he was,
To deify this rude ill-favour'd *Sylvan*,
This fellow with the beard all over: *Thestylis*,
I dare not stay; unlesse my heeles maintaine
My safety, I shall turne a dog again. *Exit. Mopsus. Clajus.*

Cl. I am as you are, mortall; tis my skill
In Phyſick, and experience in the rare
Vertue of herbs, that wrought this miracle,
No Divinity or power in me.
Theſt. Amyntas, when ſhall we require this kindneſſe?
Amyn. Never, I would willingly
Have ſacrific'd unto him, but his modeſty
Will not permit it: though he will not ſuffer us
T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay
A reverence to him as a father.
Clajus. O thoſe words doe touch the quick!
Amyn. For if he be
A father that begot this fleſh, this clay,
What's he to whom we owe our ſecond birth
Of ſoule and reaſon? Father; I muſt call you
By that name Father.
Clajus. Now the flood-gate's open, (*aſide*
And the full ſtreame of teares will iſſue out:
Traitors you will betray me!
Theſt. Sir, why weep you!
Clajus. To thinke of this mans father--O I lov'd him
As dearely as my ſelfe (my words and all
Break out ſuſpitious:) has he not a daughter?
As I remember well he ſaid her name was---
Theſt. Amaryllis.
Cl. Yes I had almoſt
Forgot it, I would fain have ſeen her too.
Theſt, You cannot now, becauſe to night ſhe lodg'd
With one *Lavinda.*

SCEN. 3.

Urania.

Amy O my *Urania*, welcome;
Amyntas bids thee ſo, I that 'till now

Was not *Amyntas*: come my joy, and met mee
Full of our happineſſe!
Vra. Grant *Ceres* now
My hopes be faithfull to me, my *Amyntas*.
How come your thoughts ſo ſetled?
Amyn. *O Vrania*,
Here, here he ſtands, to whom I owe my ſelfe,
And thou oweſt me: we reverence in our Temple:
Marble, and braſſe, whoſe ſtatues ſerve for nothing
But to hang cobwebs on: oh! how much rather
Should we adore this Deity, that beſtowed
Such happineſſe upon us!
Vra. Would we knew
How to deſerve it.
Cl. So you may *Vrania*,
If you will grant me one requeſt.
Vra. Command it.
Cl. I would intreat you preſently to vow
Virginity to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*
No more may toyle his brain in thinking what
To give you for a Dowry.
Vra. Sir I will
Preſently about it. Ile onely firſt
Get ſome unknown diſguiſe.
Cl. I dare ſtay here
No longer, for I muſt be gone ere yet
The light betrayes me.
Vra. Happineſſe attend you
Cl. Remember it *Vrania*.
Amyn Farewell father.

Exeunt. Vran. Amynt. Theſt.

Clajus Solus.

Cl. Thus like a bat, or owle I ſpend my age

In night or darkeneſſe, as aſham'd of day,
And fearefull of the light: the Sunne and I
Dare never be acquainted, O guilt, guilt,
Thou and thy daughter fear are puniſhments
Perpetuall, every whiſtling of the wind
Doth ſeem the noyſe of apprehenders; ſhadowes
Affright me more then men. Each ſtep I tread
Is danger. Life? why to live longer ſhould we
Not live at all? I heare a noyſe: falſe timorouſneſſe
Deceive me not,--my eyes inſtruct me too,
Heaven ſhield me.--

SCEN. 4.

Alexis, Damon.

Fain I would enquire of them
For *Amaryllis*, but if one of theſe
Be *Damon*, I am loſt
Alex. How early, *Damon*, doe lovers riſe?
Cl. Tis he, I heare his name, good mole away. *Exit.*
Dam No Larke ſo ſoone *Alexis*.
Alex. He that of us ſhall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*,
Will not be ſo ſoon: ha! would you *Damon*?
Dam. Alex, no: but if I miſſe *Laurinda*,
My ſleep ſhall be eternall.
Ale. I much wonder the Sunne ſo ſoone can riſe!
Da Did he lay his head in faire *Laurinda's* lap,
We ſhould have but ſhort dayes.
Ale. No Summer *Damon*
Da. Thetis to her is browne.
Ale. And he doth riſe
From her to gaze on faire *Laurinda's* eyes,
Dam. O now I long to meet our Arbitreſſe
Al. On whom depends our daily happineſſe.
Dam. It muſt be the firſt Virgin that we greet

From

From *Ceres* Temple.
Alex. Yes, the first we meet.
Dam. I heare no noyse of any yet that move,
Alex. Devotions not so early up as love.
Dam. See how *Aurora* blushes! we suppose
VVhere *Tisbon* lay to night.
Ale. That modest rose
He grafted there.
Dam. O heaven, 'tis all I seek.
To make that colour in *Laurinda*'. cheek.
Ale. The Virgins now come from the Temple.
Dam. Appeale unto the first.

SCEN. 5.

The Virgins passe over the stage with wax candles in their hands, Amaryllis *goes the first, but she is staid by* Damon, *as unknown to be* Amaryllis *she being veil'd, and having on her head the Garland that* Laurinda *took from* Damon.

Chast beauteous Nymph,
Ceres so grant your prayes, as you determine
Justly our cause!
Ama. *Ceres* has heard my prayers,
For all my morning orisons beg'd no more
Then one kinde word from *Damon.*
Dam. *Amaryllis*!
Alex. That name breaths life and soul to poore *Alexis*
Ama. The same, why startle you? you have not met
A poyson, *Damon.*
Dam. Yes a thousand vipers
Have stung my soule,
Alex. As many joyes crown mine
VVith happinesse.
Dam. VVould I had met this morning

Infectious

Infectious vapors nurſing plagues, not thee;
No curſe but that had power to ruine me!
Alex. No other bleſſing hath preſerved me.
Ama. what ſhould this mean, my *Damon*? how have I
Diſpleas'd you, ſweet? heaven knowes it is my prayer
More then for heaven, to pleaſe you.
Da. O my torture!
Fly hence as farre as hell, and hide thy head
Lower then darkneſſe, wouldſt thou had been acting
Inceſt or murder, when thou cam'ſt to pray,
Thou hadſt in any thing ſinn'd leſſe then this?
Vnſeaſonable devotion!
Ama. Can it be
A ſin to pray for *Damon*?
Dam. Thou hadſt bleſt me
Hadſt thou ſat all this while in ſome darke cell
Loading my head with curſes.
Ama. Jnnocence
Let me not underſtand you,
Da. Jle not ſtand
To her award, ſhe is a partiall judge,
And will decree unjuſtly.
Ama. How to *Damon*?
To him ſhe loves ſo dearely?
Dam. That's the reaſon;
She does confeſſe, *Alexis*, that ſhe loves me,
That's argument enough againſt her.
Ama. *Cerès*, theſe obſcure paſſions move me.
Alex. Jle inſtruct you,
Take here the paper, pen and inke,
Ama. Why yet ſir
I know no more.
Alex. You are to paſſe your cenſure,

Being

Being the first Nymph that we have met this morning;
Which of us two must have the faire *Laurinda.*
Write your award; our mutuall oathes doe binde us
Not to deny't
Da. 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd
Betwixt this curſed Nymph and you, *Alexis.*
Alex. Damon you wrong us both.
Dam. Where did you ſteale
This Garland? it was mine.
Ama. For that I love it,
Becauſe it once was thine.
Da. For that I hate it,
Cauſe it is thine, had it been true to me,
Methinks as ſoone as it had touch't thy head
It ſhould have withered.
Ama. So it would have done
Had it not firſt touch't yours. *Laurinda* gave me
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.
Da. Alexis, you deale falſe, 'tis a conſpiracy
'Twixt you and her.
Alex. How can it? you know, *Damon,*
I have not been one minute from your preſence.
Da. You took your time when I was ſleeping.
Alex. Neither,
Nor I nor you could ſleep one wink this night,
The expectation of this morning triall
Did keep us both awake
Da. I doe not know,
But there is ſome trick in't, and Ile appeale
From her too partiall ſentence (you ſtand
Alex. I'le the while goe fetch *Laurinda,* ſhe ſhall force
Vnto her triall. *Exit.*
Ama. Damon, thy harſh language is more then death
Vnto me. *Da.*

Da. I doe charge you to teare the paper,
And refuse to judge between us.
Ama. No, I am resolved to write I determine,
Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist
Revenge thy scorn. Take it, but Ile prevent thee.
he strikes her.
Ama. VVelcome death!
From him all things are so. *Damon* fly hence,
Thou hast shed blood here in the *Sacred Valley*,
Make haste away or thou art lost for ever.
Dam. Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.
Exit. Damon.
Ama. What was it he said last?--- Thou hast indeed
A time wherein thou maist revenge thy scorn.
---With love, no otherwise: and there thou shalt not
Prevent me, *Damon*. I will write--This inke
Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*,
Tis black and ugly, thou thy selfe has furnisht me
VVith that of better colour. 'Tis my blood
That's truly *Cupids* inke: love ought to write
Only with that;--This paper is to course;
O that I had my heart to write it there!
But so it is already. Would I had
A parchment made of my own skin, in that
To write the truth of my affection,
A wonder to posterity!--Hand make haste
As my blood does or I shall faint I feare
Ere I have done my story---

SCEN. 6.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. These milke-maids are the daintiest rogues, they (like
As sweet as sillibubs, surely *Oberon*
Lives a delicious life! Ha who lyes here?

A Nymph? If 'twere but now in *Oberons* power
To ſteale away her maiden-head, as ſhe ſleeps:
O twould be excellent ſport, to ſee how ſhe
Would miſſe it when ſhe wakes: what miſery it is
To be a boy, why could not my good father
Have got me five years ſooner? here had been
A purchaſe, well 'tis but five yeares longer
And I ſhall hope to ſee a merrier world.
Nobody neare too! S'lid the very thoughts
Enough to make me man o'the ſuddain, well
Ile kiſſe her though.
Ama. Oh I faint.
Dó. She dreames;
Now ſhall I know all ſecrets. Theſe ſame women
Are given ſo much to talke when they are awake
That they prate ſleeping too.
Ama. My blood congeales
VVithin my quill, and I can write no more.
Dor. Love-letters? ſhe was troubled yeſternight
About inditing, and ſhe dreames on't now.
Poore ſleepy ſecretary!
Ama. I will fold it up
And ſend it; who's that's here? my eyes
Are dimme, ha, *Dorylas*!
Dor. Now ſhe dreames ſhe gives it me to carry;
I halfe feare I uſe to carry letters in my ſleep.
Wearying my ſelfe all night, and that's the reaſon
I am ſo loth to riſe i'th morning.
Ama, Dorylas, carry this letter for me.
Dor. I thought ſo.
That's all that I can doe, carry their letters,
Or runne of errands: well come five yeares hence
They may imploy be better. Vnto whom is it?

Ama. Unto *Laurinda*, take it.
Dor. How, a red Letter?
Ama. Say I wish all health to her and *Damon*;
And being not able for to beare my griefes,
I sought a remedy from mine own speare, and dyed.
Dor. How, dead? Oh me,
See how her blood hath stain'd the holy *Valley*!
Well you have done me wrong to kill your selfe,
Onely to have me sacrific'd on the Altar,
I nere deserv'd it,
Ama. Feare not *Dorylas*.
Dor. Feare not, to dye so like a Calfe? oh *Dorylas* oh—
Ama. Good *Dorylas* be gone, whilst yet my breath
Will give me leave to say it was not you.
Dor. See that you doe, and so farewell. *Exit.*
Ama. Farewell!
How fearfull death is unto them, whose life
Had any sweetnesse in it! my dayes have all
Been so ore-worn with sorrow, that this wound
Is unto me rather a salve then sore,
More physicke then disease, whither my journey
Shall lead me now; through what darke hideous place,
Among what monsters, hags and snake-hair'd Furies,
Am I to goe, I know not: but my life
Hath been so spotlesse, chast, and innocent,
My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason
If there be gods) but to expect the best;
Yet what doth most torment me, is the thought
How long 'twill be ere I again enjoy
My *Damon's* presence: untill then, *Elisium*
Will be no place of pleasure; and perchance
When he comes thither too, he then may slight me
As much as now—That very feare doth make thee

Dye, wretched *Amaryllis*!

SCEN. 7.

Enter Clajus.

Cl. How no feare
Can make me loſe the Father! Death or danger
Threat what you can? I have no heart to goe
Back to the mountaines, 'till my eyes have ſeen
My *Amaryllis*.
Ama. O was ever love
So croſs'd as mine! was ever Nymph ſo wretched
As *Amaryllis*?
Cl. Ha! I heard the ſound
Of *Amaryllis*; where's that bleſſed creature,
That owes the name? are you the Virgin?
Ama. Yes,
That fatall name is mine, I ſhall anon
Be nothing but the name.
Cl. O ſpeak, what hand,
What barbarous Tygers iſſue, what curſed whelp
Of Beares, or Lyons, had the marble heart
To wound ſo ſweet a Nymph?
Ama. O ſir, my blood
Calls none but fortune guilty, I by chance
Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt my ſelfe.
Cl. Then I have hearbs to cure it: heaven, I thank thee
That didſt inſtruct me hither! ſtill the blood
Flowes like a ſcarlet torrent, whoſe quick ſtreame
Will not be checkt: ſpeak *Amaryllis*, quickly,
What hand this ſin hath ſtain'd, upon whoſe ſoule
This blood writes murther; till you ſee the man
Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope
In Phyſick is deſpaire:--She will not ſpeak,

And now the cure growes to the laſt. Yet here
I have a receipt will revive her ſpirits. *Applyes a*
And 'till the laſt drop of her blood be clean *medicine*
Exhauſted from thoſe azure veines, preſerve her; *& rubs*
But then ſhee's loſt for ever! Then O *Ceres*, *her Temples*
If there be any in theſe groves, men, Virgin,
Beaſt, bird, or trees, or any thing deteſting
This horrid fact, reveale it! Sacred graſſe
Whoſe hallowed green this bloody deed hath ſtain'd,
Aske nature for a tongue to name the murtherer!
Into the Temple.--If this place containe
Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion,
If there be any god at home, or Prieſt.
Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, ſpeake
Who did it: who is guilty of this ſinne,
That dyes the earth with blood, and makes the heavens
Aſham'd to ſtand a witneſſe?

SCEN. 8

Enter Pilumnus, Corymbus.

Pi. VVhat ſad voyce
Diſturbs our pious Orgyes?
Cor. See, *Pilumnus*,
A Virgin all in gore,
Ceres defend us;
The *Sacred Valley* is prophan'd.
Cor. The place
So deare to *Ceres*, all defil'd with blood
Pi. By *Ceres*, and her holy *Ompha*, hee
That did it, with his blood ſhall ſatisfie
The goddeſſe anger: who by blood offends
By his own ſacrific'd, muſt make amends,
I. I durſt preſume upon the power of Art,
Did I but know the murtherer.

Pilum. Howſoever
Tis death to him that did it.
Cor. Speake his name
Faire Virgin.
Ama. O · If it be death to him
That did it, I have not the power to live
Behind him.
Cor. Why, who was it then ?
Ama. My ſelfe,
And therefore in my death you law is ſatisfied
The blood and act both mine.
Cl. It is not ſo,
For had it been by her own hand, my skill
Could have preſerv'd her life.
Ama. It was my ſelfe,
Or one as deare.
Cl. VVho's that?
Ama. Ile rather dye
Then name him, though it be a name I uſe
Oft to repeat and every repetition
Is a new ſoul unto me, 'tis a name
I have taught the birds to caroll, every
Laurell and Cedar beares it regiſtred
Vpon his tender barke ; it is a name
In which is all the life I yet have left ;
A name I long to ſpeak : yet I had rather
Dye all the ſeverall ſorts of death twice over
Then ſpeake it once.
Cl. I charge thee by that duty
Thou ow'ſt to me, *Amaryllis*, that thou oweſt to me
VVho gave thee life. --
Pil. What ſhould this mean *Corymbus* !
Cl. And by the womb that beare thee, by the breaſts

Of thy Dead mother, *Lalage.*
Cor. This is ſtrange.
Cl. Conceale him not! in plain, I am thy father
Thy Father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee
By theſe gray haires to tell me, I am *Clajus.*
Pilum. How, *Clajus*! and ſo fortunately found!
Clajus. I, glut your hate. *Pilumnus*; let your ſoule
That has ſo long thirſted to drink my blood,
Swill till my veines are empty; and carowſe
Deep in my heart, till you grow drunk, and reele,
And vomit up the ſurfet, that your cruelty
Quaſt off with ſo much pleaſure; I have ſtood
Long like a fatall Oake, at which great *Jove*
Levels his thunder, all my boughes long ſince
Blaſted and wither'd; now the trunk falls too.
Heaven end thy wrath in me!
Pilum. Bleſſed be *Ceres*!
VVhat unexpected happineſſe is here?
Rejoyce *Sicilians* miſerable lovers,
Crowne all your browes with Roſes, and adore
The Deity that ſent him: he is come
whoſe blood muſt quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,
And kindle more auſpicious flames of love
In every breſt.
Cla. I, doe, I feare not death.
Let every Virgins hand when I am ſlaine
Ring me a kneli of Plaudits: let my Dirges
Be amorous Ditties, and inſtead of weeping
Dance at my funerall! 'Tis no griefe for me
To dye to make my countrymen ſome ſport.
Here's one in whom I only wiſh to live
Another age.
Ama. What joy have I to live,

That nere liv'd yet? the time that I have spent
Since first I wept, then, when I first had entrance
Into this world, this cold and sorrow full world,
Was but a scene of sorrow, wretched I!
Fatall to both my Parents! For my birth
Ruin'd my mother, and my death my Father.
O Tragicklife! I either should have been
Nere born nor nere have dyed. When I began
To be, my sin began, why should it then
Out-live me? for, though now I cease to be,
That still continues; Eyes, flow forth apace
And be asham'd to see my wound run blood
Faster then you drop teares---

Enter Damon.

See here he comes
His absence never untill now I wisht.
Da. My conscience brings be back, the feet of guilt
Goe slow and dull, 'tis hard to run away
From what we beare about us!
Cl. The murtherer
Is in this place, the issue of her blood
Is stop'd o'th sudden. Cruell man, 'tis thou
Hast done this bloody act, that will disgrace
The story of our Nation, and imprint
So deep a blemish in the age we live in
For savage barbarisme, that eternity
Shall nere weare out! *Pilumnus*, on my knees
I beg the Justice of *Sicilian* lawes
Against this monster.
Pi. Clajus, 'tis your hate,
And old revenge instructs you to accuse
My son, you would have fellowes in your death,
And to that purpose you pretend, I know not

What

What myſteries of art!
Cl. Speak *Amaryllis*
I'ſt not this VVolf?
Pilum. Say, Virgin was it he?
Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for ſtopping!
This coward ebbe againſt my will betraies me;
The ſtreame is turn'd, my eyes run faſter now,
Pil. Can you accuſe my ſon?
Ama. By *Ceres* no;
I have no heart to doe it: does that face
Look cruell? does thoſe eyes ſparkle with hate,
Or malice? Tell me, Father, looks that brow
As if it could but frown? Say, can you think
Tis poſſible *Damon* ſhould have the heart
To wound a Virgin? ſurely barbarous cruelty
Dwells not in ſuch a breſt, mercy, and mildneſſe,
Courteſie, love, and ſweetneſſe breath in him,
Not anger, wrath, or murther; *Damon* was not
Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did ſend
Her Doves to nurſe him, and can he be cruell?
Whence ſhould he learn ſo much of barbariſm
As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound me
Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind god
Whets his pil'd arrowes; He beſides, you know,
Had never cauſe to wrong me, for he knows
Alwayes I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong
An innocent; his ſoul is white, and pure,
Tis ſinne to think there lives a ſinne in him
Impiety to accuſe him.
Cl. In his lookes
He carries guilt, whoſe horror breeds this ſtrange
And obſtinate ſilence; ſhame, and his conſcience
Will not permit him to deny it.

Ama. Tis, alas.--
His modeſt, baſhfull nature, and pure innocence
That makes him ſilent: think you that bright roſe
That buds within his cheeks, was planted there
By guilt of ſhame? no, he has alwayes been
So unacquainted with all act of ſinne,
That but to be ſuſpected ſtrikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*
(I think my oath be lawfull) I myſelf
VVas cauſe of this.
Cla. Still I am confident
'Twas he.
Pi. It is your envy makes you ſo.

SCEN. 9.

Alexis. Laurinda.

Lau.--I will *Alexis*.
And ſo he muſt if oathes be any tye.
Alex. To lovers they are none, we breake thoſe bonds
As eaſily as threds of ſilke: A bracelet
Made of your maidens haire's a ſtronger chaine
Then twenty cobweb oathes; while we break,
Venus but laughs: it muſt be your perſwaſion
That works him to it.
Lau. Damon, you muſt ſtand
To what you promis'd, how ſhall I believe
Thoſe other oathes you ſweare, if you reſpect
This one no better? it was my device
To have her judge, was it not, *Amaryllis*?
How, all in blood!
Cl. Yes this unmercifull man
(If he be a man that can doe ſuch a crime)
Has wounded her.
Ama. Indeed it was not he.

Pil.

Pil. You see her selfe frees him.
Lau. When last we left her
She was with *Damon.*
Ama. Pray believe her not,
She speaks it out of anger, I nere saw
Damon to day before.
Alex. And when we left'em
He was incens'd
Amar. You are no competent witnesse;
You are his Rivall in *Laurinda's* love
And speak not truth but malice; 'tis a plot
To ruin innocence.
Lau. O ungratefull man!
The wolfe that does devoure the brest that nurst it
Is not so bad as thou: here, here, this Letter
Th'eternall Chronicle of affection,
That ought with golden characters to be writ
In *Cupids* Annall, will (false man) convince thee
Of foule ingratitude: you shall heare me read it.

The Letter.

Laurinda, *you have put it unto me*
To chuse a husband for you, I will be
A Judge impartiall, upright, Iust, and true,
Yet not so much unto my selfe as you.
Alex. Now I expect to heare my blessed doome.
Lau. Alexis *well deserves*, but Damon *more,*
I wish you him I wisht my selfe before
Alex. O I am ruin'd in the height of hope
How like the hearb Solstitiall is a lover!
Now born, now dead again, he buds, sprouts forth,
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute.
Lau. Take him the best of men, that ever eye,
Beheld, and live With him for whom I dye

Here look on't—
Dam. Writ with blood? O let me kiſſe
my bill of accuſation: here my name
Looks like my ſoul, all crimſon, every line,
Word, ſyllable, and letter, were the livery
Of my unnaturall action. *Amaryllis*
That name of all is black, which was alone
Worthy ſo pretious ink; as if diſdaining
The character of cruelty, which the reſt
Were cloath'd in: for as if that word alone
Did wear this mourning colour, to bewaile
The funerall of my vertue, that lyes buried
Here in this living tombe, this moving ſepulchre;
Lau. Know murtherer I hate thy bed, and then
Vnkinde, unthankfull villaine.
Amy. Nay, *Laurinda*,
You have bound your ſelfe to ſtand to my award,
The ſentence now is paſt, and you muſt love him,
It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd,
He is not guilty of this ſinne, his love
To me for mine, makes him againſt his conſcience
Seem to confeſſe it, but believe him not.
Lau. Nor will I, he is all falſhood, and ingratitude,
Da. Laurinda, you may ſpare in this harſh language
To utter your diſlike: had you a beauty
More then immortall, and a face whoſe glory
Far out-ſhin'd Angels, I would make my choyce
Here, and no where but here; her vertue now
Moves a more noble flame within my breſt
Then ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd
More of her ſoul, then ever yet I doted
Vpon your face, I do confeſſe the fact;
Pardon me vertuous maid, for though the action

Be worthy death, the object most condemns me!
Take me to death *Corymbus*, *Amaryllis*
I goe to write my story of repentance
With the same inke, wherewith thou wrote before
The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Corymb. Dam.

Pil. Laurinda and *Alexis*, do you call
The Sheapheards, and the Virgins of *Sicilia*
To see him sacrific'd, whose death must make
Their loves more fortunate; this day shall be
Happy to all *Sicilians*, but to me.
Yet come thou cursed *Clajus*, the sweet comfort
Which I shall take when my revenge is done,
Will something ease the sorrow for my sonne.
Cla. Amaryllis, prethee call *Amyntas* to me,
And *Thestylis*; I faine would have mine eye
Behold them once again before I dye. *Exit. Pil Cla.*
Ale. Come my *Lauriuda*, through so many chances,
Suspicions, errors, sorrowes, doubts, and feares
Love leads us to our pleasures! many stormes
have we sail'd through my Sweet, but who could feare
A tempest, that had hope to harbour here?

Exit. Alex. Lau.

Amaryllis sola.

Amar. All, all but the distressed *Amaryllis*
Are happy, or lesse wretched; faire *Laurinda*
Is ready for a wedding, old *Pilumnus*
Hath lost a son, yet mittigates his griefe
In *Clajus* death, my father *Clajus* dyes.
Yet joyes to have the sonne of his old enemy
A partner of his sorrowes; my farher loses
Onely himselfe, and *Damon* too no more;
Amyntas but a father, only I
Have lost all these; I have lost *Clajus*, *Damon*, And

And my ſelfe too; a father with *Amyntas*,
And all the reſt in *Damon*, and which more
Affects me, I am cauſe of all; *Pilumnus*
Had not elſe loſt his ſonne, nor had *Amyntas*
Wept for a father; nor poore *Theſtylis*
Bewail'd a Brother; *Damon* might have liv'd,
And *Clajus* but for me; all circumſtances
Concurre to make my miſeries compleat,
And ſorrowes perfect; for I have loſt my father
As ſoon as I had found him, and my *Damon*
As ſoon as I had found he lov'd me: thus
All I can find is loſſe; O too too wretched,
Diſtreſſed Virgin! when they both are dead
Viſit their aſhes, and firſt weep an houre
On *Clajus* Urne, then go, and ſpend another
At *Damon's*, thence againe goe wet the tombe
Of thy dead father, and from thence returne
Back to thy lovers grave, thus ſpend thy age
In ſorrowes; and till death doe end thy cares
Betwixt theſe two equally ſhare thy teares.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

Dorylas, and a Chorus of Swaines.

Dor. COme neighbours let's goe ſee the Sacrifice
Muſt make you happy lovers, oh 'twill be
A fortunate ſeaſon! Father *Corydon*,
You and old mother *Bauſis* ſhall be friends,
The ſheep-hook and the diſtaffe ſhall ſhake hands,
You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kiſſing,
Kiſſing and culling, culling and kiſſing, heighday,
In hope it will be one day ſo with me
I am content to live. Now lets aſcend.

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Alexis. Laurinda. Medorus.

Alex. Now my *Laurinda*, now, (O happy now!)
All lets that ſtood between my joy and me
Are gone and fled.
Lau. Long, O too long, *Alexis*
My doubtfull fancy wavered whom to love,
Damon, or you; in both was happineſſe,
But double happineſſe was my ſingle miſery.
So far'd it once, *Alexis*, (for I well
Remember it) with one of my poore ewes,
Equally mov'd between two tufts of graſſe,
This tempting one way, that entiſing t'other,
Now ſhe would this, then that, then this again
Vntill poore foole (true emblembe of her miſtreſſe)
She almoſt ſtarv'd in chooſing which to feed on;
At laſt (ſo heaven pitied the innocent foole)
A weſtern gale nipt one, which being blaſted
She fed upon the other.
Alex. Pretty foole, lets now no more deferre our nuptiall joyes.
Medor. How ſweet a folly is this love! But raſh youth, *Alexis*,
(As youth is raſh) runs indiſcreetly on,
While nature judgement ripened by experience
Stayes for loves ſeaſon.
Alex. Seaſon? why, can love
Be ever out of ſeaſon?
Med. Yes, *Alexis*,
Nothing's borne ripe, all things at firſt are greene
Alex. Lau. And ſuch ſhall our affection ſtill be ſeen.
Med. You are too haſty reapers that do call
For Sickles in the ſpring.

Alex.

Alex. Loves harveſt ſhall;
(Lovers you know) his harveſt ought to be
All the yeare long.
Lau. In *Cupids* husbandry,
Who reapes not in the ſpring reapes not at all.
Med. Women indeed too ſoone begin their fall,
Yet till curſt *Clajus* dye, as now he muſt,
Alexis and *Laurinda*, let my counſell,
Aſſwage the heat of youth: pray be perſwaded
A while for to defer your nuptiall bliſſe;
'Tis but a while.
Alex. A while in lov's an age.
Lau. Maids in a while grow old.
Med. Temper loves fire.
Alex. 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in deſire
Med. Yet loving paire, ſtay till a fairer gale;
He deſerves ſhipwrack, ('Tis the Mariners flout)
And juſtly too, that in a ſtorme ſets out.
Lau. I will ſuppreſſe my flame, (ah ſtill it glowes.)
Alex. And I, but how unwilling *Cupid* knowes!
Med. Tis well; now let's goe take our place, to ſee
For our ſad griefes a ſader remedy.

SCEN. 3.

Amyntas. Amaryllis.

Amar. Yes it was he: hee's in the Temple brother,
A place wherein he doth deſerve a ſhrine,
Yet is to him a priſon; can you gods
ſuffer the place that's reard unto your honours
Be made ſo vile a thing?
Amyn. Pray give me entrance:
I am not mad, (and yet I would I were)
Am I not mad to wiſh ſo? let me come
And ſee him, ſure you had your ſelf a father;

Did

Did you not wiſh to ſee him ere he dyed;
If he be dead, wee'l only pray a while,
And weep; will teares pollute the hallowed Ompha?
For we muſt ſhed them, yes we cannot chooſe:
Come ſiſter, he will let us, for though *Lalage*
Was our ſad mother, yet the gods will let us
Weep for her: come, come *Amaryllis*, come. *Exit.*

SCEN. 4.

Mopſus. Iocaſtus.

Iocaſt. Brother, aread, what means his gracious favour?
Mop. It ſignifies you beare the bell away,
From all his Graces Nobles.
Io. Divinely Augour'd!
For this I'le make thee Augur to his grace.
Mop. Belwether of Knighthood, you ſhal binde me to you
Io. I'le hav't no more a ſheep-bell; I am Knight
Of the *Melliſonant tingle tangle*
Mop. Sure one of my progeny: tell me gracious brother
VVas this *Melliſonant Tingle tangle* none
Of old *Acteons* hounds?
Io. Ignorant mortall!
Thou doſt not underſtand the terms of honour.
Mop. How ſhould I ſir? my trees beares no ſuch Apples.
Io. As mine, th'Heſperian fruit are crabs to mine,
Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.
Mop. The fame whereof rings lowd.
Io. VVe know it.
Mop. Foure ſuch Knighthoods more
VVould make an excellent peale.
Io. I'le have'em ſo
Mop. But you muſt get a Squirrell too.
Io. For what?
Mop. To ring your Knighthoods.

Io.

Io. I'le have any thing,
His grace will not deny me, O ſweet Orchard!
Mop. To ſee the fruit that came of ſuch an Orchard!
Io. But ſhall we not ſee *Clajus* ſacrific'd?
Mop. Oh by all meanes.
Io. But how deſerv'd he death?
Mop. No matter for deſerving it or no;
Tis fit he ſuffer for examples ſake.
Io. And not offend?
Mop. 'Tis fit he ſhould offend.

They take their places.

SCEN. 5.

Pilumnus *with a ſacrificing knife, fire laid on the* Altar, *a Prieſt holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Prieſt powring water on* Clajus *head, who was bound:* Cotymbus *leading out* Damon *bound.*

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and Religion
Are at contention in me, my ſad ſoule
Divided 'twixt my Goddeſſe and my ſonne,
Would in her ſtrange diſtractions, either have me
Turne Parricide or Apoſtate: Awfull *Ceres*,
For whom I feed the fatteſt of my Lambs,
To whom I ſend the holieſt of my prayers
Vpon the ſmoaky wings of ſweeteſt Myrrh,
Inſtruct thy doubtfull *Flamen*! ah, I cannot
Forget I am thy Prieſt; for ſooner ſhall
Our Lambs forget to feed, our Swaines to ſing,
Our Bees forget firſt from the fruitfull Thyme
To call them bags of *Nectar*: every thing
Forget his nature, ere I can forget
I am thy Prieſt: Nor can I but remember
That *Damon* is my ſonne, yet take him *Ceres*!
You need not powre water upon his head, I'le

I'le doe it with my teares. *Ceres* I hope
Thy anger will not bind the Fathers eye
To look into the bowels of his ſonne,
I'le therefore firſt ſpill on thy hallowed Alter
This Captives blood; and then retire my ſelfe
Not to be preſent at my *Damons* death,
Leſt Nature might turne Rebell to devotion.

SONG.

Ceres, to whom we owe that yet
We doe not Maſt and Acorns eat:
That didſt provide us better meat,
The pureſt flower of fineſt wheat,
This blood we ſpill at thy deſire,
To kindle, and to quench a fire.
O let it quench thy flame of ire,
And kindle mercies more entire.
O let this guilty blood at one
For every poore unluckie one;
Nymph, or Swaine, who ere doe grone
Vnder ſad loves imperious throne.
That love a happier age may ſee
In thy long tortur'd Sicily.
That bleud which muſt th' atonement be
Thus goddeſſe, thus we pay to thee.

Amyntas Amaryllis.

Amyn. Stay, ſtay that impious hand, whoſe haſty zeale
Thinks murder can appeaſe the goddeſſe wrath!
fit be murder muſt appeaſe her wrath,
Vhat is't can move her anger? Doe not then,
Doe not pollute her Alter, leſt it keepe
The crimſon ſtaine of blood, and bluſh for ever,
s this too cruell, ignorant devotion.

Pil. Avoid the mad man.
Amyn. VVhy *Pilumnus*, why?
By the dread *Ompha*, spare this guilty blood,
And I'le expound the Oracle.
What fire has yet his blood or quench't or kindled?
Pil. Why it hath quencht the sadder flames of love,
And more auspicious fires begin to move.
Amin. Where? in what breſt? No love in all *Trinacria*
But under *Cupids* ſcepter faints and groanes
More now then ever. Thy unfortunate *Damon*,
And more unfortunate *Amaryllis* ſtand
A ſad example; thy *Vrania*
(O ſad ſweet name!) may with her poore *Amyntas*
Witneſſe his tyrannous reigne here in *Sicilia*.
Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchaſt,
The very Pelicans of *Trinacrian* woods
Are found unnaturall, and thirſt the blood
Of their young brood, (alas who can believe it?)
Whom they were wont to ſuckle with their own.
O wretched ſeaſon! Bitter fruits of love!
The very Storks with us are Parricides,
Nay even the ſenſeleſſe trees are ſenſible
Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine
(The happy Embleme once of happier lovers)
That with ſuch amorous twines, and cloſe imbraces
Did cling about the loved-loving Elme.
VVith ſlacker branches now falls down and withers.
If then to adde more fuell to the flame,
To powre in oyle and ſulphure be to quench it,
The flame is quench'd: Nor are you he *Pilumnus*,
That muſt expound the Oracle, 'tis a wit
Such as mine is, neglected, that muſt hit
The goddeſſe meaning: you, the living Oracle

O

Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Ompha* of the Kingdom,
Will misconceive the goddesse; you are wise
Skil'd in the vertues of all hearbs, and flowers,
What makes our Ewes can best, what keeps them sound?
Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,
The number, height, and motion of the stars,
Tis a mad braine, an intellect you scorne
That must unite this Riddle.
Pil. But I know
The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd
But by the blood of *Clajus*.
Amyn. So it is.
Pil. How can that be; yet his accursed gore
Hath not imbru'd the Altar.
Amyn. But his blood
Hath been already shed in *Amaryllis*:
She is his blood, so is *Urania* yours,
And *Damon* is your blood, that is the blood
The goddesse aymes at, that must still her ire;
For her blood hath both quench't and kindled fire.
Pil. What hath it quencht or kindled?
Amyn. Love, the fire
That must be quench't, and kindled, *Damons* love
To his *Lauvinda* in that blood extinguish'd,
Is by that powerfull blood kindled anew
To *Amaryllis*, now growne his desire:
Thus *Clajus* blood hath quench'd and kindled fire;
All, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*.
Pil. And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled,
But to be quench't againe: *Ceres*! a frost
Dwell on thy Altars, ere my zeal renew
Religious fires to warm 'em.
Amyn. Spare these blasphemies,

For *Damon* is acquitted and assoil'd
Of any trespasse.
Pil. How *Amyntas?* speak!
Thou that hast sav'd a Father, save a sonne.
Amy. Thus, *Amaryllis* is the sacrifice
The goddesse aym'd at: and the blood of sacrifice
(As you all know) may lawfully be spilt
Even in the *Holy vale*, and so it was;
Besides your *Damon* is a Priest by birth
And therefore by that title, he may spill
The sacrificed *Amaryllis* blood.
If this interpretation be not true,
Speake you *Sicilians*, I'le be judg'd by you.
All, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*.
Pil. *Amyntas*, thou hast now made full amends
For my *Phylæbus* death; *Clajus* all envy,
Envy the Viper of a venemous soule
Shall quit my breast: This is the man, *Sicilians*,
The man to whom you owe your liberties;
Goe Virgins, and with Roses strow his way.
Crowne him with Violets, and Lilly wreathes;
Cut off your golden tresses, and from them
Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here
The debt of duty that thou ow'st to me;
Hence was thy second birth.
Da. Or hither rather:
The Balsome of *Sicilia* flowed from hence,
Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop
Might ransome *Cupid* were he captive tane.
Amar. How much owe I my *Damon*, whose blest hand
Made me the publique sacrifice! could I shed
As many drops of blood, even from the heart,
As *Arethusa* drops of water can,

I would out-vie her at the fulleſt tide!
That other Virgins loves might happy be,
And mine my *Damon* be as bleſt in thee.
Clai. O what a ſhower of joy falls from mine eyes!
The now too fortunate *Clajus*! my *Amyntas*,
My *Amarylis*, how ſhall I divide
My teares and joyes betwixt you!
Pil. Lovers come,
Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes,
And ſinging Hymnes to *Ceres*, walk a round
This happy village, to expreſſe our glee,
This day each year ſhall *Cupids* triumphs be.
Amyn. Still my impoſſible Dowry for *Urania*
Leaves me unfortunate in the mid'ſt of joy;
Yet out of piety I will here a while
(Though bleſt I am not 'till ſhe be my bride)
In publicke joyes lay private grieſes aſide.

Exeunt. cum Chora conſtantium.

Io. And I'le goe fetch the youngſters of the Town,
The mortall Faries, and the Laſſes browne,
To bring ſpic'd cakes, and Ale, to dance and play;
Queen *Mab* her ſelfe ſhall keep it holy-day. *Exit.*
Mop. Ah *Dorylas* that I could not have the wit
To have been a mad man rather than a foole,
I have loſt the credit.
Dor. Tis no matter,
You ſhall have *Theſtylis*.
Mop. Shall I, *Dorylas*,
I had as live interpret her as Oracles (you---
Dor. And here ſhe comes; give me your quaile-pipe, hark

Exit.

Enter Theſtylis.

Mop. Now *Theſtylis*, thou ſhalt mine Oracle be,

Henceforth I will interpret none but thee.
Theſ. Why have the birds (my *Mopſus*) counſel'd ſo?
Mop. They ſay I muſt, whether you will or no.
Theſ. How know I that?
Mop. The birds doe ſpeak it plain. *Dorylas with a quale-pipe.*
Hark *Theſtylis*, the birds ſay ſo again.
Theſ. I underſtand them not.
Mop. VVill you be judg'd
By th'next we meet?
Theſ. *Mopſus*, I am content,
So you will ſtand unto it as well as I.
Mop. By *Ceres*, *Theſtylis*, moſt willingly.

Enter Dorylas.

Mop. Ha *Dorylas*, heard you what the birds did ſay,
Dor. I *Mopſus*, you are a happy man to day.
Mop. VVhat ſaid they boy?
Do. As if you did not know.
Mop. But *Theſtylis*,
Dor. VVhy ſure ſhe underſtands it,
Have you to her this language never read?
Mop. No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her beſt in bed,
Dor. The birds ſaid twice: (as you full well doe know)
You muſt have *Theſtylis* whether ſhe will or no.
Theſ. And I am caught? Tis no great matter though,
For this time *Mopſus* I will marry thee;
The next I wed, by *Pan*, ſhall wiſer be!
Mop. And have I got thee? thanks my witty boy.
Dor. Hark *Theſtylis*, the birds do bid you joy.
Theſ. For fooling *Mopſus*, now tis time give ore,
Mop. Mad man I may, but will be toole no more.
Theſ. Mad after marriage as a foole before.
For he's a foole that weds, all wives weing bad;
And ſhee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

SCEN.

SCEN. 6.

Iocastus with a Morrice, himselfe Maid marrion, Bromius the Clowne.

Dor. See, *Mopsus*, see, here comes your Fairy Brother,
Hark you, for one good turne deserves another.
Exeunt. Dor. Mop.

Iocast. I did not think there had been such delight
In any mortall Morrice, they doe caper
Like quarter Fairies at the least: by my Knight-hood,
And by this sweet *Mellisonant Tingle tangle*,
The enfigne or my glory, you shall be
Of *Oberons* Revells.

Bro. VVhat to doe I pray?
To dance away our Apples?

Iocast. Surely mortall,
Thou art not fit for any office there,
Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies, Mopsus.

Io. See blind mortall, see,
With what a port, what grace, what Majesty
This Princely *Oberon* comes, your Grace is welcome.

Do. A beauteous Lady, bright, andrare,
Qeene *Mab* her selfe is not so faire.

Io. Does your grace take me for a woman then?

Do. Yes beauteous Virgin? Thy each part
Has shot an arrow through my heart;
Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thin,
Thy azure cheek, and christall chin,
Thy rain-bow brow, with many a rose;
Thy saphyre eares, and rubie nose,
All wound my soule, O gentle be
Or Lady you will ruin me.

Io. Bromius, what shall I doe? I am no woman?
If gelding of me will preserve your grace,

VVith all my heart.
Bro. No Maſter, let him rather
Steale away all your Orchard Apples.
Io. I, and ſhall,
Beauteous Queen *Mab* may loſe her longing elſe.
Do. How's this? are you no woman then;
Can ſuch bright beauty live with men?
Io. An't pleaſe your grace, I am your Knight *Iocaſtus*.
Dor. Indeed I thought no man but he
Could of ſuch perfect beauty be.
Io. Cannot your Grace diſtill me to a woman?
Dor. I have an hearb, they *Moly* call,
Can change thy ſhape (my ſweet) and ſhall.
To taſte this *Moly* but agree,
And thou ſhalt perfect woman be.
Io. With all my heart; ne're let me move
But I am up to the eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?
Dor. My Queen *Iocaſta* thou ſhalt be.
Io. Sweet *Moly*! pray let *Bromius* have ſome *Moly* too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid (ready
Brom. No indeed forſooth, you have Ladies enough al-
Io. Halfe your eſtate then give to me,
Elſe, you being gone, there none will be,
Whoſe Orchard I dare here frequent,
Io. Sweet *Oberon* I am content.
Dor. The other halfe let *Mopſus* take.
Io. And *Theſtylis* a joynture make.
Bro. Why Maſter are you mad?
Io Your Miſtreſſe ſirrah.
Our Grace has ſaid it, and it ſhall be ſo.
Bro. What, will you give away all your eſtate?
Io. We have enough beſide in *Fairy* land.

You *Theſtylis* ſhall be our maid of honour.
Theſ. I humbly thank your Grace.
Io. Come Princely *Oberon*,
I long to taſte this *Moly*: pray beſtow
The Knight-hood of the *Melliſonant tingle tangle*
Upon our brother *Mopſus*, we will raiſe
All our houſe to honours.
Mop. Gracious ſiſter!
Io. I alwayes thought I was born to be a Queene.
Dor. Come let us walke, Majeſtique Queene.
Of fairy mortalls to be ſeen.
In chaires of Pearle thou plac't ſhall be,
And Empreſſes ſhall envy thee,
When they behold upon our throne
Jocaſta with her---*Dorylas*.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Io. Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and foold?
Mop. Alas ſir you were borne to be a Queene.
Io. My lands, my livings, and my Orchard gone?
Dor. Your grace hath laid it, and it muſt be ſo.
Bro. You have enough beſide in Fairy land. (honour?
Theſ. What would your Grace command your maid of
Dor. Well I reſtore your lands; onely the Orchard
I will reſerve for feare Queene *Mab* ſhould long.
Mop. Part I'le reſtore unto my liberall ſiſter
In liew of my great Knight-hood.
Theſt. Part give I.
Io. I am beholding to your liberality.
Bro. I'le ſomething give as well as doe the reſt.
Take my fooles coat for you deſerve it beſt.
Io. I ſhall grow wiſer.
Dor. *Oberon* will be glad on't.

Theſ.

Thes. I must goe call *Urania* that she may
Come vow Virginity. *Exit.*

SCEN. 7.

Pilumnus, Amyntas, &c.

Amyn. Ceres, I doe thanke thee,
That I am author of this publike joy,
But is it justice (goddesse) I alone
Should have no share in't, every one I see.
I happy but my selfe that made 'em so,
And my *Urania* that should most be so.
I thirst a midst the Bowles, when others sit
Quaffing of Nectar, I but hold the cup;
And stand a sadder *Tantalus* of love,
Starving in all this plenty; *Cere's* demand
Feeds me with gall; stretching my doubtfull thoughts
On many thousand racks: I would my Dowry
Were all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore
Of bright *Pactolus* channell:--But *Urania*,
Tis hid, alas I know not what it iss

SCEN. 8.

Urania, Thestylis.

My *Thestylis*, since first the Sea-gods Trident
Did rule the small three pointed peece of earth
If this our conquering soile, it has not been
A place of so much story as to day,
So full of wonders: O 'twill serve (my *Thestylis*)
For our discourse when we goe fold our Ewes.
Those Sheapheards that another day shall keep
Their Kids upon these mountaines shall for ever
Relate the myracle to their wondring Nymphs,

Of

Of my *Vrania* it will fill their eares
With admiration.
Thes. Sir, *Vrania's* here.
Amyn. How! in this habit! This methinks befits not
A Lover, my *Vrania*.
Vra. Yes *Amyntas*.
This habit well befits a Virgins life.
For since my Dowry never can be paid,
Thus for thy sake I'le live and dye a maid.
Amyn. O is it just, so faire an one as you
Should vow Virginity? must the sacred womb
Of my *Vrania* fit to have brought forth
A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren?
Never expect *Lucina?* shall this beauty
Live but one one age? how curs'd's our posterity
That shall have no *Vrania's*! can one Tomb
Containe all goodnesse? *Ceres* rather blast
The corne thou gav'st us: let the earth grow barren,
These trees and flowers wither eternally;
Let our Plowes toyle in vain, and let there be
No more a harvest: every losse is small,
Yea though the *Phœnix* selfe should burne to ashes
And nere revive again! but let there be
Some more *Vrania's*--
Pil. Tis necessity,
We must obey.
Amyn. But yet *Vrania*,
I hope we may sometimes come pray together,
Tis not prophane, and midst our sacred Orisons
Change a chaste kisse or two; or shall I too
Turne Virgin with thee?--But I foole my selfe,
The gods intend to crosse us, and in vaine
We strive (*Vrania*) to crosse them againe.

Vrania

Vrania kneeling before the Oympha.

Vra. Great *Ceres* for thy daughter *Proserpines* sake
Ravisht by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plaines
To raigne with him Queen of *Elisian* shades,
Accept the sacrifice of a Virgin, for
It is thy pleasure, thine, by whom the earth
And every thing growes fruitfull, to have me
Be ever barren: Thy impossible Dowry
Makes me dispaire to be *Amyntas* bride,
Therefore that cold chast snow that never should
Have melted but betwixt his amorous armes
I vow unto thy Cloyster (Awfull Goddesse!)
Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy *Echo.* Folly.
Better then live in an unhappy love? *Echo.* Happy love
Be judge ye woods, and let *Amyntas* speak
Ec. Amyntas speak.
Pil. The Goddesse is well pleas'd, she daines to answer
By gracious Echo's; goe *Amyntas* speak,
Amyntas, Why, will she answer me before *Vrania*?
No, 'Twas the musique of her Angels voyce.
Whose heavenly Accents with such charming notes
Ravish'd the Goddesse eares; she could not choose
But beare a part in that harmonious song:
Yet if she will after such melody
Endure to heare the harsh *Amyntas* speak.
Ec. Amyntas speak.
When wilt thou think my torments are enow?
Echo. Now.
Alas, how is it possible I should hope it? *Ec.* Hope it.
How shall I pay the Dowry that you aske me?
Echo. Aske me.
I aske a Dowry to be made a husband,
Echo. A Husband.

Answer

Answer directly to what I said last.
Echo. VVhat I said last.
A Husband, *Ceres?* why is that the guesse? *Echo* Yes.
That which I have not, may not, cannot have--
I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband.
Tis true I am a man, nor would I change
My sexe, to be the Empresse of the world.
Vrania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my selfe;
A Husband, take it.
Vran. Tis the richest Dowry
That ere my most ambitious prayers could beg!
But I will bring a portion, my *Amyntas*,
Shall equall it, if it can equall'd be:
That which I have not, may not, cannot have
Shall be thy portion, 'tis a Wife, *Amyntas*
Amy. Should greater Queens woo me in all their Pride
And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,
I should prefer this portion for the best.
Thanks *Ceres*, that hast made us both be blest.
Echo. Be blest.
Clai Pilumnus, let us now grow young againe,
And like two trees robd of their leafy bowes
By winter, age, and *Boreas* keener breath,
Sprout forth and bud again: This spring of joy
Cuts forty yeares away from the gray summe.
Once more in triumph let us walk the Villag.
Pilum. But first I will intreat this company
To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilum-

Pilumnus Epilogizes.

ALL Loves are happy, none with us there be,
Now ſicke of coyneſſe, or unconſtancy.
The wealthy ſummes of kiſſes döe amount
To greater ſcores then curious art can count!
Each eye is fixt upon his Miſtris face,
And every Arme is lockt in ſome embrace:
Each cheek is dimpled; every lip doth ſmile:
Such happineſſe I wiſh this bleſſed Iſle,
This little world of Lovers: and leſt you
Should thinke this bliſſe no reall joyes nor true,
would every Lady in this orbe might ſee
Their loves as happy, as we ſay they be;
And for your gentle youths, whoſe tender hearts
Are not ſhot-proofe gainſt love and Cupids *darts;*
Theſe are my Prayers (I would thoſe prayers were charms)
That each had here his Miſtreſſe in his armes.
True Lovers (for tis truth gives love delight)
To you our Author onely meanes to write.
If he have pleas'd) as yet he doubtfull ſtands,)
For his applauſe clap lips inſtead of Hands.
He begs nor Bayes, nor Ivy; onely this,
Seale his wiſht Plaudite *with an amorous Kiſſe.*

Exeunt Cantantes.

FINIS.

ARISTIPPVS,
OR,
THE IOVIALL
PHILOSOPHER.

Presented in a private Shew,

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED PEDLER.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status & res.

Semel insanivimus.

LONDON,
Printed in the Yeere, 1652.

THE PRÆLUDIUM,

Shewes having beene long intermitted, and *forbidden by authority for their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring.*

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiv'd, I have no bended knees
No supple tongue nor speeches steep'd in Oyle,
No candied flattery, nor honied words,
I come an armed Prologue: arm'd with arts,
Who by my sacred charms and mystick skill,
By vertue of this all-commanding WVand
Stolne from the sleepy *Mercury*, will raise
From black Abisse and sooty hell, that mirth
Which fits this long dead round. Thou long-dead Show,
Breake from thy Marble prison, sleep no more
In myrie darkenesse, henceforth I forbid thee
To bathe in *Lethe's* muddy waves, ascend
As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
And red with kisses that have stain'd thy cheeke,
Grow fresh again: what? is my power contemned?
Dost thou not heare my call, whose power extends
To blast the bosome of our mother Earth?
To remove heavens whole frame from off her hinges,
As to reverse all Natures lawes? Ascend,
Or I will call a band of Furies foorth.
And all the torments wit of hell can frame
Shall force thee up.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O ſpare your two officious whips a while,
Give ſome ſmall reſpit to my panting limbs.
Let me have leave to ſpeak, and truce to parlie,
Whoſe powerfull voyce hath forc't me to ſalute
This hated ayre! are not my paines ſufficient,
But you muſt torture me with the ſad remembrance
Of my deſerts, the Cauſes of my exile?

Prolog. This thy releaſe I ſeeke, I come to file
Thoſe heavy ſhackles from thy wearied limbs,
And give the leave to walke the Stage again,
As free as vertue: Burne thy withered Bayes,
And with freſh Laurell crowne thy ſacred Temples,
Caſt off thy maske of darkeneſſe, and appeare
As glorious as thy ſiſter Comedy.
But firſt with teares waſh off that guilty ſinne,
Purge out thoſe ill digeſted dregges of wit,
That uſe their inke to blot a ſpotleſſe fame,
Let's have no one particular man traduc'd,
But like a noble Eagle ſeaze on vice,
As ſhe flyes bold and open, ſpare the perſons,
Let us have ſimple mirth, and innocent laughter;
Sweet ſmiling lips and ſuch as hide no fangs,
No venemous biting teeth, or forked tongues.
Then ſhall thy freedome be reſtor'd again,
And full applauſe be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here proteſt,
I doe diſclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch ſuch men as I know vicious,
Much leſſe the good: I will not dare to ſay,
That ſuch a one pay'd for his fellowſhip,
And had no learning but in's purſe; no Officer
Need feare the ſting of my detraction,
I'le give all leave to fill their guts in quiet:
I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,

No Posts with envious News and biting Packets,
You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
It is no Parliament: you that nothing have
Like Schollars, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill
Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
As might become a Cato: I shall give
No cause to grieve that once more yet I live.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beagles of hell avant,
Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes, and clad in these,
Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreate
Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and taste, and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sir, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
I come to have my mirth approv'd, nor skill:
Your laughter all I begge. and where you see
No jest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPUS,

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundum gradum incompossibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane by his possibilities & incompossibilities? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas* and *Minshew*, are as farre to seek as my self: not a word of *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what I'le do. I have heard of a great Philosopher: I'le try what he can doe; They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, & that methinks is an ill signe: & they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne never lie

lie from thence: they say 'tis a Taverne too; for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the town but the Schooles and *Aristotles* well: but since I am come thus farre, I will enquire: for this same *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* sticks in my stomack.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir,

Sim. What Phylosophy is this?

Knocks

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir? what would you have Sir?

Sim. Nothing but *Aristippus.*

Boy You shall Sir. *Exit.*

Sim. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it looke like a Greene Fish: what's yonder, Greek too? now surely it is the Phylosophers Motto: *Hipathi hapathi, aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Here Sir.

Sim. Ha what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Sim. The great Phylosopher lately come hither.

Boy, Why, this is *Aristippus.*

Sim. Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex, Nominalis & Realis*; or else the Phylosopher lives like *Diogenes in dolio* the President of Hogges-head Colledg: but I meane o *Aristippus* καθόξοχον, the great Phylosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Losopher, but he be Schollars in the house, I'le send them to you: Ano anon Sir, I cannot be here and there too. Anon anon Si

Simp. This boy would have but a falacy upon mee, *interrogatione plurium*: This boy is a meer *Animal*, ha,

he. He has not a jot of Language more then Anon, anon! Sir. O Giggleſwicke, thou happy place of education. This poore wretch knows not what a Phyloſopher meanes. To ſee the ſimpleneſſe of theſe people; They doe every thing ἁπλῶς, and have not a jot, not an inch of κατ' ἐξ in them. O what had become of mee, if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Precepter*, with a Satchell at my back?

Enter two Schollars.

Slaves are they that heape up mountaines,
Still deſiring more and more,
Still let's carouſe in Bacchus *fountaines,*
Never dreaming to be poore.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim,
For then me thinks my wits grow quicker,
when my braines in liquor ſwimme.
Ha brave *Ariſtippus.*
Poxe of *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, and a company of dry Raſcalls: But hey brave *Ariſtippus*

Sim. Certainly theſe are *Ariſtippus* his Schollars? Sir pray can you reſolve me what is *Gradus compoſſibilitatis?*

1. Schol. *What ayles thou, thou muſing man?*
Diddle diddle dooe.

2. Schol. *Quench thy ſorrowes in a Canne,*
Diddle diddle dooe.

Compoſſibilitas? why that's nothing man, when you ne'r drinke beyond your *poculum neceſſitatis*, you are *in gradu compoſſibili* to all good fellowſhip: Come, hang *Scotus*, wee'l leade you to *Ariſtippus*, one Epitome of his in *quarto*, is worth a volume of theſe Dunces.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thank you in *poculo Gratiarum.* But what Phyloſophy doth he read, and what houres doth he keep?

1. None at all p eciſely, but indiſtinctly all: Night and day he powres forth his inſtructions, and fills you out of meaſure.

2. Hee'l

2. Hee'l make the eyes of our understanding see double, and teach you to speak fluently, and utter your minde in abundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollars, Sir?

1. More then all the Phylosophers in the Towne besides. He never rests, but is still cal'd for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristippus* sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctors sometimes.

2. And as merry a man. There can be no Feast, but he is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3. Did you but once heare him, you would so love his company, you would never after endure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2. We will, brave boy: and when you have seene him Youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorn to be your own man any longer.

Sim. But I pray you at what price reads he?

1. Why truly his price hath beene raised of late, and his very name makes him the dearer.

2. A dilligent Lecturer deserves eight pence a pint tuition: Nay, if you will learne any thing, Schollership must be paid for. Academicall Simony is lawfull: Nay did you ever heare of a good preacher in a fat Benefice, unless his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for we shall have no more such in haste.

Enter Wild-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1. The University Ramist, a Mault Heretique; and the Wild-man that is grown mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let us leave him to his frenzies

But come you Lads that love Canary,
Let us have a mad segarie:
Hether, hether, hether, hether,
All good fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt
Wild-

Wild-man.

Braines, wits, ſenſes, all flie hence: let fooles live limed in Cages: I am the Wild-man, and I will be wilde: is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull uſe of the throat is ſo much neglected, and ſtrong drinklies ſick on his death-bed? Tis above the patience of a Malt-horſe, to ſee the contempt of Barly, and not run mad upon't. This is *Ariſtippus* *Ariſippus*, now a Divel or two take his red nos'd Philoſophy: Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle; but I'le be revenged: when next I meet him, I'le twiſt and twitch his buſh-beard from his Taverne face: Tis not his *hipathie hapithi* can carry him out, Let him look to be ſoundlier dash'd by me, then ever he was by Drawer for his impudence. I'le teach my Shaniſh Don a French tricke, Ile either plague him with a Poxe, or have ſome Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Muldſacke*: if he was not either ſent hither from the Britch Politique, or be not imployed by *Spinola* to ſeduce the Kings lawfull ſubjects from their allegiance to ſtrong Beere, let me hold up my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-poſt, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treaſon! Well, I ſay nothing, but he has blowne up good ſtore of men in his dayes, houſes and lands and all. If they take no order with him here in the Univerſity, the poore Country were as good have the man in the Moone for their Paſtor, as a Schollar. They are all ſo infected with *Ariſtippus* his Arminianiſme, they can preach no Doctrine but Sacke and red Noſes. As for the VVilde-man they have made him horn-mad already.

Enter a fellow crying wine pots.

Heighday there goes the Hunts up: this is the Mandrakes voice that undoe's me: you may hear him in faith. This is the Devill of his that goes up and downe like a roaring

roaring Sheeps-head to gather his Pewter Libraty, I'le fit him I faith.

beats him.

Now you Calves-skin impudence, I'le thresh your Jacket

beats him out.

Enter Aristippus *and his two Schollars.*

Arist. What a coyl's heere? what fellow's that? he looks like a mad hogs-head of March beere that had run out, and threatned a deluge: whats he?

1. O 'tis the wilde-man! a zealous brother that stands up against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine it a degree above the reputation of *Aquavitæ*.

2. I have heard him sweare by his *hora octava*, that Sack and *Rosa Solis* is but water-grewell to it.

Wild. O art thou there, Saint *Dunstan*? thou hast undone me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin*: but I'le be revenged upon thee, 'Tis not your Mephostopholis, nor any other spirits of Rubie or Carbunkle, that you can raise, nor your good father in law Doctor *Faustus*, that conjures so many of us into your Wives Circle, that with all their Magicke, he shall secure you from my rage, you have set a spell for any mans comming into my house now.

Arist. Why, none of my credit hath choked up your doores.

Wilde-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and I'le have the hang'd in Gibbets for murthering my Beere: I'le have thee tried by a jury of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous Conjurer.

Arist. Why dost thou call me Conjurer? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elves to molest you: has *Robin good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce believe it, for I am sure since Iack and I came to Towne, your house hath not been so much hannted.

Wilde-

Wilde-man. I'l put out thine eyes, *Don canario*, I'l scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Guzman.*

Arist. If he and his Beere will not be quiet, draw um both out.

Wilde-man. Yet I'le be revenged, you raskal, I do no feare the *Spanish* inquisition, I'le runne to the Counsell, and betray thy villany; I'le carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards have conquered *Lisbon*, and *Civell.* You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy ruffe look't so like the Moon Cresecent *in* 88. thy very breath is invincible, and stinks of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will will metamorphose us to balderdash.

Wilde-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'l be reveng'd on you, I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

1 *Schol.* Well *Domine*, though the *hora octava* be not come, yet you may be gone. *Kicks him. Exit.*

Arist. Come Pupill, have you any mind to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I have alwaies accounted Philosophy to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prius*? and these Schoolmen have so puzled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of understanding them either in *summo gradu*, or *remisso*, I lay sicke of an *Haccitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleep a winke for't; therefore good sir teach me as *συντόμως* as you can, and pray let it be *conceptis verbis*, and *ex monte Philosophi.*

Arist. I warrant thee good proficions, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures, you must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiæ.*

Sim. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I have

as great a mind as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Give him the oath.

2 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serve the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No, it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum.*

1 *Sim.* Well sir, I will do it *quoad potentiam obedienciale.*

Schol. First, you must sweare to defend the houour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives and Tapsters, and professe your self a foe *nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinkes

1 *Schol*, Next, you shall sweare to observe the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert*, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of *Miter Colepge.*

Schol. Kisse the booke.

Drinkes againe.

Sim. I sir, *Secundem veritatem intrinsecam, & non æquivoce.*

1 *Schol*, That you keep all acts and meetings, *tam privatim*, in private houses, *quam publice*, in the Dolphin schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleep at reckonings: but alwaies and every where shew your self so dilligent in drinking that the Proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you never walke into the Towne without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and casting Hood; especially when there is a Convocation, and of all things take heed of running to the Assizes.

Sim. Is this the end, I pray you sir, is this the *Finis*, *ἀτέλευτα.*

1 *Schol.*

2 *Schol.* It is *Ultimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 *Schol.* *Executione*, that followes the Assizes.

Sim. But methinks there is one *Scrupulum*, it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *contra formam statuti*.

2 *Schol.* I but therefore you are sworne to keep customs, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

Arist. What have you inrolled him in *Albo*? have you fully admitted him into the society, to be a member of the body Academick?

Sim. Yes sir, I am one of your Pupills now, *unitate numeri*: we have made an end of it, *secundum ultimum complementum, & actualitatem*.

Arist. Well then, give the attendance.

Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophy, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious pallat: for the rest, I expell them my schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, and drinke water.

Sim. We will attend sir, and that *bibulis auribus*.

Arist. The many errours that have crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack, drinking better studied, we should have fewer Gownes and more schollars.

1 *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor schollars for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole University is full of your honest fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorke-shire* Belfrey have walked to *Cambridge* with Satchells on their shoulders: these you shall have them study hard for foure or five years, to returne home more fooles then they come: the reason whereof is drinking Colledg taplash, that will let them have no more learning, then they size, not a drop

of

of wit more then the Butler sets on their heads.

2. *Schol.* 'Twere charity in him to sconce'um soundly, they would have but a poore *Quantum* else,

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole lives in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes their soules in their bodies: *Husons* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned, every prentice can jeere at their brave Caffokes, and laugh the Velvet Caps out of countenance.

1 *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorne of a what lack you Sir;

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behaviour: hence comes the Bridelike simpering at a Justice of peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Husteron Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I have done the like my selfe, till I have had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkeway*, but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your journies. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene ted with false Latine and pudding pye contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Noverint universi*.

Sim. Per præsentes me Simplicium.

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him, he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as cloathes at *Cambridge*? Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons: all these, and

and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbatisme, and foe to Phylosophy.

Sim. O I am ravished with this admirable Metaphysicall Lecture, if ever I drinke Beere againe, let me turne civil Lawyer, or be powdered up in one of *Luthers* barrels, pray lend me the book again, that I may forsweare it. Fie upon it, I could love Sir *Giles* for presenting those notorious Alewives. O *Aristippus Aristippus*, thou art equally divine τὸ δημιάμω καὶ ἐντελέχεια, the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my starres whose influence doth governe this *orbem sublunarem*, that I may live with thee, and die like the royal Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowsed up to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir, too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happiness.

Sim. O heavens, I could heare him, *ad æternitatem*, & that, *tám á parte ante, quám á parte post*. O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meer Orthodoxal, thy Phylosophy canonicall, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam & practicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretick, I'le be his perfect enemy, till I make him and bottle-Ale flye the Country.

Arist. But Sack is the life, soul, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioves* Kitchin, but his Wine-celler, to encrease the native heat and radical moisture, without which, we are but dronsie dust, or dead clay: this is *Nectar*, the very Nepenthe the gods were drunk with 'tis this that gave *Ganymede* beauty, *Hebe*, youth, to *Iove* his heaven and eternity; doe you think *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you think *Alexander* had ever conquered the world, if he had bin sober? he knew the force & valour of Sack, that it was the best armour the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunk with wine and ambition.

1 *Schol.* Only here's the difference: Ambition makes them rise, and wine makes them fall,

Arist.

Arist. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking schools, the souldiers trained up to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death, by accustoming to be dead-drunke: scarrs doe not so well become a Captaine, as Carbunkles, A red nose is the grace of a Serjeant Major, and they unworthy the place of Ancients that have not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Taverne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healths, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 *Schol.* And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceive the profit of Sack in millitary discipline, for that it may justly seem to have taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Sim. O wonderfull, wonderfull Phylosopher! If I be a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drinke Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceive it was onely *culpa ignorantiæ*, not *pravæ dispositionis* that made me a coword: but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Phylosophy, I will be a souldier, a scholler, and every thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materiâ, nec in formâ*. Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies. But proceed, my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Phylosophy.

Arist. Next it is the only Elixar of Phylosophy, the very Phylosophers stone, able, if studied by a young Heire, *mutare verum species*, to change his house, lands, livings, Tenements, and Liveries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shal be the more; whose Lands being dissolved into Sack, must needs make his soul more capable of divine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd & freed from so much earth.

2 *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himself with so much earth? he is the best Phylosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

Arist.

Arist. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head? A light head being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the Orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found the intelligence: so that I conclude all intelligence intellect, & understanding to be invention of Sack, and a light head? what mists of error had clouded Philosophy, till the never sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was mooved, which hee could never have done, had he not beene instructed by *Sack*, & a light head?

Sim. Hang me then, when I turne grave.

Arist. This is the Philosophy, the great *Stagirite* read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of History to witnesse.

Sim. Tis true, *per fidem Historicam*, for I have read how when he had vanquished the whole world indrinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Arist. Now to make our demonstration to prove, no Wine, no Philosophy, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sacke and truth are the only Buts which Philosophy aymes at.

1 *Schol.* And the Hogs head is that *puteus Democriti*, from whence they might both be drawne.

Arist. Sack, Clarret, Malmesay, White-wine & Hipocras are your five predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Mony is your substance, full cups your quantity, good wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is bearing, which produceth another predicament in the drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin; your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorums* breaking of jests; your *posteriorums* of glasses, false

bills

bils are your fallacies? the shot is *subtilis objectio*; and the discharging of it, is *vera solutio*; several humours are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected; your drinking is Syllogismes, where a Pottle is the *major terminus*; and a pint the *minor*; a quart the *medium*; beginning of healths are the premisses, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be divided, Tapicks or common places are the Taverns, & Hamon, Wolf & Farlows are the three best Tutors in the Vniversities.

Sim. And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted into some of their books, let *forma missi* be beaten out of me.

Arist. To perswade the Vintner to trust you, is good Rhetorick, and the best figure is *Synechdoche*, to pay part for the whole; to drink above measure, in a Science beyond Geometry; falling back-ward is star gazing, and no *Iacobs* staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe; the sweet harmony of good fellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent musique; Sacke it self is your Grammar, sobriety a meer solecisme, and Latine, be it true or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates; the reckoning is Arithmetick enough, a receipt of full cups are the best physick to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory; and here you have an *Encuscli pædia* of Sciences, whose method being circular, can never be so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Sim. If mine have any other motion, it shall be *præter naturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I live: I like that art of musick, wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, play'd by the soul upon the Organs of the body? O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha brave *Aristippus*: but in Poetry, 'tis the soul predominant quality, the sap and juice of a verse, yea, the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sack, for to think *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sin, as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers horse.

Arist.

Arist. I know some of these halfe-penny Almanack-makers doe not approve of this Phylosophy, but give you most abominable counsell in their Beggers Rhymes, which you are bound to believe as faithfully as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall hear some of *Erra Paters* Poetry.

I wish you all carefully,
Drinke Sacke but sparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keepe your health warily,
Take heed of ebriety,
Wine is an enemy,
Good is sobriety,
Fly baths and venery.

For your often potations much crudities cause by hindring the course of Mother Natures laws, therefore he that desireth to live till October, ought to be drunk in July: but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed sober. And let him alone, thou man in the Moone, yet hadst thou but read a leafe in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentiæ*, thou would'st have scorn'd to have bin of the water-Poets tribe, or *Sheltons* family, but thou hast never tasted better Nectar than out of *Fenners* Wassaile-Bowle, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes look like two Tunnels, his nose like a faucet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: And the Almanack-makers, & Physicians are like grand enemies of Sack: as for Physicians being fools, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, & minister simples, but if I meet with you, I'l teach you another receipt. *Sim.* Why, meet him Tutor? you may easily meet him. I know him, Sir, *& cognitione distinctâ, & confusâ*, I warrant you, do you not smell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanack against drinking Sacke ha *Stroffe*? have I found out *Stroffe*? you will shew your self, I see, when all is done, to be but a Brewers Clark.

Arist. But farre better speaks the divine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Barly-broth, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack, when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda*; his verses are in Latine, but because the audience are Schollers, I have translated them into English, that they may be understood. Here, read them.

1 Schol. *There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,*
Or else of the waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough by which it to call,
But yet as I wist, it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thick, and pisse it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy *that it leaves within,*
But I of complexion am wondrous sanguine,
And will love by th' Marrow a cup of wine,
To live in delight was ever my wonne,
For I was Epicurus *his own sonne,*
That held opinion, that plainly delight
was very felicity perfite:
A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere
To make one blythe, buxome, and debonaire,
'T will give me such valour, and so much courage,
As cannot be found 'twixt Hull *and* Carthage.

Arist. But above the wit of humanity, the divine *Virgil* hath extoll'd the *Encominus* of Sack in these Verses.

2 Schol. *Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,*
Fil't to the brim, I'l have my temples bound
With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolike it;
Let me drinke deep, thensully warm'd with wine
I'l chaunt Æneas praise, that every line
Shall preve immortall, till my moistned Quill
Melt into Verses, and Nectar like distill;
I'm sad, or dull, till Bowles brim-fil'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleasing desires

In my child hood kindle such active fires,
That my gray haires seeme fled, my wrinkl'd face
Growne smooth as Hebes, *youth, and beauties grace,*
To my shrunke veines, fresh bleod and spirits bring,
warme as the Summer, sprightfull as the Spring;
Then all the world is mine: Crœsus *is poore,*
Compar'd with me, he is rich that asket no more:
And I in Sack have all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then have I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the Pelean *youth compare,*
Him I will equall, as his sword, my Pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Doe not Atrides, Nestors *ten desire,*
But ten such drinkers as that aged sire,
His streame of honied words flowed from the wine,
And Sack his Counsell was, as he was thine.
who ever purchast a rich Indian mine,
But Bacchus *first, and next the Spanish Wine?*
Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my sorrow.

Aristip. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet, I make this draught of Sack, this Lectures period. *Dixi.*

Sim. *Dixi*, dost thou say? I, and I'l warrant thee the best *Dixi* in *Cambridge*: who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all, *pro & con?* I begin to hate distinction, *& actualiter, & habitualiter*, yet a pox to see, I can not leave them *nec principaliter, nec formaliter*; yet I begin to love the Fox better then subtilnesse. O Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might o-

pen the gates to none but thy Pupills: come fellow Pupils, if I did not love you, I were ἀραρτημα τῆς φύσεως, and an absurdity in the abstract; Let's practice, let's practice, for I'l follow the steps of my Tutor night and day: by this Sack, I shall love this Phylosophy: before I heard this Lecture, *Banks* his Horse was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to think what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleep this night.

1 *Schol.* Sleep to night! why? that's no point of your Phylosophy; we must sit up late and roare till we rattle the Welkin; Sleep! what have we to do with deaths Catercousin? doe you think Nature gave stars to sleep by? have you not day enough to sleep in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let me be crampt if I sleep then, but what, must we sleep in the day then?

Schol. Yes, in the morning.

Sim And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what have we to do with the sober time of the day;

Sim. 'Tis true, I see, we may learn something of our fellow Pupills: and what must we do now, fellow pupills? What must we do now?

1 *Schol*, Why? conferre our notes.

Sim. VVhat is that?

2 *Schol.* Why? conferring of notes, is drinking of cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'l conferre a note with you.

1 *Schol.* Gramercy brave Lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not have lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, its a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'l conferre a note with yon too.

2 *Schol*

2 *Schol.* Faith, let me have it, let's ſhare and ſhare like boone Raſcalls.

Sim. I'l ſay my part to you both.

2 *Schol.* By my troth, and you have a good memory, you have con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what ſhall we have for repetitions now?

2 *Schol.* I, what for repetitions?

1 *Schol.* Why the Catch againſt the Schoolemen, in praiſe of our Tutor *Ariſtippus*: can you ſing *Simplicius*?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

1 *Schol.* *Ariſtippus is better.*

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the ſtate of ignorance, I con'd it without book, thinking it had bin a poſition.

Ariſtippus is better in every letter,
Than Faber the Pariſienſis.
Then Scotus, Soncinas, and Thomas Aquinas,
Or Gregory Gandavenſis:
Than Cardan and Ramus, than old Paludanus,
Albertus and Gabriella,
Than Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus,
Than Niphus or Zabarella,
Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Toletus,
Zanardus, and will de Hales,
with Occham, Iavellus, and mad Algazellus,
Phyloponus, and Natalis;
The Conciliatur was but a mere prater,
And ſo was Apolinaris:
Ianduns, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus:
With Maſius, Savil, and Swarez,
Fonſeca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
Pererius, Avieuture;
Old Triſmegiſtus, whoſe Volumes have miſt us.
Ammonius, Bonaventure
Mirandula, Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido, the Carmelita:

The nominall Schooles, and the colledge of fooles,
No longer is my delight a:
Hang Brierwood and Carter, in Crakenthorps Garter,
Let Keckerman too bemoane us,
Ile be no more beaten, for greasie Iacke Seaton,
Or conning of Sandersonus.
The censure of Cato's, shall never amate us,
Their frosty beards cannot nip us:
Your Ale is too muddy, good Sack is our study,
Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the wild-man with two Brewers.

wildman. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers, knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's he, doe you not see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Champions good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus *and the* Schollers.

wild-man solus.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong for them, and let me be hang'd, if ever I be milder to such Rascalls, they shall finde these but stale courtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the black-Art; I hate them worse then *Bellarmine*, the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharron. I wonder what vertue is in this Pewter-faced Author, that it should make every one fall in love with it so deeply: I'l try if I can find any *Philtrum*, any love-potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *Ostultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities! Sure these are Comments upon Tobacco, dry and juice-less vanities. I'l try againe by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash., I'l turn another leafe: still better; has he any more Authors like this? what's here, *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Author. O *Bodly*, *Bodly*, thou hast not such a book in all thy

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thy Library, her's one line worth the whole *Vatican*. O *Ariſtippus*, would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy Hogſ-head: O curſt Brewers, and moſt accurſed am I to wrong ſo learned a Phyloſopher as *Ariſtippus*! what pennance is enough to cleare me from this impardonable offence? twenty purgations are too little; I'l ſuck up all my Beere in Toaſts to appeaſe him, and afterwards live by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh, that I had never undertook this ſelling of Beere, I might have kept my houſe with Fellows Commons, and never have come to this: But now I am a Wild man, and my houſe a Bedlam: *Ariſtippus, Ariſtippus, Ariſtippus*?

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour wild-man?

Wildeman. O *Ariſtippus, Ariſtippus.* What ſhall I doe for thee, *Ariſtippus.*

Medico. What extaſie is this?

Wild-man. O *Ariſtippus, Ariſtippus.* What ſhall I do for thee *Ariſtippus*?

Medico. Why neighbour Wilde man, diſcloſe your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, & perchance may cure um.

Wild-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcommeſt man on earth, Sir, *Signior Medico de campo*, the welcomeſt man living, the only man I could have wiſhed for, O *Ariſtippus Ariſtippus.*

Medico. Why what's the matter, neighbour? O I heare he has ſeduced away your Pariſhioners, is this the cauſe of your Lamentation?

Wild-man. O no Sir, learned Phyloſophers one that I love with my ſoul: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir. 'tis a diſmall tale, the ſharpeſt Razor in your ſhop would turn edge at it.

Medico. Never fear it, I have one was ſent from a---- faith I cannot think on's name, a great Emperour, he that I did the great cure on, you have heard on't I am ſure: I

fetched this head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as lively, as ever I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not think on's name. O I have it now, *Prestor Iohn* a pox on't, *Prestor Iohn*, 'twas he, he, Ifaith, 'twas *Prestor Iohn*; I might have had his daughter if I had not been a foole; and have liv'd like a Prince all the days of my life; nay, and perchance have inherited the Crown after his death; but a pox on't, her lips were too thick for me, and that I should not think on *Prestor Iohn*.

Wild-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prestor Iohn* Sir, will you think on *Aristippus*?

Med. What should I doe with him?

wildeman. VVhy? in my rage Sir, I have almost killed him, and now would have you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Enter Simplicius.

Wildeman. Sir, yonder comes one of his pupils.

Medico. Salve M. *Simplicius.*

Sim. Salve me; 'tis but a Surgeons complement, *Signior Medico de campo*; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants help. Are you there, you *Vsquebaugh* Rascall, with your *Metheglin* juyce? I'll teach you Sir, to break a Philosophers pate; I'll make you leave your distinctions as well as I have done.

wildeman. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily; O *Aristippus Aristippus*, I have broken thy head, *Aristippus*, but I'l give thee a plaister, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Med. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers provision, let all be in readinesse.

Exit Simplicius.

Wilde man. Pray Sir doe you think you can cure him?

Medico. Him? Why neighbour, doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wildman

Wildeman. What of the Thumbe? I have not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumb?

Wildeman. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumb, do you ſtill remember't, Sir?

Medico. Remember't? I, and perfectly, I have it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one loſt his Thumbe, I by chance comming by, took it up, put it in my pocket; ſome two months after, meeting the Gentleman, I ſet on his Thumbe againe: and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could have his hand to ſhew for't: why did you ne'r hear of the Thumb Sir? 'tis ſtrange you never heard me ſpeak of the Thumbe Sir?

Enter three Schollers bringing forth Ariſtippus in his Chaire.

1 *Schol.* Signior *de Medico Campo*, if you have any art or skill, ſhew it now, you never had a more deſerving patient.

Medico. Yet I have had many and royall ones too; I have done many cures beyond Seas, that will not be believed in *England*.

2 *Schol.* Very likely ſo, and Cures in *England*, that will not believed beyond ſeas, nor here neither, for in this kind, half the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witneſs, I am ſure, the eyes that he weares, were of my making.

1 *Schol.* He was then an eye-witneſs, but I hope hee weares ſpectakles, Signior.

Medico. Why, won't you believe it? why I tell you I am able to ſay't, I ſaw't my ſelfe, I cur'd the King of *Poland* of a VVart on's noſe, and *Bethlem Gabor* of a Ring-worme.

1 *Schol.* The one with Raw Beeſe, and the other with Inke-hornes.

Medico

Medico. Poxe of your old Wives medicines, the worſt of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes horne, and Bezars ſtone: Raw Beefe and inkehorns! Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the grand Sophies Court in *Perſia*, when he had been but twice ſhot through with ordnance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and ſo quickly, that he was able at night to lie with his wife the Sophies Neece, and beget a whole Church of Chriſtians; and could this have beene done with Raw Beefe and Inkehornes?

Sim. No ſure, this could not have beene done without Egges and greene-ſauce, or an Oatmeale poultice at leaſt.

Medico. The King of *Ruſſia* had died of the wormes, but for a powder I ſent him.

2 *Schol.* Some of that you meane, that ſtuck on the bullet which you took out of *Sherleyes* legges.

Medico. In the ſiege of *Oſtend*, I gave the Dutcheſſe of *Auſtria* a receipt to keep her Smocke from being animated, when ſhe had not ſhifted it of a twelve month.

1 *Schol.* Beleeve me, and that was a Cure beyond *Seggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salve, to heal all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 *Schol.* I, and cloze up the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidleberg*, I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the ſtate of *Venice* of a Dropſie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not been treaſon, I had cur'd the Fiſtula, that it ſhould have dropt no more then your noſe. By one dram on a knives point, I reſtored *Manſfield* to his full ſtrength and forces, when he had no men left, but was only skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunſwicke* with ſo great art and skill, as nature herſelfe could not have mended it; which had it not come too late after his death, would have done him as much ſervice as that which was ſhot off.

2 *Schol.* I eaſily believe that I faith.

Medico

Medico. I could make a purgation, that should so scoure the Seas, that never a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 *Schol.* By my faith, and that would be a good State-Glister.

Medi. I have done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *English* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 *Schol.* And yet had as much left, as serv'd five Cardinals on Feasting-dayes.

Medi. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish* or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe that durst undertake the King of *France* his Corns, and afterwards having cur'd him, I drank a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't, O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*!

Medi. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speak of my Art with ifs and ands? Do you take me for a Mountebank? and hath mine own tongue been so silent in my praise; that you have not heard of my skill?

2 *Schol.* No, pardon us Signior, only the danger our Tutor is in, makes us so suspitious, we know your skill, Sir, we have heard *Spaine* and your own tongue speak loud on't, we know besides that, your are a traveller, and therefore give you leave to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon.

1 *Schol.* His head, Sir, is so wonderously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

Med. Why, what if he had never an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the womb.

Wild. Beleeve me neighbour, but that would be as great a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Prester Johns* head:

Med. Why? I'll tell you Sir, what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Travailer.

2 *Schol.*

2 *Schol.* There is no such great wonder in that, but what may be believed.

Med. And another friend of mine travailed with me, and to be short, I came into the Country of Canniballs, where missing my friend, I ran to seek him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very pensive at his misfortuns, or rather mine? at last I bethought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner drank of it, but they presently disgorged their stomacks, and fell asleep; I Sir gathered up the miserable morsells of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still alive, he were able to witnesse it himselfe, and do you think I cannot cure a ten-graots dammage, or a crackt Crowne?

1. *Schol.* Good Signior, make no such delay, cure him, and have one wonder more to fill up your Legend.

Medico. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, & you M. *Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we do to lay his feet upon? By my troth, Sir, he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceive is cleane out of joynt; of the 20. bones of the *Granium*, there is but three only whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his *Sutures* are cleane perished, onely the *Sagitall* remaines free from violence; the foure *Tunicates* of his eyes are thred-bare, the *Meninx* of his eare is like a cur Drumme, & the hammer's lost: there is not a *Cartilago* in his head worth three pence, the top of his Nose is dropt away, there is not a *Muskle* left in the Cavities of his Nostrills; his *dentes molares* are past grinding, his *Pallet* is lost, & with it his *gurgulio*; yet if he can swallow; I warrant his drinking safe: help, open his mouth. So, so, his throat is sound; he's well, I warrant you; now give him a cup of *Sack*: so, let me chafe his Temples; put this powder into another glasse of *Sack*, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of us all: let down his leggs. How do you, Sir? *Aristip.*

Arist. Why, as young as the Morning, all life, and soul, not a dram of body; I am newly come back from Hell, and have seen so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life again.

1 *Schol.* The Catholike Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitant of Surgeons *Signior de Medico Campo.*

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingross'd all Arts to himself, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 *Schol.* The only Hospitall of soares.

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-house of infirmities, Signior *de Medico Campo.*

1 *Schol.* One that is able to undoe the Company of Barber Surgeons, and Colledg of Physicians, by making all diseases flye the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea, he is able to give his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed, or bequeath it by Legacy, but he is determined as yet to entaile it to his heires males for ever.

1 *Schol.* Sir, death it self dares not anger him, for feare he should begger the Sextons, by suffering no Grave to be made; he can chuse whether any shall die or no.

2 *Schol.* And he do's't with such celerity, that a hundred Peeces of Ordnance in a pitch'd field, could not in a whole day make work enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir, I'l assure you.

Aristip. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine: thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your own.

Med. I have gold enough Sir, and Philosophy enough, for my husoe is paved with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgive the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you,

Wild. O reverend Philosopher, and Alchymy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholike Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*

Emperour

Emperour of the ſacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudeneſs, & I will forſweare that Dutch hereſie of Engliſh beere, & the witchcraft of *Mindletons* water, I'll turne my ſelf into a Gown, and be a profeſt diſciple of *Ariſtippus*.

Ariſtip. Give him a Gown then, ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walk in, let's be very joviall and merry, 'tis my ſecond birth day, let's in, and drink a health to the company.

We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our mony, old Sack is our health.
Then let's flocke hither
Like birds of a feather,
To drinke, to ſling,
To laugh and ſing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.
Come let us laugh, let us drinke, let us ſing,
The winter with us is as good as the Spring,
we care not a feather
For wind, or for weather,
But night and day
we ſport and play,
Conferring our notes together
Conferring our notes together.

Sim. Heark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I muſt have it too, I am only left here to offer my *ſupplicat* to you, that my grace may paſſe, and then if I may but commence in your appobation, I will take a degree in drinking; and becauſe I am turn'd a joviall mad raſcall, I have a great deſire to be a Midſummer Batchelor, I was only ſtaid to aske you leave to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.

THE PEDLER,

AS It was presented in a strange SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen.

Such is my affection to *Phœbus*, and the nine and ninety Muses, that for the benefit of this Royall Vniversity, I have strodled over three of the terrestriall Globes with my Geometricall rambling, *viz.* the *Asia* of the Dolphin, the *Africa* of the Rose, and the *America* of the Miter, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Ale-house. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the divine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten Bastards of the thrice three Sisters, the learned Filly-foales to Mounsieur *Pegasus*, Arch-hackney to the students of *Parnassus*: Therefore I charge you by the seven deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three & four liberall sinnes, that your ha, ha, he's may be recompence of my ridiculous endeavours

I have beene long in travell: but if your laughter give my Embryon jests but safe deliverance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronymo* rising from his naked bed, was not so good a Midwife.

But

But I see you have a great desire to know what profession I am of: first, therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckram honesty about me, and I sweare by these sweet lips, my breath stinkes not of any stage actions: I am no souldier, although my heels be better then my hands; by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona*, I could never endure the smell of Salt-peter, since the last Gunpowder Treason; the voyce of a Mandrake to me, is sweeter musique then those Maximes of Warres, those terrible Cannons; I am no Towns-man, unlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes: I am no Alderman, for I speake true English: I am no Iustice of Peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable Bench never kist my worshipfull Buttocks: I am no Alchymist; for though I am poore, I have not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone: I am no Lord; and yet me thinks I should, for I have no lands: I am no Knight, and yet I have as empty pockets as the proudest of them all: I am no Landlord, but to Tennants at will: I am no Innes of Court Gentleman, for I have not been stewed throughly at the Temple, though I have been halfe codled at *Cambridge*: Now do you expect that I should say I am a Schollar; but I thank my starres, I have more wit than so: why, I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred-bare blacke Cloake, it looks like a piece of *Belzebubs* Livery. A Schollar? VVhat? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my Nose: no; If I was what I wish, I could but hope to be: but I am noble, generous, understanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedler.

But what is a Pedler; why, what's that to you? yet for the satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable self, I will define him.

A Pedler is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum nobile*

le of Tradesmen, a walking Burse, or moveable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast Vniverse, or a peripateticall Iourny-man, that like another *Atlas* carries his heavenly Shop on's shoulders.

I am a Pedler, and I sell my ware
This brave Saint Barthol. *or* Sturbridge *Faire,*
I'l sell all for laughter, that's all my gaines,
Such Chapmen should be laught at for their paines.
Come buy my wits which I have hither brought,
For wit is never good till it be bought;
Let me not beare all backe, buy some the while,
If laughter be too deare, take't for a smile;
My trade is jesting now, or quible speaking,
Strange trade you'l say, for it's set up with breaking?
My Shop and I, am all at your command,
For lawfull English laughter paid at hand,
Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine
To breake, and make a Craddocke of my braine:
Halfe have not paid me yet, first there is one
Owes me a quart for his declamation,
Anothers morning draught, is not yet paid
For foure Epistles at the election made,
Nor dare I crosse him who do's owe as yet
Three ells of jests to line Priorums *wit.*
But here's a Courtier has so long a bill,
'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
Relate the summes: Item, *he owes me first,*
For an Imprimis: *but what grieves me worst;*
A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
Cost me an houre, besides five pots of Ale.
Item *an Anagram on his Mistris name,*
Item *the speech wherewith he courts his Dame,*
And an old blubbur'd scowling Elegy

Vpon his Maſters Dogs ſad exequy,
Nor can I yet the time exactly gather,
When I was payd for an Epytaph on's Father,
Beſidss he never yet gave me content
For the new coyning of's laſt Complement,
Should I ſpeake all b'es ſpoken to his praiſe,
The totoll ſumme is, what he think, or ſayes,
I will not let you runne ſo much o'th'ſcore,
Poore Duck-Lane *braines, truſt me, I'l truſt no more;*
Shall's jeſt for nought, have you all conſcience loſt?
Or do you think our Sacke did nothing coſt?
Well, then it muſt be done as I have ſaid,
I needes muſt be with preſent laughter paid:
I am a free man, for by this ſweet Rhyme,
The fellowes know I have ſecur'd the time;
Yet if you pleaſe to grace my poore adventures,
I'm bound to you in more than ten Indentures.

But a pox on *Sheltons* fury, Ile open my Shop in hon ſter Proſe; and firſt, Gentlemen, I'l ſhew you halfe a d zen of incomparable Points.

I would give you the definition of Points, but tha thinke you have them at your fingers ends; yet for yo better underſtanding.

A Poynt is no body, a common tearm, an extreme frie of a good mans longitude, whoſe center and circumfere joyne in one diametricall oppoſition to your equilater Doublets, or equicrurall Breeches: but to ſpeake to t Poynt, though not to the purpoſe:

1 The firſt Poynt is a Poynt of honeſty, but is alm worne out, & has never beene in requeſt ſince Trunk-h and Cod-peece breeches went out of faſhon; it's made ſimplicity Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing: there be any knaves among you, (as I hope you are no

fool

ooles) faith boy this Poynt of honesty; and the best use ou can put it to, is to tye the band of affection: but I fear, his Poynt will finde no Chap-man, some of you had ra-her sell, then with *Demosthenes* by honesty at so deare rate: Oh I would wish that the Breeches of Bousers, tewards, Taxors, Receivers, and Auditors were trussed ith these honesty-poynts; but some will not be tyed to it: ut hist *Tom*; it is dangerous untrussing the time.

2 The next is a poynt of Knavery, but I have enow of em already, yet because I am loath to carry mine any nger about me; who gives me most, shal take it, and the vell give him good on't, this poynt is cut out of villan-us Sheeps-skin parchment in a Scriveners Shop, tagg'd ith the gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him off, hen it borrowed his eares, if he doe but fasten this to the w Doublet of a young Squire, it will make him grow so rpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but aste: this poynt of Knaverie has beene a man in his ies, and the best of the Parish, foureteene of them goe our a Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this: a point of Knavery, an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to y fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne rough all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be efident of Bride-well, where I leave him, hoping to see n trust'd at Tiburne.

. Amongst all my points, a point of ignorance is the ve-Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my cke, and is never out of fashion at Innes of Court: if u buy this point you are arrant fooles, for I'l give you s gift, that you shal have it in spight of your teeths.

4. The next is a point of good manners, that has been g lost amongst a crowde of clownes, because it was on-n fashion on this side *Trent*.

This point is almoſt found in our Colledge, and I than the heavens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to ſee it clean waſh away with the ſope of good government.

This point, to give you a little inkling of it, begins fro the due obſervance of a Freſh-man to Sophiſters, and the it ends with a *cedo majoribus.*

5 Next point is a point of falſe doctrine, ſnatch'd fro the codpeece of a long-winded Puritan, the breath of *minius* will rot in him, Tag him with a piece of Apoc pha, and he breaks in ſunder, truſſe him to the Surpleſ and his Breeches will preſently fall down with the thoug of the Whore of *Babylon.*

He hates unity and Church-diſcipline ſo farre, that y cannot tye a true-loves knot on him; cut off his tags, a he wil make excellent ſtrings for a *Geneva* Bible: I wo have theſe Points anathematized from all the religi Breeches in the company; 'tis made of a dangerous fl borne Leather, tagg'd at one end with ſelf-conceit, at other with wilfull opinion; this Point is fit for no ſervi but *Luciſers* Cacotruces: But why talke I ſo long of t Point, it is pittie it is not licenſed.

6 If you like my Points, why doe you not buy? If would have a more full point, I can furniſh you wi period: I have a Parentheſis (but that may be left out know not how you affect thoſe points; but I love them well, that I grieve at the ignorance of my infancy, wh my moſt audacious Toes durſt play at ſpurne-point.

Who will not pitty Points, when each man ſees
To begging they are fallen upon their knees?
Though I beg pitty, think I doe not feare
Cenſuring Criticke whelps, no point Mounſier:
If you hate Points, and theſe like merry ſpeeches,
You may want Points for to truſſe up your Breeches.
And from the cloſe-ſtoole may he never move,

hat hating Points, doth claſps and keepers love;
ut if my Points have here at all offended,
e tell you a way boy how all may be amended:
peak to the Point, and that ſhall anſwer friend,
ll is not worth a point, and there's an end.

Then the Pedler brought forth a Looking-Glaſſe.

The next is a Looking-Glaſſe, but I'll put it up again; or I dare not be ſo bold as to ſhew ſome of you your own aces: yet I will, becauſe it hath ſtrange operations, *viz.* If a crackt Chamber-maid dreſſe her ſelf by this Look-ng-Glaſſe, ſhe ſhall dreame the next night of kiſſing her ord, or making her Miſtreſſe a ſhe Cuckold, and ſhall arry a Chaplin, the next Living that falls.

If a ſtale Court-Lady looke on this Reflection, ſhe may e her old face through her new Complexion.

An Vſurer cannot ſee his conſcience in it, nor a Scriven-r his eares.

If a Townſ-man peepe into it, his *Acteons* furniture is o longer inviſible: corrupt takers of Bribes may read the rice of their conſciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot ſee the face of a Schollar in it. If ne of our jewel-nos'd Carbunkl'd rubricke, bonifac't, can enture the danger of ſeeing their own faces in it, the poor Baſiliſkes will kill themſelves by reflection.

If a blinde man ſee his face in this, he ſhall recover his ye-ſight.

But I ſee no pleaſure in the contemplation of it; for hen I looke into it, I finde my ſelfe inclined to ſuch a angerous diſeaſe, that I feare, I cannot live heere above oure yeeres longer: Howſoever, I hope after my deceaſe, e ſhall drinke the parting-blow.

If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,
It is because he dares not see his face:
Then what I am, I will not see (faith) say,
'Twas the whores Argument, when she threw't away.

Then the Pedler brought forth a Boxe of Cerebrum.

But now considering what a Phylosophycall *vacuum* there is in most of our *Cambridge* Nolddes, I have here to sell a soveraigne Boxe of *Celebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymie was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristles Pericranium*, sodde in *sinciput* of *Demosthenes*. The bellows being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole Confection boyled from a Pottle to a Pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first invention of it to Sir *John Mandevile*, the perfection of it to *Tom Odcombe*, who fetch'd it from the gray-headed Apples of the *Hobsons* Waggon of experience; I sweare as *Persius* use, by this my Coxcombe, this Magazine of immortall roguery: but for this Boxe of Braines, you had not laughed to night: Buy this Boxe of Braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee simple.

These Braines have very admirable vertues, and worke strange operations: foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make him write true Latin; three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniversity Gander; the terrestriall head of a High-Constable will be contented with halfe a dramme; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine panne of a Banberry brother.

Come buy my braines, you ignorane Gulls,
And furnish here your empty sculls;
Pay you laughter, as it's fit,
To the learned Pedlar of wit:

Quid

Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'l ſhut my Shop, and fooles you'l dye;
If your Concomes you would quoddle,
Here buy Braines to fill your noddle.
Who buyes my braines, learnes quickly here
To make a Problems in a yeere;
Shall underſtand the predicable,
And the predicamentall Rabble:
Who buyes them not, ſhall die a foole;
An exotericke in the Schoole:
Who has not theſe, ſhall ever paſſe
For a great Acrematicall Aſſe:
Buy then this Box of Braines; who buyes not it,
Shall never ſurfet on too much wit.

Then the Pedler brought forth a whetſtone.

But leaving my Braines, I come to a more profitable Commodity: for conſidering how dull halfe the wits of the Vniverſity be, I thought it not the worſt traffique to ſell Whetſtones.

This Whetſtone will ſet ſuch an edge upon your inventions, that it will make your ruſty yron Braines purer Mettle than your brazen faces. Whet but the Knife of your Capacities on this Whetſtone, and you may preſume to dine at the Muſes Ordinary, or ſuppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this be not true, I ſweare by the Doxies Petticoates, that I'l never hereafter preſume of a better vocation, than to live and die the miſerable factor of Conny-skins.

Then the Pedler brought out Gloves.

I have alſo Gloves of ſeverall qualities: the firſt, is a paire of Gloves made for a Lawyer, made of an entire Loadſtone, that has the vertue to draw Gold unto it: they

were perfumed with the Conſcience of an Vſurer, and will keepe ſcent, till wrangling have left *Weſtminſter* Hall; they are ſeamed with Indenture, by the Needle-worke of Morgage, and ſtinged with a *Noverunt Univerſi*. I would ſhew you more, but it is againſt the Statute, becauſe a *Latitat* hath been ſerved lately upon them. And few of you need any Gloves, for you weare Cordovant hands.

Night-Caps,

My next Commodities, are ſeverall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candlelight. The firſt is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to ſell to ſome of the Sophiſters: it hath an admirable faculty for curing the Crapula, above the vertue of Ivy, or bitter Almonds; nay, the Potredge-pot's not comparable unto it.

I have another fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his laſt Will and Teſtament bequeathed to the City, as a principall Charter: it was of *Diana's* own making: *Albumazur's Otaconſticon* was but a Chamber-pot in compariſon.

I could fit all heads with Night-Caps, except your grave over-wiſe Metaphyſicall heads: Marry, they are ſo tranſcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicament of a Night-Cap.

Ruffes.

I have alſo ſeverall Ruffes: firſt, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb-Lawne for the Vniverſity ſtatutes: I have a Ruffe for the Colledge too; but by this badge of our Colledge (my reverend Lambskins) our back-biters ſay, our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of ſtocke: I have no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of ſtrong Hempe; you may have them who will, at the Royall Exchange of *Tiburne*.

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriveners ſhop, there is good hope honeſty will come in faſhion againe.

But

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles: why, I have greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deaneries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chambermaid; the other, is the reserving of his Worships Tythes; or you may buy the Knights Horse three hundred pound to deare; who, to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks; but the down-right way, is three yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are *Majori in pretio*, then in the days of Doomesday-book, you must give prelents for your presentations: There may be severall meanes for your institution, but this is the only way to induction that ever I knew: but I see you are not minded to meddle with any my honest Leviticall Farmers.

The Pedler tooke out a Wench made of Alabaster.

But now expect the Treasures of the World, the Treasures of the Earth digg'd from the Mynes of my more than *Indian* paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no envious clouds of musty humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an object.

Come from thy Pallace, beauteous Queen of Greece,
Sweet Hellen *of the world, rise like the morne,*
Clad in the smocke of night, that all the starrs
May lose their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man i'th' Moone,
To borrow his Dogge to leade the Spheares a begging.
Rare Empresse of our souls, whose Charcoale flames
Burne the poore Colts foot of amazed hearts.
View the dumbe Audience thy beauty spyes,
And then amaz'd with griefe, laugh out their eyes.

Here's

Her'a now a rare beauty; oh, how all your fingers itch, who ſhould be the firſt Chapman? This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were not better to embrace this pretty Shambles of beauty, this errant Poultry of perfection, than to tumble your ſoapie Laundreſſes? Is this like your draggle-tail'd Bed-makers? when a man ſhall lie with Sea-coale aſhes, and commit adultery with the duſt of his Chamber?

Me thinks this peereleſſe Paragon of complexion ſhould be better countenanced; ſhe ſhould ſet a ſharper edge on your appetites, than all the three-penny Cutlers in *Cambridge*.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty fleſh and blood will never leave tempting; yet I proteſt by the ſweet ſole of this incomparable ſhee, I never had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraries of fleſh, but only this; This is the ſubject of my Muſe; this I adorne with coſtly Epigrams, and ſuch curious Encomiums, as may deſerve immortality in the Chamber-pots of *Helicon*. And thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accoſt her.

Faire Madame, thee whoſe every thing
Deſerves the Cloſe-ſtoole of a King:
whoſe head is faire as any bone,
white and ſmooth as Pumice ſtone,
whoſe naturall baldneſſe ſcornes to weare
The needleſſe excrements of haire,
Whoſe fore-head ſtreakes, our hearts commands,
Like Dover *Cliffs, or* Goodwyn *ſands.*
While from thoſe dainty Glo-worme eyes,
Cupid *ſhoots Plum-pudding* Pyes,
while from the Arches of thy noſe,
A Creame-pot of white Nectar flowes.
Faire dainty lips, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſleeke,
And truly Alabaſter cheeke.

Pure

Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meate
That such pretty milnestones eate.
O let me heare some silent Song,
Tun'd by the Iewes Trumpe of thy tongue.
Oh, how that Chin becomes thee well,
where never hairy Beard shall dwell;
Thy Corall necke doth statlier bow,
Than Ios, when she turn'd a Cow:
O let me, or I shall ne'r rest,
Sucke the blacke bottles of thy brest;
Or lay my head, and rest me still
On that dainty Hog magog hill.
Oh curious, and unfathom'd waste,
As slender as the stateliest Mast:
Thy fingers too breed my delight,
Each wart a naturall Margarite.
Oh pitty then my dismall moane,
Able to melt thy heart of Stone,
Thou know'st how I lament and howle,
Weepe, snovt, condole, looke sad and scowle:
Each night so great, my passions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gowne can tell how much I lov'd,
Thy Petticoate to pitty moov'd.
Then let thy Pedler mercy finde,
To kisse thee once though it be behinde.
Sweet kisse, sweet lips, delicious sense,
How sweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence;
Blest petticoat, more blest her Smocke,
That daily busseth her Buttocke:
For now the Proverbe true I finde,
That the best part is still behind.
Sweet dainty soule, daigne but to give
The poore Pedler this hanging sleeve.
And in thine honour, by this kisse,

Ile daily weare my Packe in this
And quickly ſo beare thee more fame,
Than Quixot the Knight Errants Dame:
So farewell ſweet, daigne but to touch,
And once againe re-bleſſe my Pouch.

Is it not pitty ſuch ware ſhould not be bought? VVell, I perceive the fault is in the emptineſſe of your learned pockets: Well, I'le to the Court, and ſee what I can ſell there, and then carry the Reliques to *Rome*.

The Pedler calls for his Coltſtaffe.

Some friend muſt now perforce
Make haſte, and bid my Boy
To ſaddle me my woodden Horſe,
For I meane to conquer Troy.

FINIS.

THE Jealous Lovers.

A COMEDIE

Presented to
Their gracious MAJESTIES
At CAMBRIDGE,
By the STUDENTS of
Trinitie Colledge.

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH,
Master of Arts, and Fellow
of the House.

-----Valeatres ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

DONDON,
Printed in the Yeere, 1652.

TO THE RIGHT *WORSHIPFVL*

Mr Dr COMBER,
Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the Universitty of *Cambridge*, and Master of *Trinitie Colledge*.

Right worshipfull,

Have observed in privat families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to severall employments, sendeth some to schoole, som to his plow, som to his flocks, while perchanc the youngest as uncapabl of greater busines, has the liberty to play in his hall. So is it in our Society (which joyfully acknowledgeth you our carefull and indulgent parent:) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studyes; while I, the last of that learned Body, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bles's'd in your auspicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, and telleth me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Body long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my oath and peculiar ingagements have bound me to be,

Your devoted in all dutifull observance,

Thom: Randolph.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a sixpence, and the losse of an howre. I could by mine owne industry have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; If I find thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknesse, I cannot be angry to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free wraptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortune, and is crept into the number of seven to undoe the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value them as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am impiety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love-robbing, but that I was willing thou shouldst have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kinde as my audience, who, when they might have used their censures, made choyce of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemency. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

-----Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

No, bestow the honour of this glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy use a known friend

T.R.

To that complete and noble Knight
Sir KENELLAM DIGBIE.

SIr, when I look on you, me thinks I see
To the full height how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their share:
While we lye lock'd in darkneſſe night and day
Waſting our fruitleſſe oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammer, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himſelfe, perchance to be
A pretty youth, forſooth, in fallacie.
This on Arithmetick doth hourely lye,
To learne the firſt great bleſſing---Multiply.
That travels in Geometrie and tires,
And he above the world a map admires:
This dotes on Muſicks moſt harmonious chime,
And ſtudying how to keep it, loſes time.
One turns o're hiſtories, and he can ſhow
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Phyſick labour; moſt of theſe
Loſe health, to know the name of a diſeaſe.
Some (too high wiſe) are gazing at a ſtarre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven already. And another one
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At poetry throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinity many ſpend their powers,
That ſcarce learn any thing, but ſtand to hours.
How muſt we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the beſt of theſe can ſhow!
For your deep skill in State, I cannot ſay;
My knowledge there is only to obey:
But I believe 'tis known to our beſt Peers,

Amaz'd to see a Nestor at your yeares.
Mars claims you too, witnesse the Gallion
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,
When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though inrich them! Stay here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement shew my pen?
But 't is, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prayes.
You 'll let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring servant, T. R.

To the truly noble Knight Sir *Chr. Hatton*

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments; whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk good sport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to hear her strain
When y' are at truce with Time. 'Tis a low vein.
But were her breasts inrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap over their clifts, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere;
'Twere but a lesson worthy such an eare.

T. R.

To his hononred friend M. *Anth. Stafford*

SIr, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement e're I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee;
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R.

Colu

Colendiſſimo viro, & Juris municipalis peritiſſimo, Magiſtro Richardo Lane.

SIr, if the Term be done, and you can find
Leiſure to heare my ſuit, pray be ſo kind
To give this toy ſuch courteous acceptation,
As to be made your cliant i' th' vacation.
Then, if they ſay I break the Conick laws,
I have an advocate can pleade my cauſe.

T.R.

Venerabili viro Magiſtro Olboſton, *Præſeptori ſui ſemper obſervando.*

SI bene quid ſcripſi, tibi debeo; ſi malè quicquam,
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Pierium per freta Typhin eras.

T.R.

To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not ſay I on our ſtage have ſeen
A ſecond Roſcius; that too poore had been:
But I have ſeen a Proteus, that can take
What ſhape he pleaſe, and in an inſtant make
Himſelf to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntary metamorphoſis.
When thou doſt act, men think it not a play;
But all they ſee is reall; O that day,
(When I had cauſe to bluſh that this poore thing
Did kiſſe a Queens hand, and ſalute a King)
How often had I loſt thee! I could find
One of thy ſtature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all profeſſions and all paſſions ſee.

When thou art pleas'd to act an angry part,
Thou fright'ſt the audience; and with nimble art
Turn'd lover, thou doſt that ſo lively too,
Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.
T'expreſſe thee all would aske a better pen;
Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.
In deeper knowledge and Phyloſophie
Thou truly art what others ſeem to be:
Whoſe learning is all face: as 'twere thy fate
There not to act where moſt doe perſonate.
All this is one ſo ſmall; Nature made thee
To ſhew her cunning in Epitomie;
While others (that ſeem giants in the arts,
Such as have ſtronger limbs, but weaker parts)
Are like a volume that conteins leſſe in't
And yet looks big, cauſe 'tis a larger print.
I ſhould myſelfe have too ungratefull ſhown,
Sent I not thee my book:---Tak't 'tis thine own:
For thus farre my confeſſion ſhall be free,
I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee.

Thy true friend. T R

Amico ſuo chariſſimo, ingeniociſſimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

A Vdebit proprios negare odores
Myrrhæ faſciculus, ſuáſque mellis
Mendicare medulla ſuavitates
Priùs quàm his Veneres deeſſe credam,
Quæ præſe placidos ferunt Amores.
Æternum vigeat, vigens amore.
Quòd ſi quis lapides loquatur, iſtum
Jam jam aptum Tumulo ſcias libellum.
En! noſter bona verba portat autor
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras;
Ridentes, niveóque perjocoſæ
Vincentes, Charitas nitore frontis

Amico

Amores ſimul elegantiáſque
Ad partus properare tum puteis,
Cùm viſus populáris & theatri
Plauſus ſuppeditavit obſtreticem.

DEſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſſe
Scatter their ſcribbles and invade the Preſſe.
Stage-Poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 't is not ſo; there's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth,
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 't is not right
To think that only toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Roſie bluſh, enſignes of modeſty;
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not feare others diſparagement.
But I'll not tell their fortune, what e're 't be;
Thou muſt needs know't, if skill'd in palmeſtry.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay, 'Tis petty-treaſon to withhold.

Edward Hide.

To his deareſt friend the Anthor, after he had reviſed his Comedy.

THe more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,
And thy free Genius: if this were mine,
A modeſt envy would bid me confine
It to my ſtudy, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
VVho cenſur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou haſt made it publik to the view
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue.
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lye

Within the walls of some great library;
That if by chance through injury of time
Plautus, and Terence, and that *fragrant thyme Aristo-
Of Artick wit should perish; we might see phanes,
All those reviv'd in his own Comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore.
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy scene doth represent unto the life,
Beside the character of a curst wife;
So truly given, in so proper style,
As if thy active soul had dwelt a while
In each mans body; and at length had seen
How in their humours they themselves demean.
I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow; thy names; what not?
But if our Poets, praising other men,
Wish for an hundred tongues; what want we then
When we praise Poets; This I'll only say,
This work doth crowne the Laureate to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Only in this thou dost thy self excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

To his dear friend Mr. Tho. Randolph, *on his Comedie called the Jealous Lovers.*

FRiend I must grieve your Poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in poets, Modesty.
If you dislike the issues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 't is as true
Those that were there can judge as well as you.
You only think your gold adulterate,
When every scale of judgement finds it weight,
And every touchstone perfect, This I'l say,
You contradict the name of your own play:
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

Rich. Benefield, T. C.

To his ingenious friend, the Author, concerning his Comedie.

THe Muſes, Tom, thy *Jealous Lovers* be.
Striving which has the greateſt ſhare in thee,
Euterpe calls the hers; ſuch is thy skill
In paſtorall ſonnets and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cryes,
Thou haſt an excellent vein for elegies.
'T is true; but then Calliope diſdains,
Urging thy fancy in heroick ſtrains.
Thus all the Nine? Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in perſon to decide the cauſe:
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,
And ſo gives ſentance on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee only of the nine;
What though the reſt with jealouſie repine;
Then let thy Comedy, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muſe by laughter.
Out with 't, I ſay, ſmother not this thy birth,
But publiſh to the world thy harmleſſe mirth.
No fretting frontiſpice, nor biting Satyre
Needs uſher 't forth: born tooth'd: fie, 'tis 'gainſt nature
Thou haſt th'applauſe of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And Vniverſity, all lik'd thy ſport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrell at diſlike, and ſpite of rumour,
Force a more candid cenſure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the Court.
Such rude and ſnarling prefaces ſuit not thee;
They are ſuperfluous: for thy Comedie,
Backt with its own worth and the authors name,
VVill find ſufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Deport.

Randolph.

Randolpho ſuo.

AN quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis, ut ſuperſit ætas,
Cùm ſcriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum ſimilis futurus ævi,
Qui jam vita cluis Schole & Theatri?
Nolo, marmor erit mihi poeta.
Mauſoleæ mihi mei Menandri
O quàm æterna ſatis liber perennis!
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis ut ſuperſit ætas.

Thom: Riley.

AGmine, non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis & pranſam vexat ubique domum,
Quot tua quotidie pulſarunt limina Chartæ:
Fervidus à tergo & quiſque rogator adeſt.
Prodeat audacter, repitáque vulnera prælî
Fabula, quæ meruit ſuſtinuiſſe, ſerat.
Non horret tantùm tua Muſa, aut mutat, ut eſſet
Turpior ornatu ruſtica Nympha ſuo.

Car. Fotherbie, *J. Coll.*

Amico ſuo ingenioſiſſimo
THO: RANDOLPH.

FIngito zelotipos, quos pulchre fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Muſa ſuſpicionis habe.
Fac dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fiet;
Muſa, licèt fuerit publica, caſta manet.

Fr: Meres.

Fratri

Fratri ſuo *Thom. Randolph.*

NOn ſatis eſt quòd te dederit natura priorem,
Ni ſimul & natu major, & arte foves?
Illa, ſciens noſter quàm non ſit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

AVTORI.

HEi mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?
Quis te jactandum das male ſanus aquis?
Irritata juvat quid poſſit lectio ſcire?
Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?
I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
Cenſur àmque ipſam ſub juga mitte gravem.
Qui meruit CAROLO plauſum ſpectante, popello
Non eſt cur metuat diſplicuiſſe rudi.
Dirige victorem captivo Cæſare currum,
Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:
Triſte ſupercilium lævo nictantis ocello
Mitte ſibi: Momis eſt placuiſſe nefas.

Thom: Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis personæ

Tyndarus, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamour'd of Evadne.
Pamphilus, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne indeed to Chremylus.
Evadne, supposed daughter to Chremylus.
Tetchmessa, daughter to Chremylus.
Demetrius, an Athenian in the disguise of an Astrologer.
Chremylus, an old man.
Dipsus his wife.
Simo, an old doting father.
Asotus, his prodigall sonne.
Ballio, a Pander, and Tutour to Asotus,
Phryne, a Courtesan, and Mistresse to Asotus.
Phronesium, a merry chambermaid,
Hyperbolus, *Thrasymachus*, } two souldiers.
Bomolochus, *Cherylus*, } two Poets.
A sexton.
Staphyla, his wife.
Pægnium, a Page.
A Priest.
Officers.
Servants.

The Scene

Thebes

To

The Jealous Lovers.

ACT, I. SCEN. I.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio.

Sim. HOw thrives my boy Asotus? is he capable
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I neer met
A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.
Wel, get thee home old *Simo*: go & kneel
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods
Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive
Any impression. *Asot.* As I am a Gentleman,
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,
To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good Asotus,
It is thy fathers care, a provident care,
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,
Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,
This, this, and this, and this is for Asotus.
Asot. Take this, and this, and this, and this again;
Can you not be content to give me money,
But you must hit me in the teeth with't?—— S'lid.
Ball. Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father
That does not bleste you with a sweaty palm
Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer;
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,
Fine white and yellow blessings. *Asot.* Pr'ythe Ballio,
I could endure his white and yellow blessings,
If he would leave his prating. *Sim* Do you hear him;
How sharp put tart his answers are? Old Simo,

Th'hast

I'm haſt got a witty witty wag; yet deare one,
When I behold the vaſtneſſe of my treaſure,
How large my coffers, yet how cramb'd with wealth,
That every talent ſweats as in a crowd,
And grieves not at the priſon but the narrowneſſe.
Aſot. If I make not room for'em, ne're truſt me.
Sim. When I ſee this I cannot chooſe but fear
Thou canſt not finde out wayes enow to ſpend it:
They will out-vie thy pleaſures. *Ball.* Few ſuch fathers!
I cannot chuſe but ſtroake your beard, and wonder,
That having ſo much wealth you have the wit
To underſtand for whom you got it. *Aſot.* True:
And I have ſo much wit to underſtand
It muſt be ſpent, and ſhall, boyes, *Sim.* Pray heaven it may!
Aſot. I'll live to ſpend it all; & then—perhaps I'll dye!
And will not leave the purchaſe of a ſheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin. *Ball.* Yes, dear Pupill,
Buy me an urn; while yet we laugh and live,
It ſhall contain our drink, and, when we dye,
It may preſerve our duſt: tis fit our aſhes
Should take a nap there where they took their liquor.
Sim. Sage counſell this—obſerve it, boy—obſerve it.
Aſot. I live in Thebes, yet I dare ſwear all Athens
Affords not ſuch a Tutor: thou mayſt reade
To all the young heires—in town or city.
Sim. All Ballio! I have lived a dunghill wretch,
Grown poor by getting riches, mine own torture,
A ruſt unto my ſelfe, as to my gold:
To pile up idle treaſure ſtarv'd my body
Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,
And ſpider-like have ſpunne a web of gold
Out of my bowells; only knew the care,
But not the uſe of gold——Now, gentle Ballio,
I would not have my ſonne ſo loth'd a thing:

No?

No, let him live and ſpend, and buy his pleaſures
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,
Where are the daintieſt meats, the briskeſt wines,
The coſtlieſt garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the faireſt, be ſhe wife or daughter
To our beſt Burgeſſe: and if Thebes be ſcarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him:—when I ſleep
Within my quiet grave I ſhall have dreams,
Fine pleaſant dreams, to think with how much pleaſure
Aſotus ſpends what I with care have got.
Aſot. Sure I were a moſt ungracious childe now,
If I ſhould ſpoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou ſhalt dream thou ſeeſt me drink Sackplenty,
Incircled round with Doxies plum—and dainty.
Sim. How thrives my boy?---How forward in his ſtudies?
Ball. Troth---with much induſtry---I have brought him now (drinking?
That he is grown paſt drinking? *Sim.* How man? paſt
Ball. I mean he is grown perfect in that ſcience.
Sim. But will he not forget? *Aſot.* No, I warrant you,
I know I ſha'nt forget; becauſe i'th'morning
I ne're remember what I did o're night.
Sim. How feeds my boy; *Ball.* Troth well: I never met
A ſtomach of more valour, or a tooth
Of ſuch juditious knowledge. *Sim* Can he wench? ha?
Ball. To ſay the truth---but rawly. *Aſot.* Rawly?---I'm ſure
I have already made my Dad a Grandſire
To five and twenty:---and if I doe not
Out of mere charity people all the Hoſpitals
With my ſtray babes, then geld me.---Wo to the Pariſh
That bribes me not to ſpare it. *Ball.* Then for the Dye,

He

He throws it with such art, so poiz'd a hand,
That had you left him nothing, that one mystery
Were a sufficient portion. *Asot.* Will you see me?
Set me a bag. These were an Viserers bones.
Ball. In this behold what frailty lives in man:
He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,
Is after death turn'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw Asotus
Asot. Then have at all,—and 'twere a million—All!
Fortune was kind: the precious dirt is mine.
Sim. And take it boy, and this—and this beside.
And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
This for your paines, dear Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,
Although to my best power,—alas—come short
Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,
And this reward but chides my insufficiency.
Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modest--honest--honest man:
I'l double it——in faith I will——I am
The joyful'st father! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps!
Asot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.
Sim. Come hither dear, come, let me kisse my sonne.
Asot. There's a sweet kisse indeed: this 'tis to want
A Tutor. Had you had my education,
You would have ta'ne me by the lilie hand,
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
As wondring at the lustre of their orbs;
Then humbly beg in language strow'd with flowers,
To taste the cherries of my ruby lip.
God-aemercy for this, Tutor. *Sim.* I am o'rejoyc'd, I am
o'rejoyc'd. *Exit. Sim.*

SCEN. II.

Asotus. Ballio.

Asot. WEll goe thy wayes, I may have a thousand fathers

And

And never have the like.——Well pockets, well,
Be not ſo ſad; though you are heavy now,
You ſhall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I muſt tell you,
I doe repent the loſſe of thoſe good houres,
And would call back the ſtudy I have ta'ne
In morall Alchimy, to extract a Gentleman
Almoſt out of a dunghil. Still do I ſee
So much of Peaſant in you. *Aſot.* Angry, Tutor?
Ball. Teem'd by invention all this while for this?
No better iſſue of my labouring brain,
After ſo many and ſuch painfull throes?
Another ſin like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Aſot.* The reaſon, dear inſtructour.
Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the myſteries,
The preciſe rules and axiomes of Gentility?
And all methodicall? Yet you ſtill ſo dull,
As not to know you print eternal ſtains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your blood
(That coſt me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own mony. See theſe Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich and reverend Breeches
Loſt to the faſhion by a lump of droſſe,
I'be your bailiff rather. *Aſot.* Out infection,
Ball. Who, that beheld thoſe hoſe, could e're ſuſpect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your ſelf?
Or elſe whoſe Journy-man or Prentice are you?
Aſot. Pardon me, Tutour: for I do repent
And do proteſt hereafter I will never
Weare any thing that jingles but my ſpurres.
Ball. This is gentle *Aſot.* Away mechanick traſh:
I kick thee, ſonne of earth:—thus will I kick thee,—
For torturing my poor Father.—Dirt, avant—
I doe abandon thee. *Ball.* Bleſt be thy generous tongue.

But who comes here? This office must be mine:
I'l make you faire account of every d-am.
Asot. I'l not endure the trouble of account:
Say all is spent,——and then we must have more.

SCEN. III

Tyndarus. Asotus. Ballio.

Tyn. WHat Fury shot a viper through my soul
To poison all my thoughts? Civill dissention
Wars in my blood: here Love with thousand bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poor heart; which, mann'd with nought but fea
Denyes the great god entrance. O Evadne!
Canst thou, that risest fairer then the morn,
Set blacker then the evening?——weak jealousie!
Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile?
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;
No toyish gesture, no desire to see
The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.
She is no popular Mistresse; all her kisses
Do speak her Virgin: such a bashfull heat
At severall tides ebbes, flows, flows, ebbes again,
As 't were afraid to meet our wilder flame.
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
The slights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
I were undone for ever——wrethed Tyndarus!
Asot. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Coxcomb,
That's jealous of his wife before he has got her,
And thinks himselfe a Cuckold before marriage.
Ball. WAnt of a Tutor makes unbridled youth

Run

run wildly into passions. You have got
A skilfull Pilot (though I say it) Pupill,
One that will steere both you and your estate
Into safe harbour.——Pray, observe his humour.
Tyn. Away foul sin.——Tis Atheisme to suspect
A devil lodg'd in such Divinity.
Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,
If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;
I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the faire shrine of a fairer saint.
O pardon me thy penitent infidell:
By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow
Never to think sin can be grown so bold
As to assault thy soul. *Asot.* This fellow, Tutor,
Waxes and wanes a hundred times a minute:
In my conscience he was got in the change o'th Moon.

SCEN. IIII.

Chremylus. Dipsas. Asotus. Ballio. Tyndarus.

Dip. ROt in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee.
Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse
And play the mother to anothers brat?
And she to nose my daughter?——Take Evadne,
Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go——and provide her
A place 'ith' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.
Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience,
Or I will have no patience--S'lid, Patience? Patience?
Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend:
And should my sonne committed to his care
Thus suffer as the poor Evadne does,
The gods were just to revenge her wrong.

Dip. I will not have my house afflicted with her; (Sir,
She has more suitors then a pretty wench in an Vniver
while my daughter has leisure enough to follow her nee
Chre. Wife, I must tel you y'are a peevish woman (dle
Dip. And I must tell you y' are an arrant Coxscomb
To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut?
Asot. There will be a quarrell, Tutor: do you take
The old mans part; I am o'th'womans side.
Chrem. Were every vein in poor Evadne fill'd
With blood deriv'd from those whose ancestours
Transmitted in that blood a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family;
Yet trusted to my care she is my daughter,
And shall share equall blessings with mine own.
Dip. Then a perpetuall noyse shall fill my house:
I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.
Thou shalt confesse the troubled sea more calm;
That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the ayr:
The Ravens, screech-owls, and the Mandrakes voyce
Shall be thy constant musick——I can talk.
Thy friends that come to see thee shal grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue!
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:
And 't shal be sharper; or were any member
Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it
In thy just torment. I am vext to think,
My best revenge age hath prevented now:
Else every man should read it in my brow.
Chrem. I will not wind you up, dear Iarum: Go,
Run out your line at length and so be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN

SCEN. V.

Dypſas. Tyndarus Aſotus. Ballio.

Tyn. HEre is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are theſe the joyes we reap i'th' nuptiall bed?
Firſt in thy boſome warm the ſnake, and call
The viper to thy arms——O gentle death,
There is no ſleep bleſt and ſecure but thine.
VVives are but fair afflictions: ſure this woman
Was woo'd with proteſtations, oaths, and vows,
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
As wiſe and vertuous as my ſoul ſpeaks her:
And may not ſhe or play the hypocrite now?
Or after turn Apoſtate?——Guilty thoughts,
Diſturb me not. For were the ſex a ſinne,
Her goodneſſe were ſufficient to redeem
And ranſome all from ſlaughter. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,
I pitty the unripeneſſe of your age,
That caſt your love upon a dangerous Rock,
My daughter! But I bluſh to own the birth,
And curſe the womb ſo fruitfull to my ſhame.
You may be wiſe and happy——or repent.

Exit Dipſas.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus Aſotus. Ballio.

Aſot. THis woman is a devil, for ſhe hates her owne children.

Ball. In what an extaſie ſtands that grieved wight?

Aſot. In troth I ſhall into compunction melt.
Will not a cup of *Lesbian* liquor rowze
His frozen ſpirits to agility?

Ball. Spoke like a ſonne of Æſculapius.

Aſot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean

It should prophane these breeches: Sure his soul
Is gone upon some errand, and has left
The corps in pawn till it come back again.
Tyn. Cold jealousie, I shall account thee now
No idle passion, when the womb that bare her
Shall plead her guilt, I must forget her name.
Fly from my memory: I will drink oblivion
To lose the loth'd Evadne. *Asot.* Generous Sir,
A pottle of Elixir at the Pegalus
Bravely carouz'd is more restorative.
My Tutor shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.
Asot. Impertinent? impertinent in thy face.
Danger accrues upon the word impertinent.
Tutor, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash
Till he devoure the word Impertinent.
Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrel
The Epithet of Good hath mollified it.
Asot. We are appeas'd—Be safe—I say—be safe.
Tyn. Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.
I am too sudden to conclude her false
On such sleight witnesse. Shall I think the Sun
Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud
Or envious night hath cast a cloud of darknesse
'Twixt the worlds eye an mine? *Asot.* Canst thou royall
Burn out the remnant of a day with us? (boy
Tyn. I am resolved upon a safer triall.
Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
Fall out about you: for those rare perfections
Can do no lesse then ravish. *Asot.* I confesse——
I cannot walk the streets, but strait the females
Are in a tumult.—I must leave thee, Thebes,
Left Occasion civill warres to rage
Within thy wals—I would be loth to ruine

My native ſoil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my inſtructions,
He has the wooing character, *Tyn.* Could you now
But pull the maiden-bloſſomes of a roſe
Sweet as the ſpring it buds in, fair Evadne;
Or gain her promiſe, and that grant confirm'd
By ſome ſleight jewell, I ſhall vow my ſelf
Indebted to the ſervice, and live yours.

Aſot. She cannot ſtand the fury of my ſiege.

Ball. At firſt aſſault he takes the female fort.

Aſot. And ride loves conquerour through the ſtreets of Thebes. I'l tell you, Sir: You would not think how many Gentlemen uſhers have & do daily endanger their little legs, by walking early and late to bring me viſits from this Lady, and that Counteſſe. Heaven pardon the ſin! ne're a man in the city has made ſo many chamber-maids loſe their voyces as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? *Aſot.* By riſing in the cold night to let me in to their Madame, If you hear a waiting woman coughing, follow her: ſhe will infallibly direct you to ſome that has been a miſtreſſe of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tacticks to him, and he knowes
The military diſcipline of wooing:
To rank and file his kiſſes: How to muſter
His troups of complements, and—*Tyn.* I do believe you.
Go on—return victorious. O poor heart,
What ſorrows doſt thou teem with! Here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Tyndarus. Aſotus. Ballo. Evadne.

Tyn. AND is it poſſible ſo divine a Goddeſſe
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in ſin
With a Babion as this is?——My Evadne,
why ſhould a ſadneſſe dwell upon this cheek
To blaſt the tender roſes? ſpare thoſe tears

To pitty others; thy unspotted soul
Has not a stain in 't to be washt away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve; thy sorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weakness.
Asot. A pretty enemy. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valliant to fight under such colours?
Evad. My lord, 't is guilt enough in me to challenge
A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty,
I would your just sword would so courteous be
As to unrip my heart; there you shall read
In characters sad Lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.
Tyn. I have lost all distrust, seal me my pardon
In a chast turtles kisse. The doves that draw
The Rosie chariot of the Queen of Love,
Shall not be link'd in whiter robes then we.
Come let us kisse, Evadne——Out temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy lascivious lip——Go to the stews;
I may perchance be now and then a customer,
But do adjure thee from my chaster sheets

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne. Ballio. Asotus.

Evad. THen from the world adjure thy selfe, Evadne,
And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts
Of troubled Tyndarus,——My womanish courage
Could prompt me on to dye, were not the death
Doubled in losing him. Th'*Elisian* fields
Can be no paradise while he's not there:
The walks are dull without him. *Asot.* Such a qualm
O'th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Resolution
Is the best sword in warre. *Asot.* Then I will on,

And

And boldly—Yet—*Ball.* What? will you loſe the day
E're you begin the battell? *Aſot.* Truly, Tutor,
I have an ague takes me every day.
And now the cold fit 's on me. *Ball.* Go home and bluſh,
Thou ſon of fear. *Aſot.* Nay, then I'l venture on,
VVere ſhe ten thouſand ſtrong. Hail heavenly Queen
Of beauty, moſt illuſtrious *Cupids* daughter
Was not ſo fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Aſot.* 'Tis no matter.
The ſilly Damſell underſtands no Poetry.
Deigne me thy lip as blew as azure bright.
Ball. As red as ruby bright. *Aſot.* VVhat's that to th' purpoſe?
Is not azure blew as good as ruby red?
Evad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are juſt
And may requite you with aſcorn as great
As that you throw on me. *Aſot.* Not kiſſe a Gentleman?
And my father worth thouſands;——Reſolution,
Spurre me to brave atchievements *Evad.* Such a rudeneſs
Some Ladies by the valour of their ſervants
Could have redeem'd——Ungentle god of Love,
Write me not down among the happier names;
I onely live a Martyr in thy flames. *Exit.*
Aſot. This is ſuch a maſculine feminine gender.
Ball. She is an amazon both ſtout and tall.
Aſot. Yet I got this by ſtrugling If I fit you not, A Diamond ring out of her ear.
Proud ſqeamiſh coyneſſe—Tutor, ſuch an itch
Of kiſſing runnes all o're me. I'l to Phryne,
And foole away an houre or two in dalliance
Ball. Go, I muſt ſtay to wait on fair Techmeſſa,
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus
As Tyndarus of Evadne. *Aſot.* Surely, Tutor,
I muſt provide me a ſuit of jealouſie:
It will be all in faſhion.

SCEN.

SCEN. IX.

Techmesse. Ballio.

Tech. BLesse me! what uncouth fancies tosse my brain!
As in yon arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowry plain were met
A troup of Ladyes, and my self was one.
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot
Should gentliest presse the grasse, and quickest run,
The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus,
The victory was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus
Was chosen judge to end the controversie.
Me thought he shard his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troup, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have descried——
Tech. What Ballio. *Ball.* A frost in his affections
To you;—but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other petticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the Pox a woman,
He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!
Thou hast descried too much.——How sweet it is
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did sound him home,
And with such words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you
Rebuk'd by slanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree still,
While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.
Ball. I'l undertake he shall resigne his weapon,
And forswear steel in any thing but knives,
Rather then venture one small scratch, to salve
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,
Encounter with a pin.
Tech. I am no common mistresse, nor have need
To entertain a multitude of champions
To draw in my defence.——Yet had he lov'd me,

He

He could not hear me injur'd with ſuch patience.
Ballio one triall more: bring me his ſword
Rather reſign'd then drawn in my defence,
And I will reſt confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine buſineſſe,
VVhat ſhall I do? go to a cutlers ſhop,
And buy a ſword like that. O 't will not do.
Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is reſolv'd. I will
One way or other. VVit, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Pægnium. Techmeſſa. Ballio

Pæg. MAdame, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What of him?
Pæg. Is through your cruelty and ſuſpicion dead.
Ball. That newes revives me. *Tech.* Haſte, Techmeſſa then:
VVhat doſt thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
Caſt off this robe of clay, my ſoul, and fly
To overtake him, beare him company
To the Elyſian groves: the journey thither
Is dark and melancholly; do not ſuffer him
To goe alone. *Pæg.* Madame, I joy to ſee
VVith how much ſorrow you receive his death.
I will reſtore you comfort: pamphilus lives.
Ball. If Pamphilus lives, then Ballio's dead again.
Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we ſhall have (you
On a little counterfeit ſorrow and a few drops
Of womans tears, go and perſwade your Maſter
I am deeply in love with him. *Pæg.* If you do not,
You ought in juſtice. *Tech,* I'l give thee a new feather
And tell me what were thoſe three Ladyes names
Your Maſter entertain'd laſt night. *Pæg.* Three Ladies!

Tech.

Tech. You make it ſtrange now. *Peg.* Madame, by all
My maſter bears a love ſo firmly conſtant (oathes
To you, and only you; he talks, thinks, dreams
Of nothing but Techmeſſa. When he heares
The ſound of your bleſt name, he turns Chameleon,
And lives on that ſweet ayr. Here he has ſent me (He layes
With letters to you; which I ſhould deliver down his
I know not, nor himſelf: for firſt he writes, ſword to
And, when the letters likes him not, begins pull out his letters
A ſecond ſtyle, and ſo a third and fourth,
And thus proceeds; and then reads 'em over all,
And knowes not which to ſend: perchance tears all.
The paper was not faire enough to kiſſe
So whire a hand; that letter was too big,
A line uneven; all excuſe prevail'd.
Language, or phraſe, or word, or ſyllable,
That he thought harſh and rough. I have heard him wiſh
Above all bleſſings heaven can beſtow
(So ſtrange a fancy as affection taught him)
That he might have a quill from Cupids wing
Dipt in the milke of Venus, to record
Your praiſes and his love. I have brought you here
whole packets of affections. *Ball.* Bleſſed occaſion! (He ſteals
Here is a conqueſt purchas'd without blood. away the
Though ſtrength and valour faile us, yet we ſee ſword
There may a field be won by policie. *Exit.*

Tech. Go, Pægmum, tell your maſter I could wiſh
That I was his; but bid him chooſe another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to enjoy me;
But bid him not deſpair. I doe not doubt
His conſtant love to me: yet I ſuſpect
His zeal more fervent to ſome other ſaint.
Say I receive his letters with all joy,
But will not take the paines to reade a ſyllable. *Exit.*
Peg.

Pæg. If I doe not thinke women were got with ridling, whip me: Hocus, Pocus, here you ſhall have me, and there you ſhall have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without the ſieve and ſheers. I conceive them now to be ingendred of nothing but the Wind and the weather-cock. What? my ſword gone? ha! Well, This ſame pandarly rogue Ballio has got it. He ſowes ſuſpicions of my maſter here, becauſe he cudgels him into manners, and that old ſcold Dipſas hires him to it. How could ſuch a devil bring forth ſuch an angell as my Lady Techmeſſa? unleſſe it were before her fall. I know all their plots, and yet they cannot ſee'em. Heaven keep me from love, and preſerve mine eye-ſight. Goe plot Engineers, plot on:

I'll work a countermine, and 't will be brave,
An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave.

Exit.

ACT,

ACT II. SCEN. I.

Asotus. Ballio.

Asot. REvenge, more sweet then Muscadine and egges,
To day I will embrace thee, Healths in blood
Are souldiers morning-draughts. Proud, proud Evadne
Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,
And such a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they——man or woman.
This can my Tutor do, and I, or——no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock
His liberall valour late bestowed upon me,
Invention lies safer ward then wit:
This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.

Asot. And by this gemme shall I confound a jewel,
S'lid, Tutor, I have a wit too: there was a jest *ex tempore*.

SCEN. II.

Asotus. Ballio. Tyndarus.

Tyn. PHysitians say, there's no disease so dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.
Such, such is mine. I could not be so ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but suspected is more horrid
Then present misery. I have seen a man,
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death:
VVho, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Dyed hugging of the wave. VVere Evadne true,
I were too blest; or could I say she's false,
I could no more be wretched.——I am well:
My pulse beats musick, and my lively blood

Dances

Dances a healthfull measure—Ha! VVhat's this
Gnaws at my heart? what viperous shirt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh?
'T is some infection.—*Asot.* Tutor, Let's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Asotus?
Asot. Keep your infection to you self. *Tyn.* 'T is love
Is my affection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus:
For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sickness se in the world
When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self!
How fares the darling of the age? Say, what successe?
Asot. Did not I tell you, Sir, I was born
VVith a caul upon my face? My Mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the towring hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.
Ball. So he takes Virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tendet flye. (lawn]
Asot. True, Tutor, true: for I woo'em with cobweb-
Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses; but my Evadne stands
A Rock of Parion Marble, firm and pure.
The chrystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milky way: The Phœnix self,
Although but one,—no Virgin: e're I harbour
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid!
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move:
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.
Asot. I doe not know where the inchantment lies,
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
Or lip or cheek, or brow:—but I suppose
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.

Evadne

Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.
Troth 't is a pretty lasse, and for a woman
She courts in handsome words; and now and then
A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,
That having not a heart of flint or steel,
As mine's an easier temper,——I consented
To give her, in the way of almes, a night
Or so:—You guesse the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.
And must her lust break into open flames,
To lend the world a light to view her shames;
Could not she taste her Page? or secretly
Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms?
Or practise with her Doctour, and take physick
In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
Her stallions up i'th' streets! While sin is modest,
It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,
The fester spreads above all hopes of cure,
I never could observe so strange a boldnesse
In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks
Blush as if Modesty her self had there
Lain in a bed of corall,——But how soon
Is vertue lost in women! *Ball.* Mistake us not,
Deare Tyndarus: Evadne may be chaste
To all the world—but him. And as for him,
Diana's self, or any stricter Goddesse
Would lose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd
Magnetick force into him, that attracts
Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel
Upon the anvile to what shape he please,
He knowes the minute, the precise one minute,
No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
I'l teach you in one fornight my Astrology
To make each Burgesse in all Thebes—your cuckold.

Asot. As silly Lambs do feed the wolves black jaw,

And

And fearfull harts the generous Lyons pay,
As whales eat lesser fries; so may you see
The Matrones, Maids and Widows stoup to me.
Tyn. O do not hold me longer in suspense:
The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubtfull trial. Pray confirm me.
Asot. Know you this jewel. *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings
Asot. If your Evanne be a Phœnix, Tyndarus (crack!
Some ten months hence you may have more o'th'breed.
Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the oathes Religion knew. No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjury. The diamond
Ceeps hi chaste lustre still, when she has foil'd
A glory of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy?
But of no value to my other tropheys
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a mysterie; I have sweat out such
Variety of trifles, their several kinds
Would posse a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.
Bal. And then for ribbands, points, for knots, & shoe-
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (strings,
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip
Thy lazy team, run head-long to the VVest,
Long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfetted,
To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings.——
Tyn. Where art thou patience? Hence contagious mists
That would infect the ayr of her pure fame:

My ſword ſhall purge you forth, baſe droſſe of men,
From her refined metall. *Aſot.* Bleſſe me, Tutor!
This is not the preciſe minute. *Tyn.* Why ſhould I
Afflict my ſelf for her? No, let her vaniſh.
Shall I retein my love, when ſhe has loſt
The treaſure of her vertue? Stay, perchance
Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance?
That doubt will call a curſe upon my head
To plague my unbelief.——But here's a witneſſe
Of too-too certain truth ſtands up againſt her.
Me thinks the flame that burnt ſo bright dyes in me.
I am no more a captive, I have ſhak'd
My fetters off, and broke thoſe gyves of ſteel
That bound me to my thraldome.—My fair priſon,
Adieu.—How ſweetly breaths this open ayr!
My feet, grown wanton with their liberty,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
With my advanced head. Come, dear Aſotus,
There are no pleaſures but they ſhall be ours.
We will diſpeople all the elements
To pleaſe our palates. Midnight ſhall behold
Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker maſk,
As envious of our jollities. The whole ſex
Of women ſhall be ours. Merchants ſhall proffer
Their tender brides, Mothers ſhall run and fetch
Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to ſatisfie
Our liquor'ſh luſts. Then Tyndarus happy call,
That loſing one faire maid has purchas'd all.
Aſot. You have an admirable method, Tutor:
If this fellow has not beeni' my heart, I'l be hang'd,
He ſpeaks my mind ſo pat. Ha, boon couragio——
Ball. You ſee what more then miracles art can do.
Tyn. And when we have run o're the catalogue
Of former pleaſures, thou, and I, and Ballio

Will sit and study new ones. I will raise
A sect of new and rare Phylosophers,
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.
Asot. And I will raise another sect like these,
That shall from me be call'd——Asotides.
Tutor, my fellow Pupill here and I
Must quaff a bowl of rare Phylosophy
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.
Tyn. Come, blest restorer of my liberty.
Asot. If any friend of yours want liberty
In such a kind as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
The Asotides shall grant them liberty.
Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and ere we part,
Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndarus, & Asot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio. Techmessa.

Ball. THere is besides revenge a kind of sweetness
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,
And kisse the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries——Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own sword I'l kill thee, and then trample
On thy poore foolish carcase. Techmessa here?
Then Fortune wait on my designs, and crown 'm
With a successe as high as they deserve.
Tech. Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel like in white and spotlesse robes;
And strait upon a sudden my charg'd fansie
Presents him black and horrid, all a stain,
More lothsome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fansie
Presents him in his likenesse. All the sinks
And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him.

Tech. Peace, thou foul tongue. *Ball.* Nay, if you be I have no womanish itch to prate--Farewell (squeamish
Tech Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio,
Ball. VVhy, I did set you out in more vile colours,
Then ever cunning pensell us'd to limbe
Witch, hag, or Fury with. *Tech.* Thou could'st not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost, flesh and blood still,
I said you had a pretty head of hair,
And such as might doe service to the State,
Made into halters: that you had a brow
Hung o're your eyes like flie-claps: that your eyes
Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're
Or full of standing brine: your cheeks were sunk
So low and hollow they might serve the boyes
For cherry-pits. *Tech* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
And not his blood turn choller? *Ball.* This? and more.
I said your nose was like a hunters horn,
And stood so bending up, a man might hang
His hat upon't: that I mistook the yeare,
And alwayes thought it VVinter, when I saw
Two icicles at your nostrils. *Tech.* Have I lost
All woman, that I can with patience heare
My self thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my self
For speaking it; but t' was to sound him, Madame;
I said you had no neck: your chin and shoulders
Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part'em:
I vow'd your breasts for colour and proportion
Were like a writheld pair of o're worn footballs,
Your waste was slender, but the ambitious buttock
Climbes up so high about, who sees you naked
Might sweare you had been born with a vardingal.
Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy strange description
Ball. I left, asham'd and weary: he goes on,
There be more chops and wrinckles in her lips

The

Then on the earth in heat of Dog-days: and her teeth
Looke like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
VVould make the deaf man blesse his imperfection,
That frees him from the plague of so much noise:
And such a breath (heaven shield us!) as out-vies
The shambles and beargarden for a scent.
Tech. Was ever such a fury? *Ball.* For your shoulders
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th Temple; and that's all the use
Religion can make of you: Then your feet,
(For I am loth to give the full description)
He vowes they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not scandol more.
Is this the man adores me as his saint?
And payes his morning orisons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there such hypocrisie
In Loves Religion too? Are Venus doves
But white dissemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That shakes and trembles at a frowne of mine,
More then at thunder? I must have more argument
Of his apostacy, or suspect you false.
Ball. Whose sword is this? *Tech.* T' is his. And this I tyed
About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight
Vnder those colours, the most faithfull souldier
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.
False men, resign your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be
Not upright fortitude, but treachery.
Ball. I nrg'd him in a language of that boldnesse,
As would have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes,
To stand in your defence, or else resign
The fruitlesse steel he ware. He bid me take it,
He had not so much of Knight errant in him,
To vow himself champion to such a doxie.

Tech. Then Love, I ſhoot thy arrows back again,
Return'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breaſt will ſay thy dart is welcome,
And kiſſe the golden pile. I am poſſeſt
With a juſt anger. pamphilus ſhall know
My ſcorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely reſolv'd,
Madame, report not me to Pamphilus
Author of this: for valour ſhould not talk,
And fortitude would loſe it ſelf in words.
Tech. I need no other witneſſe then his ſword.

SCEN. IV.

Ballio. Aſotus. Tyndarus. Techmeſſa.

Tyn. Techmeſſa? never did I underſtand
The ſweets of life till now. I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my ſoul too of the ſame diſeaſe.
Aſot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and goe with me;
Wee'll drink a pottle to liberty, and another
Pottle to the Aſotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides,
And a fourth to the She-phyloſophers ycleped Techmeſſa.

SCEN. V.

Ballio Aſotus. Tyndarus. Techmeſſa. Pamphilus.

Tyn PAmphilus, welcome; Shake thy ſorrows off:
VVhy in this age of freedome doſt thou ſit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me, am I not all ayr?
Or of ſome quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a ſoul as in the ſeparation.
Pam. Brother, if any ſtream of joy can mix
With ſuch a ſea of griefe as mine, and loſe not
His native ſweetneſſe, 't is a joy for you.

but I am all bitterneſſe. *Ball.* Now Aſotus,
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my ſufferings
Make my attonement with my angry goddeſſe?
Do you cæleſtiall forms retein an anger
Eternal as your ſubſtance? *Tech.* O fine hair!
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A moſt delicious cheek, a handſome noſe!
How Nectar-ſweet his lips are! and his teeth,
Like two faire ivory pales, incloſe a tongue
Made up of harmony. Then he has a chin
So full of raviſhing dimples, it were pitty
A beard ſhould over-grow it: and his feet
Paſt all expreſſion comely.
Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to inſult
Upon a proſtrate wretch is harder tyrannie
Then to have made him ſo. *Tech.* And then a ſhoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death,
Take wings; thou art too ſlow. *Tech.* I could not heare
Thoſe precious parts defam'd, but I durſt fight
In the juſt quarrell. *Tyn.* 'Tis a touchy Tyger.
How happy am I that I have ſcap'd the dennes
Of theſe ſhe-wolves! *Ball.* Now my ſafety lyes
Upon a tickliſh point——a womans ſecrecy.
Madame, my reputation is dear to me.
Pam. In what amaze I wander! how my ſorrows
Run into labyrinth! *Tech.* I'l unriddle it.
Ball. St. St. The honour of a man at arms.
Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madame, I am all love:
And if the violence of any flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had caught it
Some ſpark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.
Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and muſt work

Vpon a breast so capable as mine.

Asot. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing but Hocus pocus, Præsto be gone, Come again Jack; and such feats of activity.

Tech. But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (To Asot.
(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)
If you should heare your Mistresse by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of minde and beauty,
Could you have suffered it? *Asot.* Madame, were you made
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,
And wrong my Mistresse, you should heare my rage
Provoke my blade and, cry, Blade, canst thou sleep
In peaceful scabbard? Out thou beast of terrour,
And Lyon like tore this disdainfull wight
To Pluto's shades and ghosts of Erebus.

Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion could resign
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terrour of your own steel to redeem
My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betrai'd,
And fal'n into the toyls of treachery!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid *Iove* battell, and besieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Vpon his belly, and with reverence
Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,
May I for ever lose the light I live in, (nessium
The sight of you. *Tech.* I'l try your spirits: Phro-
Tyn. That blood of goats should soften Adamant!
And poore weak woman with an idle face
Should make the souldier to forget his valour,
And Man his sex!

(Intrat Phronese exit et tursus et statim intrat cum gladio.

Enter Phronessium

SCEN.

SCEN. VI.

Bakio. Tyndarus, Asotus. Teshmessa. Pamphilus. Phroneſſium.

Tech HEre's a champion for you.

Phron. Come, Sir, this ſword be yours, and if you dare
Maintain the liſts againſt me, as I fear
Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your ſword.

Aſot. This is another Hercules come from the diſtaff.

Phron If not, I doe proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to poſt thee up for a vile varlet,
And the diſgrace of chivalry. *Pam.* O my ſhame!

Aſot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this ſtirre thee not,
Thy Miſtreſſe is the blemiſh of her ſex,
A dirty filthy huſwife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Diſhonour now to kill thee! *Phron.* If your valour
Lye in your back-parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raiſe it. Pray go fetch him
Some *aqua vitæ*: for the thought of ſteel
Has put him in a ſwound: nothing revive you?
Then will I keep thy ſword and hang it up
Amongſt my buſk-points, pins, and curling irons,
Bobkins, and vardingals, a perpetual trophey. *Ex. Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where ſhall I run
And find a deſert, that the foot of man
Ne're wandred in, to hide from the world's eyes
My ſhame? S'death, every Page, and ſweaty Footman
And ſcpie Chambermaid will point and laugh at me.

Tyn. I joy to think that I ſhall meet Evadne
Turn'd on the ſudden Moor: How black and vile
She will appear.

SCEN.

SCEN. VII.

Bellio. Tyndarus. Asotus Techmessa. Pamphilus. Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens! who will not dare
Henceforth to scorn your powers, and call sacriledge
Merit and piety? I doe not see
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail sustain
The brand of her deserved shame. You punisht
The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly
Her perjury hath added to her form,
And that the abused gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,
Load not weak shoulders with too great a burden.
Tyn. O lust! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chastity lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars!
Tempt me not, strumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings and other toyes,
Purchase your journymen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaste eare
Has been a stranger to such words as these,
I have not sinne enough to understand'em,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.
Tyn. I am turn'd Eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate sunne.
I must be short, who must this ring direct
Into your guilty sheets? *Evad.* I do not know
How I should lose that pledge of my Lords Love:
But 't is not in the power of any thief
To steal away the heart I have vowed yours:
And would to all the gods I had kept it there!

Aso.

Asot. Come, blush not, bashfull belly-piece--I will meet (thee?
I ever kept my word with a faire Lady.
I will requite that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens array'd in all their starres
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girl, asham'd
These are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of those sports
we shall enjoy: then pleasures double rise.
When both we feed, and they shal Tantalize.

Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A Virgins fame with hazard of your own.

Asot. Tut, lasse no matter, wee'l be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine dissembler! ha! what tumult's here?

Enter Pægnium and officers.

SCEN. VIII

Ballio. Tyndarus. Asotus. Techmessa Evadne. Pamphilus. Pægnium and officers.

Pæg. THat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.

1. *Offic.* Villain we reprehend thee. *Bal.* Slaves, for what

2. *Offic.* For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away this little Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medly, 'tis flat felony by statute.

Pam. I thank thee innocence, Though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

Pæg. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villany,
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for t' was you I wrong'd,
I doe confesse the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandol on you, was by me
Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters
From you to your Techmessa; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Cursed Tutour,

Thou

Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
But th'high way to th' gallows. There shall we
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
To make the women weep and sob to see
Th' untimely end of two such proper men.
This mouth was never made to stand awry,
And sure my neck was long enough before.
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge
That striving with felonious intent
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,
From your sweet eare I stole a Ring away.

Peg. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.

Tyn. I am again thy servant, Mighty Love!
O my Evadne, how shall I appear
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?
It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
But you that should condemn me *Evad.* Sir, you know
The power I have is yours: be your own judge,
And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'T is double life
Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment
Shall we inflict on these? *Asot* Gentle Lady,
E'n what you please—but hanging;—that's a death
My enemies will hit me in the teeth with,
Besides, it makes a man look like a cat
When she cryes Mew. *Ball.* I'l bark awhile
Before the dogs death choke me. *Asot.* Pray dismisse
This pack of hounds: and since we both are guilty,
Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
The good and wholsome counsel of a cudgel.

Peg. Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks pretty little Gentleman.

Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the mad dogs gone? *Exeunt Officers.*

Come

Come Tutour, I muſt reade a ſthile to you
Under correction——Not ſo hard, good Tutor.
Tyn. Enough. *Aſot.* Nay, one bout I beſeech you
To make up ſa isfaction. *Ball.* Well, for this (more
I'l have one engine more; my bad intents
Mend not, but gather ſtrength by puniſhments.
Tyn. Your ſatisfaction now is full and ample. (too
Aſot. Nay we muſt have the health i'th'crab-tree cup
One to th' Tindarides, another to th' Aſotides,
And one, my dear Inſtructour, to the Techmeſſides.
Pam. Nay, now your pennance doth exceed your crime
Aſot. Say you ſo? nay, then here's a health to the Pamphylides too;
And, for his noble ſake, to the Evadnides,
And all Phyloſophy ſexs what e'r they be.
Evad. Your juſtice to your ſelves is too ſevere.
Aſot. Then I ha'done: farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutor, ſtay, this little Gentleman
Has been forgot:—Pray, Sir, what may I call you?
Pæg. My name is Pægnium.—*Aſot.* I were moſt unthankfull
To poſſe o're you.—To the Pægniades, Tutor:
You have brought us to a fair paſſe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tuſh,
'T was but to exerciſe your paſſive valour.
Aſot. Your paſſive valour? give me your active valour:
I do not like your black and blew valour,
When bones ſhall ake with magnanimitie.

Exeunt Aſot. Ball. Pæg.

SCENE IX.

Tyndarus. Pamphilus. Evadne. Techmeſſa.

Tyn. BRother, I find my ſoul a troubled ſea
Whoſe billows are not fully quieted,

Although

Although the storme be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,
By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
With all the charms that love can teach thee,
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her
Constant, I end my jealousie: if frail,
The torrent of my love shall bend his course
To finde some other channel. *Pam.* By that love
That made us twins, though born at severall births,
That grew along with us in height and strength,
I will be true. Farewel. *Tyr.* Be sudden, Pamphilus, *Exit Tyr.*
Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That
he was not
Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:
To prove a man free from an act of theft,
Assoils him not of murder. No no, sister;
Tempt him with kisses and what other dalliance
Crafft and indulgent nature hath taught woman
To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yeeld not,
I' will put of disturst, I do not know
Whom I durst trust but you. *Evad.* Though mine owne
Find me enough in businesse, yet I hope (love
That you will second me in my occasions
I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, Evadne,
Lest, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
A reall fire——I dare not be too confident.
Hence will I closely pry into their actions,
And overheare their language; for if my sister
See with my eyes, she cannot choose but love him
In the same height with me.

SCEN.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus. Evadne. Techmessa in insidiis.

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, soft, and active as the spring, the starre
And glory of our nation should be prodigall
Of your affections, and misplace your love
On a regardlesse boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pitty
I must return on you. VVere I a man
Whom all the Ladyes might grow rivals for,
(As lesse you cannot be) I would not lose
My service to a Mistresse of so coy
And proud an humour :— True, she is my sister;
But the same womb produces severall natures.
I should have entertain'd so great a blessing (be
With greater thankfulness. *Pam.* That my starres should
So crosse unto my happinesse. *Evad.* And my fate
So cruell to me. *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheels of Fortune; she's a goddesse
That has no deity where discretion reignes.
Evad. But shall I wrong my sister? *Pam.* Do not I
Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her?
Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They must be equall necks that can draw even
In the same yoke. *Evad.* I have observ'd, the chariot
Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with sparrows; but the turtle joyns
VVith turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.
Pam. See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.
Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathy
Then yours met mine. *Pam.* Let's make the second trial.

SCEN.

SCEN. XI.

Techmessa. Pamphilus. Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer,——gentle sister.

Evad. I cannot blame your jealousie: for I find—

Tech. Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips,
There is no tie in nature; faith in blood
Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,
Fathers, and Mothers, are but specious names
Of love and duty: you and I have been
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at least ride
Contrary rodes. *Evad.* VVill you then misconstrue
The service I perform'd at your request?

Tech. Henceforth I'll set the Kite to keepe my chickens,
And make the Wolf my shepherd.

SCEN. XII.

Evadne. Techmessa. Pamphilus. Tyndarus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, how is't? *Pam.* I know not how to answer thee.
She met with more courtship then I tender'd.

Tech. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine,
Your traitour wears the mask call'd Brother: mine
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.
These eyes are witnesse, that descried 'em kissing
Closer then cockles, and in lust full twines
Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hot imbraces met
So neare, and folded in so close a knot
As if they could incorporate, and grow one'

Tyn.

Tyn. Then farewell all respect of blood and friendship:
I doe pronounce thee stranger. If there can be
Valour in treachery, put thy trust in steel
As I do, not in brothers.—Draw, or dye.
Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name: it is a word
Whets my just anger to a sharper edge.
Pam. Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the sword
Wert thou protected by *Apollo's* temple,
Or hadst the altar for security,
Religion should not bind me from thy death.
Couldst thou retreat into my Mothers womb,
There my revenge shall find thee. I am sudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* beare me witnesse, heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne, Chremylus, Dipsas.

Chrem. PUt up for shame those rude unhallowed blades,
And let not rash opinion of a valour
Perswade you to be Parricides. Pray remember
You thirst but your own blood. He that o'recomes,
Loses the one half of himself. *Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tyed my hands:
But were my threed of life measur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incensed soul might follow his,
And to eternity prosecute my revenge.
Pam. Brother, at your entreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and, because I found her
Against my mind, too easie to my suit,
Your rage falls heavy on me. *Tech.* On my knees
Beg, dear father, cloyster me in darkenesse,
Or send me to the deserts to converse

With nothing but a wilderneſſe, or expoſe me
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
So you will free me from the company
Of a falſe ſiſter. *Evad.* Sir, With much perſwaſion
She wrought on me to perſonate a love
To Pamphilus, to finde if I could ſtagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this ſo much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you ſee
The fruits of raſhneſſe. Do you find your errour?
But the foul ſpring, from whence theſe bitter ſtreams
Had their firſt head, I fear, is from you, Dipſas.
Dip. I will no more deny it: I have ſown
Thoſe ſeeds of doubt, wiſhing to ſee diſſenſion
Ripe for the ſickle—— For what cauſe, I now
Forbear to ſpeak——But henceforth I will ſtrive
To cleare thoſe jealouſies, and conclude their loves
In a bleſt nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!
One Sunny day the exaltation rears
Into a cloud: at night it falls in tears. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Dipſas. Tyndarus.

Tyn. IF it be not immodeſty to demand
So bold a queſtion, I would be reſolv'd
Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly: by all holineſſe.
My anſwer ſhall be true. *Tyn.* When you were young
And lively appetite revelled in your blood,
Did you not find rebellion in your veins?
Did not the ſame embraces tedious grow,
And cauſe a longing in your thoughts to taſte

Varieties of men? *Dip.* I bluſh, I cannot anſwer
With a denial; not a proper Gentleman
But fore'd my goatiſh eye to follow him:
And, when I had ſurvey'd his parts, I would
With any loſſe of honour, wealth, and friendſhip,
Have bought him to my bed: and truly, Sir,
T' was cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence!
VVhat fruit can I expect the bow ſhould bear
That grows from ſuch a ſtock? *Dip.* I had of late
A moneths mind, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make
To pleaſe a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of luſt,
VVhen ſhe is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcaſſe.
Dip. And that's the reaſon I have croſs'd my daughter
To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir,
For though the fewel's ſpent; there is a ſpark
Rak'd up i'th' embers.—But I now deſiſt,
Pleaſe you to goe to Ballio's houſe, my daughter
Shall meet you there:—I hope that out of duty
She will not grudge her Mother a good turn (houſe
When ſhe is married—now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no
To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne
Acquainted there? is that the rendezvous
Of her hot meetings?—Yet I ſtill ſuſpect
This womans malice to her childe not loſt.
I will beſtow ſome time, and goe to ſee
The ſtrange event of this dark myſterie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN II.

Dipſas. Ballio.

Dip. BAllio, *Bal.* Madame. *Dip.* See your houſe be ſtor'd
VVith the deboiſeſt Roarers in the citie:
Let every room be fill'd with noiſe and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there,

You gueſſe the reſt; if nor, this purſe of gold
Better inform you. *Exit Dypſas.*

Ball. Moſt cæleſtial Lady.
Though I have practiſed villany from my cradle,
And from my dug ſuckt miſchief more then milk,
This fury ſtill out-does me.—I am vext,
Vext to the heart, to ſee a ſilly woman
Carry more devils in her then my ſelf.
And yet I love thee,—thou ſhe-rogue I love thee.
Had I but ſuch a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. HEre comes my Mole,
The ſonne of earth, that digs his Mothers entrails
To turn up treaſure for his boy and me;
That with induſtrous eyes ſearches to hell
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
Thou age of gold: how do the bags at home?
Are all the cheſts in health? thrives the purſe ſtill?
And ſayes it to the talents, Multiply?

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a ſwarm, Wealth falls
Not in ſmal drops upon me, (as at firſt)
But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitty
My boy ſhould not invent ſluces enow
To drain the copious ſtream. *Ball.* A thouſand pitties
That you ſhould loſe the fruits of ſo much care.

Sim. True Ballio, true. *Ball.* Truſt me, what art can do
Shal not be wanting. *Sim.* I'l not be ungratefull,
It lyes in you to turn theſe ſilver hairs
To a freſh black again, and by one favour
Cut fourty yeares away from the gray ſumme.

Ball.

Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers—
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl (*Aside*
An aged Ram in ſome inchanted caldron
Till he ſtart up a Lamb, I would recall
Your youth, and make you like the aged ſnake
Caſt off this wrinkled skin, and skip up freſh
As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more,
If you will place me where I may unſeen
Make my eye witneſſe of my ſonnes delight,
I ſhall enjoy the pleaſures by beholding 'em.
Ball. True, Sir, you knows he's but your ſecond ſelf,
The ſame you might have been at one and twenty:
The bliſſe is both alike. *Sim.* Moſt phyloſophicall!
Ball. Place your ſelf there. *Sim.* I ha'no words but theſe
To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick

SCENE IV.

Aſotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Cherilus, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus. Simo in angulis.

Aſot. COme forth my Raſcalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man
Yclep'd—Page. Our honour be attended
With men of arts and arms, Captains and Poets
Shal with the Bilbo blade and gray gooſe quill
Grace our retinue.—And, when we grow ſurly,
Valour and wit fall proſtrate at our frown?
Crouch imps of *Mars*, and frogs of *Helicon*.
Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his ſtate: To ſee what wealth can do,
To thoſe that have the bleſſing how to ſpend it!
Ball. Your bleſſing was the wealth: the art of ſpending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

Thraſ. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,
Shall be a morſell for the dogs. *Aſot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thraſymachus—Thou for this ſhalt feed.
I will not ſuffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have ſeen an army
Of ſuch meagre troop, ſuch thin chapt ſtarvelings,
Their barking ſtomachs hardly could refrain
From ſwallowing up the foe, ere they had ſlain him.

Hyper. If thou command our ſervice, we will dye
Dull earth with crimſon, till the tears of orphanes,
Widows and Mothers waſh it white again:
Wee'l ſtrow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,
And pay thee tribute thouſand heads a day,
Freſh bleeding from the trunk; and panting hearts
Not dead ſhall leap in thy victorious paw.

Aſot. Then ſay thou to hunger—Friend, adieu!
Ballio, condemne a bagge; let traſh away,
See'em both arm'd in ſcarlet cap--a--pe.
Strike top-ſaile, men of war. *Ball.* We muſt divide:
We that ſerve great men have no other ſhifts
To thrive our ſelves, but gelding our Lords gifts.

Sim. Now I am rich indeed: this is true treaſure.

Aſot. Ha! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
That you are ſilent, my Parnaſſian beagles?
Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollo's Jews-trump
By ſad diſaſter loſt her melodious tongue?

Cher. Your praiſe all tongues deſire to ſpeak: but ſome,
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumb.
The harp of *Orpheus* bluſhes for to ſing,
And ſweet *Amphions* voyce hath crackt a ſtring.

Aſot. A witty ſolœciſme; reward the errour! harp and
ſing, voice and ſtring.

Bom. Give me a breath of thunder; let me ſpeak

Sono-

Sonorus accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noise of obstreperous. I will warble
Such bounsing notes shall cleave obdurate Marble
Upon mount *Caucasus* heavens knocking head;
Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three sisters,
Till envies eares shal hear it, and have blisters.
Asot. O rare close! a high sublime conceit!
For this I'l sheath thee in a new serge scabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegasean. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our blood come to!—I have satisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My sacred hunger hath devour'd. *Asot.* Ballio,
Blesse him with twenty drachmes—Yet forbear:
Money may spoil his Poetry. Give's some wine,
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour.
A health to all my beads-men of the sword.
Thr. Hip. This will engage the men of arms to fight.
Asot. This to the Muses, and their thred-bare tribe.
Chær. Bom. Thou dost engage the learned troups to write
Asot. Go sonnes of Mars with young Apollo's brood.
And usher in my *Venus*: wine hath warm'd
My blood, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting
Ball. Some twenty ages hence 'twill be a question (more:
Which of the two the world will reverence
You for a thriving father, or Asotus
So liberall a sonne. *Sim.* Good Ballio, good:
But which will they preferre? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,
But must admire you first, which grip'd so much
That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious stars,
How blest shall I be twenty ages hence!
Some twenty ages hence! *Ball.* You shall be cal'd
A doting Cockscomb twenty ages hence.

Exeunt Bom. Hyp. Cher. Thr. for to fetch in Phr. Asotus the while is putting on his armour.

SCEN. V.

Charilus, Bomolochus, before personating two Mercuries, Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by Hyperbolus and Thrasymachus.

Asot. HOw bright and glorious are the beams my starre
Darts from her eye! Lead my Queen of beauty,
But in a softer March, sound a retreat:
Lead on again, I'l meet her in that state
The God of war puts on when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen:- These that were once the postures
Of horrid battels, are become the muster
Of Love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of Mercuries,
Is she th'Olimpick—or the Paphian goddesse?

Ball. Where are you, Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elisium, in Elisium.

Char. This is no goddesse of th'—Olympick hall.

Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call.

Char. For she nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight.

Char. Nor is the Muse. *Bom* Nor Grace. *Char.* Nor is she one of these
That haunt the springs, the beauteous Naiades.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is she

Char. Nor bright Pomona, th'Orchards Deity.

Bom. No, she is none of these. *Char.* O then prepare
To heare her blessed name. *Both.* 'T is Phryne fair.

Asot. Phryne the fair? Oh peace if this be she,
Go forth, and sing the world a lullabie,
For thy dear sake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing Drums and groanes of slaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age agen.

Phryn Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre,
'Twas love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,

And

And made me leave my orb without her influence,
To meet you in the fury of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the blood
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Stygian flood.
Asot. Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.
Ball. Do you hear him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort Ballio.
Asot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world
In crimson floods, and purple deluges.
The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall dye,
I will have none survive that shall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And halfe a nose. I will carve legs and arms,
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity
Mankind shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!
Let the conjunction of my milder starre
Temper the too Malignant force of thine.
The Drum, the Fife, and Trumpet shal be turn'd
The Lutes, and Cithern. We will drink in helmets,
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,
To conquer capons, and the stubble goose:
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But shield of Bacon, and the sword of Brawn. (Nectar
Deigne me a kisse, great VVarriour. *Asot.* Hogsheads of
Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.
That kisse hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.
Phryn. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.
Asot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.
Phryn. O let me kisse away all rigour from thee.
Asot. Live, Mortals live. Death has no more to do.
And yet methinks a little rigour's left.
Phryn. Thus shall it vanish. *Asot.* vanish rigor, vanish.

Harnesse

Harneſſe the Lions, make my chariot ready:
Venus and I will ride *Phryn.* How? drawn by Lions?
Aſot. I, thou ſhalt kiſſe 'em till their rigour vaniſh
(As mine has) into ayr. I will have the play
With Ounces, Tygers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrel. Bears ſhall wait on thee,
And ſpotted Leopards ſhal thy Monkies be,
Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.
Seeſt thou, my Phryne what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? Theſe for thy defence
'Gainſt any Lady rivals thee in beauty.
And theſe on all occaſions ſhall vent forth
Swelling Encomiums.——Say, Bomolochus,
How ſings my Miſtreſſe?
Bom. The Graſhopper chaunts not his autumn quire
So ſweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.
Aſot. They 'l make thee any thing. Thou art already
Cricket & Graſhopper.—Chærilus, how does ſhe dance?
Chær. Have you beheld the little ſable beaſt
Clad in an Ebon Mantle, hight a flea,
Whoſe ſupple joynts ſo nimbly skip and caper
From hemme to ſleeve, from ſleeve to hem again,
Dancing a meaſure o're a Ladyes ſmock,
With motion quick and courtly equipage?
So trips fair Phryne o're the flowry ſtage.
Aſot. Now thou art a flea.—How ſnorts ſhe as ſhe ſleeps?
Bom. Zephyrus breathes not with a ſweeter gale
Through a grove of ſycamore. The ſoft ſpring
Chides not the pebbles that diſturb his courſe
With ſweeter murmur. Let *Amphions* lute
(That built our Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.
Orpheus ſhall break his harp, and ſilent be
The reed of *Pan*, the pipe of *Mercury*:
Yea though the ſpheres be dumb, I care not for't:
No muſick ſuch as her melodious ſnort,

Aſot.

Asot. Melodious snort! With what decorum spits she?
Cher. Like the sweet Gumms that from Electar trees
Distill, or hony of the labouring bees:
Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre
Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre;
Cupid with acorn cups closeby her sits
To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.
Asot. Ballio, present me with the crowns of Laurel.
Thus I drop wine the best of *Helicon*
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
Rise Poets laureat both! Favour, *Apollo*!
Both. The Muses and Asotus be propitious!
Asot. I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
And peep like fidlers into Gentlemens rooms,
To shark for wine and radishes; nor lie scentinell
At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
Some novice for a supper: you shall deal
No more in ballads, to bewail an execution
Nor lamentable Rhythmes: nor beg in Elegies:
Nor counterfeit a sickness to draw in
A contribution: nor work journey-work
Under some play-house post, that deals in
Wit by retail: nor shall you rask your brains
To grace a Burgesse new post with a Rebus:
Or furnish a young suitor with an Anagramme
Upon his Mistresse name: nor study poses
For rings and bracelets.—Injure not the bough
Of *Daphne*: know that you are laureat now.
Ball. How like you this discourse. *Sim.* Excellent well.
It is a handsome lasse If I were young
(As I am not decrepit.) I would give
A talent for a kisse. *Phryn.* Come, beauteous *Mars*
I'l kemb thy hair smooth as the Ravens feather,
And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets;
Then call a livelier red into thy face, And

And ſoften with a kiſſe thy rugged lips.
I muſt not have this beard ſo rudely grow.
But with my needle I will ſet each hair
In decent order, as you rank your ſquadrons.
Aſot. Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne's health,
What durſt thou do, Thraſymachus, to the man
That ſhould deny it? *Thraſ.* Diſſect him into atomes.
Hyper. I durſt do more for beauteous Phryne's ſake.
Thraſ. What more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortal,
Hyper. Yeeld, or I ſee a breakfaſt for the crows.
Thraſ. Death to my lungs, I ſpit upon thy fame.
Hyper Then with my ſteel I whip the raſh contempt.
Aſot. Brawling, you maſtives?—Keep the peace at home
And joyn your forces 'gainſt the common foe.
Phryn. You ſha'not be angry: by this kiſſe you ſha'not.
Aſot. I will, unleſſe you ſwear again *Phryn.* You ſha'not.
Sim. Ah Ballio! age has made me as dry as tinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn,
The ſpark rak'd up in aſhes is broke forth,
And will conſume me Ballio. *Ball.* What's the matter?
Sim. Love, cruel Love, I muſt enjoy that Lady,
What ever price it coſt me. *Ball.* Your ſonnes Miſtreſſe?
Sim. Son or not ſonne.—Let this intreat, and this.
Ball. This will perſwade. I muſt remove your ſonne,
His fury elſe will ſurely ſtand 'twixt us
And our deſigns.—Old Lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this. You ſhal be milk'd,
Emptied and pumpt. Spunge, we will ſqueeze you, ſpunge
And ſend you to ſuck more.—Invincible Mars,
Aſot. What ſayes the governour of our younger yeeres?
Bal. You have worn this plot of Mars too ſtale already.
O ſhift your ſelf into all ſhapes of Love.
Women are taken with variety.
What think you of *Oberon* the King of Fairies?

I

I know 't will ſtrike her fancy,
Aſot. Buſineſſe calls.
Drink on, for our return ſhal ſudden be.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Simo, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball PHryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl.
The golden bull that got this golden calf,
Deeply in love with her. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
I'l fleece him—*Bal.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
We muſt not leave this Mine, till we have found
The largeneſſe of the vein.—Suck like an horſe-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
An eaſie path to tread in; 't will direct you
To your wiſht journeyes end, and lodge you ſafe
In her ſoft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold- drink gold, lie in gold?
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
And ſo was I, but I am grown again
Vp to right man—Thou ſhalt be my Tutour too.
Is there no ſtools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?
Sim. I would vault over them, to ſhew the ſtrength
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.
Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for you.
Give me ſome wine: Miſtreſſe, a health to you:
Pledge me, and ſpice the cup with theſe and theſe.
Thou ſhalt have better gowns. *Thraſ.* A brave old boy,
Hyper. There's metall in him. *Char.* I will ſing thy praiſe
In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
And chaunt an ode that ſhall eternize thee.
Phryn. Of what a ſweet aſpect! how lovely look'd
Is this fine Gentleman!—I hope you know

It is in Thebes the custome to salute
Fair Ladies with a kisse. *Sim.* She is enamour'd,
Sure I am younger then I thought my self.
Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.
Phryn. Good Sir, another kisse; you have a breath
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toyes with this:
I'l send thee more, *Phryn.* How ravishing is his face!
Sim. That I should have so ravishing a face,
And never know it!—— Miser that I was!
I will goe home and buy a Looking-glasse,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.
Phryn. Come, lye thee down by me; here we will sit.
How comely are these silver hairs! This hand
Is e'ne as right to my own mind, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!
Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.
Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melts! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us scores kisses up
On one anothers lips: Thou shalt not speak,
But I will such thy words e're they have felt
The open ayr.—— *Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

Simo. Thrasymachus Hyperbolus. Charilus. Bomolochus. Phryne. Asotus.

Asot. NOw am I *Oberon* Prince of Fairy Land,
And Phryne shall be *Mab* my Empresse faire;
My souldiers two I'l instantly transform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robbin goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate

Into

Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a pretty whimsie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.
The humour would be excellent, and become me
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmessa.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.
Sim. When shall we marry. *Phryn.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Fury shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bowe
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poor heart.——O Phryne, Phryne!
I have no cause why to suspect thy Love.
But if all these be cunning, as who knows?
Away, foul sin. O eyes, what mischief do you see!
Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.
My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stoln thy heart away. *Phryn.* He? a poor mushroome!
Your boy? I should have guess'd him for your father.
He has a skin rinkled as a Tortoyse.
I have mista'n him often for a hedg-hog
Crept out on's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.
Asot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.
Villaine, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goarish eye upon a hair,
To make that little thred of gold profaned,
Orgaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
Areall Rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours: Grim-fac'd death shal hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.
Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.
Asot. I no Asotus am, nor thou my sire,
But angry and incensed *Oberon.*

Sim.

Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair upon my head
A piece in gold.—*Asot.* I should send you to the barboun
Sim. All, all is thine: let me but share
A little in thy pleasures: onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'em. *Asot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,
I will goe home and live a drudges life,
As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together;
And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers. Poets,
Women, and wine. I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bignesse of a pole-cat.
I will disclaim his faith that can believe
There is a Taverne, or a Religious place
For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
And have their beads to sin by.—Get you home.
You kisse a Gentlewoman to endanger
Your chattering teeth?—Go, you have done your shar
In getting me? to furnish the next age,
Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.
Lye with your musty bags, and get more gold.
S'lid, anger me, and I'l turn drudge for certain.
Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me.
Asot. I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.
Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.
Asot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?
Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.
Asot. This something qualifies *Sim.* It shal be my spor
To maintein thine. Thou shalt eat for both, (more
And drink for both.——*Asot.* Good: this will qualifie
Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
Of half the Land I have to this fair Lady.
Asot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir:
But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.

To

To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empresse crown.
Ball. All friends. A merry cup goe round. What? Cap-
And Poets here, and leave the sack for flyes? (tains

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Asotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Chærilus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.

Hyp. THrasymachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done: I'll pledge thee,
Though t' were a deluge.—By my steel, you have left
Enough to drown an island, Chærilus
Chær. And t' were the famous fount of Hippocrene,
I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
And all the Muses dyed for thirst, Bomolochus.
Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high.
Tyn. What nurserie of sin is this? what temple
Of lust and riot? VVas this place alone
Thought a fit witnesse for the knitting up
Chaste and religious Love; Deeds dark as hell,
Incest and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Marriage never lighted
His sacred torch at so profane a den,
It is a cage for screech-owls, bats and ravens,
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious stork, flye hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here? Is she a parcell
Of the dam'd family? Are these such white devils
Among their Succaba's? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne;
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,
Have stung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballio. Asotus, Charilus, Simo, Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. BLesse me eyes!
My troubled fancy fools me. I am lost
In a distracted dream. It is not she.
Awake thee, Tyndarus: what strange shapes are these
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold
A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils
Broke into Paradise? for the place is such
She blesses with her presence.——Mere contradictions,
Chimæra's of a restlesse brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And whatsoever goddesse else protects
Vntouch'd Virginity, shield me with your powers.
To what a wildernesse have my wandring steps
Betray'd me! Sure this cannot be a place
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'T is Evadne,
'T is the fair soul Evadne. Now my sword
That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,
Go send her soul into another mansion
Black as it self. It is too foul a tenant
For this faire place. Stay yet, too forward steel,
Take her incircled in her stallions arms,
And kill two sinners together.—Let 'em be
At hell to bear the punishment of lust
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies
My maiden fears present me! Why I know not:
But this suspicion seldome bodeth good.
Thras. A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize.
Hyper. I do denie't, she's my Monopolie.
Cher. Perchance she may one of the Muses be,
And then claime I a share for Poetry.
Evad. If ever silly Lamb thus stray'd before
Into a flock of wolves; or harmlesse dove

Not onely made the prey, but the contention
Of raviſhing eagles; ſuch poor ſoul am I.
Thraſ. Give me a buſſe, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here
A Gentleman in whom their lives a ſpark
Of vertue not yet out; I do beſeech him.
By all the aſhes of his anceſtours,
And by the conſtant love he bears his Miſtreſſe,
To reſcue innocence and virginity
From theſe baſe monſters. I for him will pay
A thouſand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from earthly thought, as e're found paſſage
Through the ſtrict gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for me.
Away, foul raviſhers, I will teach my ſword
Juſtice to puniſh you. Such a troup of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour! I will quench
With your own blood the rage of that hot luſt
That ſpurr'd you on to baſe and bold attempts.
Aſot. Fly Phryne, fly, for dangers do ſurround.
Sim. This is a pleaſure that I care not for, *Exeunt.*

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn LAdy, be ſafe. *Evad.* Sir, by this favour done
An injur'd Maid call bleſſings on your head
In plenteous ſhowres! *Tyn.* This courteſie deſerves
Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victory
Wait on your ſword; and if you have a Miſtreſſe,
May ſhe be fair as Lilies, and as chaſte
As the ſweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping flowers: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to poſterity,
And bleſſe ſucceeding times!—*Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf;
Evad. May you and plenty never live aſunder
Peace make your bed,—and *Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.

And nothing now bought at a rate so easie, (ship
As that same high way ware,— Heaven blesse your wor-
In plain words Lady (I can use no language
But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.
Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circum-
Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees (stance.
Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks
In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.
Tyn. You are discourteous Lady. *Evad.* Let these tears
Plead for me! did you rescue me from thieves,
To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd?
Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging
That may command?— Proud Damsel, I will force thee.
Evad. I thank thee bl st occasion, now I dare She snatcheth
Defie thee, devil: here is that shall keep a stilletto out
My chastity secure, and arm a maid of his pocket.
To scorn your strength *Tyn.* Be not so masculine, Lady
Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
And force my blood a passage, that in anger
Shal flye into thy face, and tell thee boldly
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!
By all those powers that the blest men adore,
And the worst fear, I have no black design,
Upon your honour; only as a souldier
I did desire to prove whether my sword
Had a deserving cause: I would be loth
To quarrell for light ware. Now I have found you
Full weight, I'l weare his life upon my point
That injures so much goodness *Evad.* You speak honor.
Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,
Above all my kalendar. Now I find her gold,
This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery
Of ne'r found kingdomes, where the plough turns up
Rich

Rich oare in every furrow, is to this
A poore ſucceſſe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
I dare boldly ſay, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. GReat Queen of love, ſure when the laboring ſea
Did bring forth thee, before ſhe was deliver'd,
Her violent throes had rais'd a thouſand ſtorms,
Yet now, I hope, after ſo many wraks
That I have ſuffer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me ſafe. *Tyn,* Pamphilus here?
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their houſe
Of toleration. She had ſpyed me out
Through my diſguiſe: and with what ſtudied art,
What cunning language, how well acted geſture,
How much of that unbounded ſtore of tears
She wrought on my credulity! The Fox,
Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beaſts of craft,
Have been diſtil'd to make one woman up. *Exit.*

Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den!
A ſpoil to rapine what defenſe, poore maid,
Haſt thou againſt theſe wild and ſavage beaſts?
My ſtarres were cruell: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in't,
And be Phyſicians to my ſorrow now,
That have too long been Heralds of my grief.
My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair Evadne.

Evad. Is any left ſo courteous to wiſh health
To the diſtreſs'd Evadne? Pamphilus?

Pam. Is my Techmeſſa here? *Evad.* Now all the gods
Preſerve her hence; there is in hell more ſafety

Among the Furies.——Miſchief built this houſe
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,
See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of luſt.

SCEN. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne.

Pam. TAke comfort, Lady.
Your honour ſtands ſafe on this guard, while I
Can uſe a ſword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.
Tyn. How cloſe they winde, like glutinous ſnakes in-
Tech. Well ſiſter, I ſhal ſtudy to requite (gendring!
This courteous treachery. *Evad.* Pamphilus, in me
All ſtarres conſpire to make affliction perfect.
Pam. Wait on heavens pleaſure, Madame: ſuch a one
The heavens ne'r made for miſery, they but give you
Theſe croſſes as ſharp ſauce to whet your appetite
For ſome choyce banquet. Or they mean to lead you
Through a vault dark and obſcure as hell,
To make your Paradiſe a ſweeter proſpect.
——Thus I feed
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.
Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Tech WHy ſhould we toyle thus in an endleſſe ſearch
Of what we now behold?—Let us grow wiſe.
I loath falſe Pamphilus—yet I could have lov'd him:
And, if he were but faithfull, could do ſtill.
Tyn. Sure were Evadne falſe, yet Pamphilus
Would not be made the inſtrument to wrong me.
Or ſuppoſe Pamphilus were a treacherous brother?
Me thinks Evadne ſhould be, kinder to me.
Techmeſſa, joyne with me in one ſearch more,
Enter Bellio and Aſotus. SCEN.

SCEN. XIV.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Ballio, Aſotus.

Tyn. O Ballio, 't is in you and dear Aſotus (py.
To make two wretches happy. *Aſot.* Then be hap-
Tyn. I'l make you two joynt-heirs of my eſtate,
And you ſhall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands; and bear us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence wee'l make eſcape.
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Aſot.* would you not both
Be buried in one coffin; then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply:—heare you, Tutour,
Shall not we be ſuſpected for the murther,
And choke with a hempen ſquincy? *Tyn.* To ſecure you,
Wee 'll write before what we intend to act:
Our hands ſhall witneſſe with your innocence.
Ball. Well: come the worſt, I'l venture;—& perchance
You ſhall not die in jeſt again o'th' ſudden.
Tyn. What ſtrange Mæanders *Cupid* leads us through?
When moſt we forward goe we backward move.
There is no path ſo intricate as love.

ACT IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Aſotus, Charilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmeſſa; Hyperbolus, Thraſymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a ſervant.

Ball. CArry theſe letters unto Chremylus houſe-
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that-
And certifie 'em of this ſad event.
It will draw tears from theirs.—as from my eyes,
Becauſe they are not reall obſequies.
Aſot. So great my grief, ſo dolorious my diſaſter,
I know not in what language to expreſſe it,

Unleſſe I ſhould be dumb!—Sob,—ſob, Aſotus.
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandſtrings
With lamentation and diſtreſs'd condoling,
With blubbur'd eyes behold this ſpectacle
Of mans mortality.—O my deareſt Tyndarus!

Thraſ. Learn of us Captains to outface grimme Death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monſter in the face.

Aſot. I, and I could but come to ſee his face,
I'de ſcratch his eyes out.—O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and faire Techmeſſa
Serve the vile yarlet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have ſeen thouſands ſigh out ſoules in grones,
And yet have laugh'd:—it has been ſport to ſee
A mangled carcaſſe broch'd with ſo many wounds.
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Aſot. Are crawling vermine of ſo choyce a dyet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On ſuch a delicate and Ambroſian diſh,
Fit to be ſerv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O—Techmeſſa, Death hath ſwallowed thee,
Too ſweet a ſop for ſuch a fiend as he.

Cher. Chaſe hence theſe ſhowrs, for ſince they both are (dead,
Teares will not bribe the Fates for a new thread.

Bom. Inexorable ſiſters!——Be not ſorry:
For Clotho's diſtaff will be peremptory.

Aſot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel—Impartial Mors:
The ſavage tyrant—all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:
Mors that reſpects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that ſpares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts not:
Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,

To

To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet,
Thraſ. If Mors were here, the Skeleton ſhould know
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving
Our noble General—Courage boon chevalier!

SCEN. II.

Simo, Aſotus, Ballio, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus.

Sim. WHy is my boy ſo ſad?—Tell me, Aſotus:
If diſſolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treaſure.
Aſot. O ſad miſchance! *Sim* What grieves my hope, my joy,
My ſtaff, my comfort? *Aſot.* VVofull accident!
Sim. Have I not baricadoed all my doors,
And ſtopt each chink and cranny in my houſe,
To keep out poverty and lean misfortune? (heart.
Where crept this ſorrow in? *Aſot.* Here, through my
O father, I will tell you ſuch a ſtory,
Of ſuch a ſad and lamentable nature, (boy?
I will crack your purſe-ſtrings. *Sim.* Ha? what ſtory,
Aſot. My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.
—And to augment my ſorrow,—kil'd himſelf.
And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,
Left me and Ballio—his eſtate.—*Sim* Alaſſe!
Is not this counterfeit ſorrow well expreſt?
Ball. But I grieve truly that I grieve in jeſt.
Sim. Half his eſtate to thee and half to Ballio?
A thouſand pities.—Gently reſt his bones,
I cannot but weep with thee. *Bal.* Sir, you ſee,
If you had left him nothing, my inſtructions
Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich
In nothing but a Tutour.——Good Aſotus,
Though ſorrow be a debt due to the hearſe
Of a dead friend, and we muſt wet the turf
Under whoſe roof he lodges: yet we muſt not

Be

Be too immoderate. *Asot.* Bear me witness, heaven:
I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no perswasions
(What e're the wicked and malicious world
May rashly censure) to instigate these two
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;
All of you know that I am ignorant. *Enter Phryn.*
Phryn. Where is my love? shal sorrow rivall me,
And hang about thy neck? if grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I'l clap it out.——Dear chicken,
You sha' not be so sad, indeed you sha' not.
Be merry: by this kisse I'l make you merry.
Asot. Then wipe my eyes.——Thus when the clouds are gone
The day again is guilded by the sunne

SCEN III.

Ballio, Asotus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Boxolochus, Sexton.

Asot. WHo's within here; *Sext.* VVhat's the matter without there?
Asot. Ha! what art thou? *Sext.* The last of tailors, Sir, that ne'r take measure of you, while you have hopes to wear a new suit.
Asot. How dost thou live? *Sext.* As worms do—by the dead. (him.
Asot. A witty Rascall. Let's have some discourse with
Thras. Ary my souldiers bones in garrison here?
Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poor travellers Take up their Inne by chance: but some there be.
Thras. Do not those warlike bones in dead of night Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls Waken the Dormise that dull peace hath lull'd Into a Lethargy?—Dost not hear 'em knock Against their coffins, till they crack and break

The

The Marble into ſhivers that intombs 'em;
Making the temple ſhake as with an earthquake,
And all the ſtatues of the gods grow pale
Affrighted with the horrour? *Sext.* No ſuch matter.
Hyper. Do they not call for arms, & fright thee, mortall,
Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs,
And cruſh the ſculls that dare approach too near
Their honour'd graves?—When I ſhal come to dwell
In your dark family, if a noyſome carkaſe
Offend my noſtrils with too rank a ſent,
Know—I ſhall rage—and quartell—till I fright
The poore inhabitants of the charnell houſe:
That here ſhall run a toe, a ſhin-bone there:
Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away:
One way a crooked rib ſhall halting hye,
Another you ſhall trundling find a ſcull.
Like the diſtracted citizens of a town
Beleaguer'd--and in danger to be taken.
Aſot. For heavens ſake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones
By ſome preciſe religious Officer,
One that will keep the peace.—Theſe roring captains,
With bluſtring words and language full of dread,
Will make me quite my tombe, and run away
Wrapt in my winding ſheet;—as if grim Minos,
Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth
Enjoyn'd the corps a penance, *Sext* Never fear it.
This was a captains ſcul, one that carryed a ſtorm in his countenance, and a tempeſt in his tongue: The great bug-beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the ſtairs as familiarly as quart pots; and had a penſion from the Barber-chirurgians for breaking of pates: A fellow that had ruin'd the noſes of more bawds & panders then the diſeaſe belonging to the trade.—And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another courſe took the wall of him, & the bandog ne'r grumbled. *Aſot.*

Aſot. Then ſcull (although thou be a Captains ſcull)
I ſay thou art a coward,——and no Gentleman?
Thy Mother was a whore,——and thou lieſt in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead Lyons beard.

Aſot. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jeſt
To ſhow my reading in morality.

Chær. Do not the aſhes of deceaſed Poets
Inſpir'd with ſacred fury carroll forth
Enthuſiaſtick raptures? Doſt not heare 'em
Sing myſteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The reſt of mortall judgements? Doſt not ſee
Apollo and the Muſes every night
Dance rings about their tombes? *Rom.* Do not Roſes,
Lillies, and Violets grow upon their graves?
Shoots not the Laurell, that impal'd their brows,
Into a tree, to ſhadow their bleſt Marble?
Do not they riſe out of their ſhrowds to reade
Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not
Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not
Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,
To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
Prate they not cataracts of incenſible noyſe,
That with obſtreperous cadence cracks the organs
Acromatick, till the deaf auditour
Admires the words he heares not.

Sext. This was a Poeticall noddle. O the ſweet lines, choyce language, eloquent figures, beſides the jeſts, half jeſts, quarter jeſts, and quibbles that have come out of theſe chaps that yawn ſo! He has not ſo much as a new coyn'd complement to procure him a ſupper. The beſt friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have ne're a jeere put upon him. His Miſtreſſe had a little dog deceaſed the other day, and all the wit in his noddle could not

Pump out an Elegy to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven yeeres, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he lived, he ne'r left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the Parish; and is happier dead then alive: for he has now as much money as the best in the company,—and yet has left off the Poeticall way of begging, call'd borrowing.

Asot. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.
Where be the querks and tricks? show me again
The strange conundrums of the frisking brain,
Thou Poets sculk and say, what's Rythme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you have pos'd him; he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, and never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a Libell upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball I cannot yet contrive it handsomely.
Me thinks the darknesse of the night should prompt me
To a plot of that complexion.— Ruminate,
Ruminate, Ballio. *Phryn.* Prav, Sir, how does death
Deal with the Ladyes? Is he so unmannerly
As not to make distinction of degrees?
I hope the rougher bones of men have had
More education then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler stuff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madame: he makes no distinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the generall Mistresse, the only adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of stars in these two auger-holes: or that this pit has

been

been arch'd over with a handſome noſe, that had been at the charges to maintain half a dozen of ſeveral ſilver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiſs'd the lips that grin ſo. This mouth out of all the Madams boxes canot now be furniſhed with a ſet of teeth. She was the coyeſt, overcurious dame in all the citie: her chamber-maids miſplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to.——Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this phyſnomie of hers in a Looking-glaſs, what a monſter would ſhe imagine her ſelf! Will all her perrukes, tyres and dreſſes, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruſſe and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctour, make this Idole up again?

Paint, Ladyes, while you live, and plaiſter fair:
But when the houſe is fall'n, 't is paſt repair

Phryn. No matter, my Aſotus: let death do
His pleaſure then, wee'l doe our pleaſure now.
Each minute that is loſt is paſt recall.
This is the time alotted for our ſports,
'T were ſin to paſſe it. While our lips are ſoft,
And our embraces warm, wee'l twine and kiſſe.
When we ſhall be ſuch things as theſe, let worms
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noſes off,
It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Aſot. And when we die, we die. We will be both Embalm'd
In precious unguents to delight our ſenſe,
And in our grave wee'l buſſe, and hug, and dally
As we do here: for death can nothing be
To him that after death ſhal lye with thee.
Sexton, receive theſe coffins to the temple;
But not interre them;—for they both are guilty
Of their own blood.—till we make expiation
T'aſſoyl the fact——Tutour, reward the Sexton.

I'll

I'l come sometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, My Pupill gives you :-- but hereafter I'l more then treble it, if you be no enemy
To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit 's my Religion.

Asot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave, Usher my living Mistresse home again.
Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares:
Fortune, I see thy whele in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.

SCEN. IV.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. STaphyla, why Staphyla: I hope she has ta'ne her last sleep. Why then Staphyla ?——

Staph. What a life have I ? I, that can never be quiet ? I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, Staphyla, Staphyla. What's the news ?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. VVhere ? or from whom ?

Sext. VVhy, thou knowest I rob no where but on the high-way to heaven, such as are upon their last journy thither. Thou and I have beene Land-pirats these six and thirty years, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers. Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou shalt be my Madame, Staphyla.

Staph. Truly, husband, I have had such fearful dreams to night, that I am perswaded, (though I think I shall never turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart, and rob'd us.

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felony warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charity. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth'd, and the living go naked ? Besides,

Besides, what is it to them whether thy lye in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and security in these attempts: VVhat inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief for Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers scull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est.* And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him so much as a poore half-penny to pay for his wastage, and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundred it!—Behold, most grave judges, a fact of that horrour and height in sinne, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this daies cause presented to the admiration of your eares, I cannot speak it without trembling, 'tis so new, unus'd, so unheard-of a villany. But that I know your Lordships confident of the honesty of your poore Oratour, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions to gaine your belief. This man, said I a man? this monster rather, but monster is too easie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virtue, robb'd: (a sinne in the action) But who? the dead. VVhat need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. I say, he robb'd the dead. The dead! had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones, O t' is most audacious and intollerable!—Now you have well spoke, why doe you not after all this

this Rhetorick put your hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o'th' coxcombe with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of battery.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; But insooth I will not make a common practise of it. Knock you up that coffin, & I'l knock up this.—Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the sun! Come, we must strip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.

O,O,O! Tyndarus and Techmesse rise from the coffins, and the Sexton & his wife affrighted fall into a swoon.

Staph. Heaven shield me! O,O,O!

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmessa.

Tyn. How poore a thing is man, whom death it self
Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!
Is 't not enough our wretched lives are tost'd
On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear
Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us
So many buts of clay, at which the gods
In cruell sport shoot miseries.——Yet, I hope,
Their spleene 's grown milder, and this blest occasion
Offers it self an earnest of their mercy.
Their sinnes have furnisht us with fit disguises
To quiet our perplexed souls. Techmessa,
Let me aray you in this womans robes.
I'l wear the Sextons garments in exchange.
Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs.

Tech. Dear Tyndarus!
In all my life I never found such peace
As in this coffin: It presented me
The sweets that death affords.——Man has no liberty
But in his prison.—Being once lodg'd here,

He is fortified in an impregnable sort,
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,
No sorrowes, cares, or wild distractions
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.
Tyn. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
These two offenders. *Tech.* But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
E're lov'd us living, they will haste to make
Atonement for our soules stain'd with the guilt
Of our own blood: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage
To their close loves: and with those thoughts possess'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For those that leave the warfare of this life
Without a passe from the great Generall,
Tech. I hope they may prove constant. *Tyn.* So pray I,
I will desire yon statue be so courteous
To part with's beard a while.—So, we are now
Beyond discovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Staph.* O, O, O!
Tyn. Let's use a charm for these.

Quiet sleep, or I will make
Erynnis whip thee with a snake,
And cruell Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boyling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake:
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake
And therefore dare not yet to wake.

Tech. *Quiet Sleep, or thou shalt see*
The horrid hags of Tartarie,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall barke at thee,

And

And all the Furies that are three,
The worſt is call'd Tiſiphone,
Shall laſh thee to eternity.
And therefore ſleep thou peacefully.

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio; What's his buſineſſe?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Ball. SExton, I'll open firſt thine eares with theſe,
To make 'em fit to let perſwaſions in.

Tyn. Theſe, Sir, will cure my deafneſſe. *Ball.* Art thou mine?

Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'll pay double for thee.
Shall I prevaile in my requeſt? *Tyn.* Aske theſe——

Ball. Th' art apprehenſive: to the purpoſe then:
Have you not in the temple ſome deep vault
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:
We to night perform'd the laſt of ſervice
That piety can pay to our dead friends.

Tyn. 'T was chatitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'em hither
To their laſt home.—Now, Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the Lawes of Thebes
Deny 'em buriall. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendſhip cannot be ſo ſoon forgot;
Eſpecially ſo firm a one as ours.)
To have 'em caſt a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, theſe religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you
To caſt their coffins into ſome deep vault
And to interre 'em.—O my Tyndarus,
All memory ſhall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impreſſion of that love I bear thee,

Thou left'ſt me half of all the Land thou hadſt;
And ſhould I not provide thee ſo much earth
As I can meaſure by thy length, heaven curſe me!
Tyn. Sir, if your courteſie had not bound me yours,
This act of goodneſſe had. *Ball.* So true a friend
No age records.——Farewel——This work ſucceeds.
Poſterity, that ſhall this ſtory get,
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit. Ball.*

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Tyn. HEre was a ſtrange deliverance! Who can be
So confident of fortune, as to ſay,
I now am ſafe? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd
All our deſigns to Pamphilus and Evadne:
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
If you were dead indeed, have won this raſcall
To this black treaſon.—What foul crimes can Luſt
Prompt her baſe vaſſals to!—— Here let us end
Our buſie ſearch, and travel o're the world,
To ſee if any cold and Northern climate
Have entertain'd loſt Virtue long ſince fled
Our warmer country. *Tyn.* Ha!—'T is ſo!—'T is ſo!
I ſee it with clear eyes,—O curſed plot!
And are you brooding, crocodiles? I may chance
To break the ſerpents egge ere you have hatch'd
The viper to perfection. Come, Techmeſſa,
My anger will no longer be confin'd
To patient ſilence. Tedious expectation
Is but a fooliſh fire by night, that leads
The traveller out of's way.—Break forth, my wrath,
Break like deluge of conſuming fire,
And ſcorch 'em both to aſhes in a flame
Hot as their luſt,—No:—'T is to baſe a blood

For

For me to ſpill.—Let'em e'ne live 'tingender
A brood of Monſters:—May perpetuall jealouſie
Wait on their beds, and poyſon their imbraces
With juſt ſuſpicions: may their children be
Deform'd, and fright the Mother at the birth:
May they live long and wretched; all mens hate,
And yet have miſery enough for pitty:
May they be long a dying—— of diſeaſes
Painfull and loathſome,—Paſſion, do not hurry me
To this unmanly womaniſh revenge.
Wilt thou curſe, Tyndarus, when thou wear'ſt a ſword?
But ha, hearke, obſerve!——

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Pam. WAit till we call (ſury
Heaven, if thou haſt not emptied all thy trea-
Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,
To lay on more. What torments haſt thou left,
In which thou haſt not exercis'd my patience?
Yet caſt up all th' accounts of all my ſorrows,
And the whole ſumme is trebbled in the loſſe
Of dear Techmeſſa. *Tech.* If this grief were reall!
Tyn. Be not too credulous, *Pam.* I have ſtood the reſt
Of your afflictions: with this one I fell,
Fell like a rock that had repel'd the rage
Of thouſand violent billows, and withſtood
Their fierce aſſaults, untill the working Tyde
Had undermin'd him, then he fals, and draws
Part of the Mountain with him. *Evad.* Pamphilus,
When did you ſee my ſweet-heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a Maying?—He will bring me
Some pinkes and dayſies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven he meet no theeves! *Pam.* Alas, Evadne!

Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What shall I do?
I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd:
Yet I will make this tryal full and perfect.
What at this dismall hour, when nothing walks
But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets
To visit our dark cels, inhabited
By death and melancholly. *Evad.* I am come
To seek my true Love here. Did you not see him?
He's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.
Tech. Sir, what cause
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.
Tyn. Fair Lady, may I aske one question of you?
Did you admit no Love into your bosome
But only his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man but him?
No, Tyndarus, I will not long out-live thee:
We will be marryed in Elisium.
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change a thousand kisses;—you sha'not see us.
Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or grief
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,
To her whose death you now so much lament?
For by those prodigies aparitions
That have to night shak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconstancy
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.
Pam. The Sunne shall change his course, and finde new paths
To drive his chariot in: The Loadstone leave
His faith unto the North:—The Vine withdraw
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm
In her kind arms:——But, I change my Love

From

From my Techmeſſa, may I be recorded
To all poſterity Loves great Apoſtate
In *Cupids* annals *Evad.* If you ſee my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haſte to meet him.
I will but weep a while firſt. *Tyn.* Pretty ſorrow!
Tech. Sir, you may vail your falſhood in ſmooth lang-
And guild it o're with fair hypocſirie: (guage
But here has been ſuch groanes; Ghoſts that have cryed
In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O falſe Pamphilus!
Revenge on Pamphilus! ſuch complaints as theſe
The gods ne're make in vain,
Pam. Then there is a witchcraft in't. And are the gods
Made parties to againſt me?—Pardon then
If I grow ſtubborn.—While they preſt my ſhoulders
No more then I could bear, they willingly
Submitted to the burden.—Now they wiſh
To caſt it off—What treachery has brib'd you,
Cæleſtiall Forms, to be my falſe accuſers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
And reade the ſecret characters of my heart)
Give in your verdict: did you ever find
Another image graven in my ſoul
Beſides Techmeſſa? No! 'T is hell has forg'd
Theſe ſlie impoſtures! all theſe plots are coyn'd
Out of the devils mintage. *Tech.* Certainly
There's no falſe fire in this *Tyn.* There cannot be.
Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my tears. *Tyn.* There gentle Lady.
Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertain
A Jewell of ſuch value? *Pam.* VVhere muſt I
Pay my devotions? *Tech.* There your dead ſaint lies.
Evad. Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly preſſe thee:
And mayſt thou find thoſe joyes th'art gone to taſte,
As true as my affection. Now I know

Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrival: for the soul
Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
A guilt upon thy blood, thus I'l redeem it (*officers to kill*
And lay it al on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady? (*her self.*
Evad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather,
If you were dead, who then were left to make
Lustration for his crime? shall fooliſh zeal
Perſwade you to a hatty death, and ſo
Leave Tyndarus to eternity of flames?
Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus; I will onely ſee
That office done, and then I'l follow thee.
Pam. Thou gentle ſoul of my deceaſed Love,
If thou ſtill hover'ſt hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus —— If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but Techmeſſa,
Or keep the leaſt ſpark of a love alive
But in her aſhes, let me never ſee
Thoſe bleſſed fields where gentle Lovers walk
In endleſſe joyes.——Why do I idly weep!
I'l write my grief in blood. *Tech.* What do you mean?
Pam. Techmeſſa, I am yet with held; but ſuddenly
I'l make eſcape to find thee. *Tech.* O bleſt minute!

SCEN. IX.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa.

Dip. WHere ſhall I flie to hide me from my guilt?
It followes me me, like thoſe that run away
From their own ſhadows: that which I ſhould ſhun
I bear about me.——Whom ſhall I appeaſe?
The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd
Both you and them.——O Tyndarus, here I kneel,

And

And do confesse my self thy cruell murdresse;
And thine, Techmessa.— Gentle daughter, pardon me.
But how shall I make satisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have lost two?
Oh Pamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee,
But most Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Because she is no issue of my wombe,
But trusted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a stepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty should eclipse
My daughters honour.——But the gods in justice
Have ta'ne her hence to punish me.—— My sinnes
March up in troups against me.— But this potion
Shall purge our life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:
I will revive Techmessa. *Dipsa.* O sweet daughter!
Pam Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once, *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed Virgin. *Tyn* No, Evadne;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear.
Take hence these coffins, I will have them born
Tropheys before me when we come to tye
The nuptiall knot; for death has brought us life.
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousie
Hath added strength to our resolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day;
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Demetrius solus.

HAil, sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed soil,
And on my knees salute thy seven gates
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy flouds
Since I beheld turrets batter'd them

With

With Warre, that sought the ruine of those walls
Which Musique built. When Minos cruell tribute
Robb'd Mothers of their deareſt babes, to glut
His ravenous Minotaure; I for safety fled
With my young sonnes, but call'd my Countries hate
Upon my head, whom misery made malicious.
Each father had a curse in store for me,
Because I shar'd not in the common losse;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage
Eager against me. I will therefore study
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN II.

Demetrius, Asotus.

Asot. I Have heard my Mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth,
(Peace with her soul where e're it be) affirm,
Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.
A sentence worth my meditation:
For Marriage is a serious thing: perchance
Fair Phryne is no Maid; for women may
Be beauteous yet no Virgins, Fair and chaste
Are not of necessary consequence.
Or being both fair and chaste she may be barren;
And then when I am old, I shall not have
A boy—to dote on as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Asot. A pretty complement: what art thou, fellow?

Dem. A Regiſter of heaven, a privy Counsellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houses, Tutour to the Fates.
That taught 'em th' art of spinning; a living Almanack,
One that by speculation in the Stars

Can

Can foretell any thing. *Asot.* How! foretell any thing?
How many years are past since Thebes was built?
Dem. That is not to foretell; you state the question
Of times already past. *Asot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things past as things to come?
Say, Register of heaven, and privy counsellour
To all the planets with the rest of your titles,
(For I shall ne're be able to repeat 'em all)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be Marryed?
Dem. The Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendent,
I find with Luna corporally joyn'd
To the Almutes of the seventh house,
Which is the Matrimoniall family;
And therefore I conclude the nuptialls hold.
And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation
Or Terragon, which shewes an inclination
Adverse, and yet admitting of reception
It will, although encountred with impediment,
At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha! what bold impediment
Is so audacious to encounter me?
Be he Almutes of what house he please;
Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile;
I doe not fear him with his radiations,
His Tetragons, and inclinations:
If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know
I souldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets
Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vineger,
Rhithme 'em to death, as they do Rats in Ireland.
Dem. Good words.
There's no resistance to the laws of Fate.
This sublunary world must yield obedience
To the cælestiall virtues. *Asot.* One thing more
I would desire to know: Whether my spouse

That

That shall be immaculate. I 'd be loth
To Marry an advowson that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'l resolve you instantly.
The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be,
A shrewd suspicion,—she has been strongly tempted.
Asot. The Dragons tail puts me in a horrible fear.
I feel a kind of sting in my head already.
Dem. And Mars being Landlord of th'eleventh house,
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies
The Maid has been in love; but the Aspect
Being without reception layes no guilt
Of act upon her.
Asot. I shall be jealous presently:
For the Ram is but an ill sign in the head:
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.
Dem. But when I see th' Ascendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt signes,
I do conclude her Virgin pure and spotless.
Asot. I thank th' Ascendent, and his noble Lord,
He shall be welcom to my house at any time,
And so shall Mistresse Moon with all her angles
And her fixt signes. But how come you to know
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabalists,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:
As *Asla*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gafar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetes*.
Asot. Are *Asla*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
With all the rest o'th' jury, men of credit?
Dem. Their words shall go as far i'th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Asot.* I am beholding to 'em.
Another scrup'e yet:—I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old;

Such

Such as will ſpend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have ſuch fine dreams in my grave.
Dem. No, y' are a happy man. I doe not ſee
In all your horoſcope one ſign maſculine;
For ſuch portend ſterility. *Aſot.* How's that, man?
Is 't poſſible for any man to ha' children
Without a ſign maſculine? *Dem.* Sir, you miſtake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Aſcendent is not elevated
Above the Almutes of the filiall houſe:
Venus is free, and Iove not yet combuſt:
And then the ſignifier being lodg'd
In watry ſignes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fiſh,
Foreſhew a numerous iſſue of both ſexes.
And Mercury in 's exaltations
Plac'd in their angles, and their points ſucceſſive,
Beholds the Lord of the Triplicitie
Vnhindred in their influence. You were borne
Vader a getting conſtellation,
A fructifying ſtarre.—— Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father. *Aſot.* Happy be the houre
I met with thee! I' ll ha' thee live with me.
Thou ſhalt be my domeſticall Aſtronomer.
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,
To furniſh thee with verſes for each moneth.
Sir, ſince the gracious ſtarres doe promiſe me
So numerous a troup of ſonnes and daughters,
'T is fit I ſhould have my means in my own hands
To provide for 'em all: therefore I fain would know
Whether my father be—— long-liv'd or no.
Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
To Saturne; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Weſterly poſition.
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun

In oppoſion, both ſiniſterly
Fall'n from their corners, plainly ſignifies
He cannot long ſurvive. *Aſot.* Why who can help it?
There's no reſiſtance to the laws of Fate:
This ſublunary world muſt yield obedience
To the cæleſtial virtues.—Wer't not providence
To beſpeak mourning clokes againſt the funerall?
Dem. 'T is good to be in readineſſe. *Aſot.* If thou be
So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean
To entertain thee for my wizard?
Dem. Sir,
I do not ſee the leaſt Azimenes,
Or planetary hinderance. Alcocoden
Tells me you will. *Aſot.* Tell Alcocoden then
He is i'th'right. Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus!
We have increas'd our family: ſee him enrol'd
He is a man of merit, and can propheſie.
(Enter Thraſym. Hyperb.
Thraſ. Wee'l drench him in the welcom of the cellar,
And try if he can propheſie who falls firſt.
Aſot. How will the world admire me, when they ſee
My houſe an Academy, all the arts
VVait at my table, every man of quality
Take ſanctuary here! I will be patrone
To twenty liberall ſciences.

SCEN. III.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair ſunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Aſot.* Quondam Tutour,
(For I am paſt all tuition but my wives)
Thanks for your wiſhes; have you ſtudyed yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for (I may expreſſe my grief

At

At the ſad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne. *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To find out a right garb: wear theſe two cloakes.
This ſable garment, ſorrows Livery,
Speaks funerall: this richer robe of joy,
Sayes 't is a nuptiall ſolemnity.
Aſot. A choice device:—I'l practice. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Aſotus, Ballio, Simo,

Sim. GOod morrow, boy: how flowes thy blood, Aſotus,
Upon thy wedding-day? Is it ſpring-tide?
Find'ſt thou an active courage in thy bones?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandſire? ha?
O, I remember with what ſprightfull courage
I bedded thy old Mother, and that night
Bid fair for thee, boy: how curſt I the ceremonies,
And thought the youngſters ſcrambled for my points
Too ſlowly! 'T was a happy night, Aſotus.
Aſot. How ſad a day is this! Methinks the ſunne
Affrighted with our ſorrows ſhould run back
Into his Eaſtern palace, and for ever
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he ſhew
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
And fair Techmeſſa? I will weep a flood
Deep as Deucalians; and again the Chaos
Shall I muffle upon the lamentable world
In ſable cloakes of grief and black confuſion!
Sim. What ails my boy? unſeaſonable grief
Shall not diſturb thy nuptials——Good Aſotus,
Be not ſo paſſionate. *Ball.* What incomparable mirth
Would ſuch a dotard and his humorous Son
Make in a Comædy, if a learned pen

Had

Had the expreſſion! *Aſot.* Now the t' other cloke.
In what a verdant weed the ſpring arrayes
Freſh Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields
With all her tapeſtrie! and the Choriſters
Of every grove chaunt Carrolls; Mirth is come
To viſit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
Iocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive
To grace our nuptialls. Let us ſing and dance,
That heaven may ſee our revells, and ſend down
The planets in a Maſque, the more to grace
This dayes ſolemnity. *Sim.* I, this, Aſotus;
There's muſick, boy, in this. *Aſot.* Now this cloke again.
You gods, you over-load mortalitie,
And preſſe our ſhoulders with too great a weight
Of diſmall miſeries. All content is fled
With Tyndarus and Techmeſſa, Ravens croak
About my houſe, ill-boding ſcrich-owls ſing
Epithalamiums to my ſpouſe and me.
Can I dream pleaſures, or expect to taſte
The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus,
And faire Techmeſſa from the world are gone?
No, pardon me, you gentle ghoſts; I vow
To cloiſter up my grief in ſome dark cell:
And there, till grief ſhall cloſe my blubber'd eyes,
Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is diſtracted!
Aſotus, doe not grieve ſo: all thy ſorrowes
Are doubled in thy father: Pitie me,
If not thy ſelf; O pitie theſe gray hairs,
Pitie my age, Aſotus. *Aſot.* What a ſilly fellow
My father is that knowes not which cloke ſpeakes!
Father, you doe forget this is our nuptiall.
Caſt off thoſe tropheys of your wealthy beggery,
And clad your ſelf in rich and ſplendent weeds,
Such as become my father: Doe not blemiſh

Our

Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
As glorious as the sunne. Set forth your self
In your bright lustre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
Was there ever father so fortunate in a child? *Exit Sim.*
Asot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?
Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
On a Chameleon. *Asot.* Nay, I know my Mother
Was a Chamaleon: for my father allowed her
Nothing but ayr to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Asotus, Phryne.

Phryn. RIses Aurora with a happy light
On my Asotus? *Asot.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome:
Although the Dragons tail may scandal thee,
And Mars corrupt the Scorpian and the Ram;
Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt signes
Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my dear?
Asot. Thy dear, my beauteous Phryne, means the same
With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Cancaph, Toz. *Arcaphan*, and *Albuan*,
Gafer, with *Asla*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetes*.
Phryn. I fear you ha' studied the black art of late.
Asot. Ah Girl! Th'—Almutes of the filiall house
Is not d press'd, Venus is free, and Love
Not yet combust: the signes are watry signes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aspect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?
Asot. We shall have babies plenty: I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readinesse;
I long to tie the knot: at night wee'l make (*Phryne!*
A young Asotus. *Phryne.* Health attend you, Sir, *Exit.*

SCEN. VI.

Dipsius, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa, Asotus, Ballio, Phronesium, Priests and sacrifice, and Hymens statue discovered.

Asot TYndarus living? here take this cloke away, Ballio: We have no use on't. *Ball.* The more sorrow's mine

Tyn. How does my friend Asotus? *Asot.* You are welcome From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elisium Are in good health. *Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily, You had an honest and religious care To see us both well buried. *Ball.* I shall be hang'd. *Exit.*

The song and sacrifice.

Priest. Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow Accept our pyous Orgies. Thou that tiest Hearts in a knot, & link'st in sacred chains (*He presents*
The mutual souls of Lovers, may it please *Tyndarus &*
Thy Deity to admit into the number *Evadne.*
Of my chaste votaries this blessed pair.
Mercy, you gods! the statue turns away.

Tyn. Why should this be? The reason is apparent:
Evadne has been false, and the chaste Deity
Abhorres the sacrifice of a spotted soul.
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modesty,
Wear vertue for a veil, and paint false bluses
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayst cozen
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,
Heaven has a piercing sight. Hymen, I thank thee,
Thou stoppedst my foot stepping into the gulf.
How near was I damnation! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,
What sinne have I willingly committed
To call heavens anger on me? *Priest.* If there be
A secret guilt in these, that hath offended (*He presents*
Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove *Pam. &*
This other not! The statue turns again! *Tech.*

What

What prodigies are these! *Pam.* Cælestial powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and yet 'tis sinne
To ask you why you wrong us? *Tech.* Cunning Pamphilus
Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,
The gods can find you lurking, and betray
The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty yeares
Have I attended on thy sacred Temple,
Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.
Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to profer
These to his godhead? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deigne
These two the blessings of the genial sheets? (*He presents*
He beckens 'em *Tyn* I; there the faith is plighted *Pam.*
False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple, *& Evad.*
And the respect I bear religion,
Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,
And sprinkle every statue in the shrine, (thunder
With treacherous blood. *Priest.* Provoke not joves just
Tyn. VVell, you may take Evadne; heaven give you joy.
Pam. Religion is meer juggling, This is nothing
But the Priest's knavery: a kind of holy trick
To gain their superstition credit Hymen,
VVhy dost thou turn away the head? I fear
Thy bashfull Deity is asham'd to look
A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee:
If out of spight thou crosse me, know, weak godhead,
I'l teach mankind a custome that shall bring
Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shal couple
As other creatures,—freely, and ne're stand
Vpon the tedious ceremony——Marriage:
And then thou Priest mayst starve. VVho in your temple
VVill light a cere-candle, or for incense burn.
A grain of frankinsence? *Chrem* Heaven instruct our souls
To find the secret mistery. *Asot.* I have entertein'd

One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
VVith the Almutes, can tell anything.
I'l fetch him hither: he shall resolve you, *Exit Asot.*

Chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius: manent Cæteri,

Asot HEre's another figure to cast, Sir, these two Gentlemen

Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry
Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,
And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus,
That has a months mind to Techmessa; but that Hymen
Looks with a wry neck at 'em. If the Ascendent
VVith all his radiations and aspects
Know any thing,—here's one that can unfold it.
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*

Dem. Fly from the temple you unhallowed troup,
That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice
Before the gods. *Crem.* What should this language mean?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever sign a grant
To your incestuous matches; *Chrem.* How incestuous?

Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius son,
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother.
Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremilus,
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took
VVith him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
To save the infants from the monsters jaws,
The cruell Minotaur. Marvell not the gods
Forbid the banes, when in each match is incest.

Chr.

Chr. I wonder he ſhould know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.
Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? (*He pulls*
Pam. My father? *off his diſguiſe.*
Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy bleſſing there.
Sir, if I not miſtake me, you are Chremilus,
Pray let me ſee that ring.—Sir, I muſt challenge it,
And in requitall will return you this.
Chrem. Demetrius! welcome. Now my joyes are full,
When I behold my ſonne and my old friend.
Dem. Which is Evadne? Bleſſings on thy head.
Now, Chremilus, let us conclude a Marriage
As we at firſt intended; My Clinias
With your Techmeſſa, and your ſonne Timarchus
With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it ſo.
Dem. Are the young {*Pam Evad.*} The will of heaven
people pleas'd {*Tyn. Tech.*}
Muſt be obey'd. *Dem.* Now try if Hymen pleaſe
To end all troubles in a happy Marriage.
Prieſt Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head
With all the glorious chaplets of the ſpring:
The firſt born kid and fatteſt of our bullocks
Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be
Lawfull to ſacrifice in blood to thee,
That art the means to life) 'cauſe thy provident mercy
Prevented this inceſtuous match. Deigne now
Propitious look to this more holy knot.
This Virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,
And vows chaſte love to Clinias. All joy to you,
The fair Evadne too is come to hang
Her Maiden-girdle at thy ſacred ſhrine,
And vows herſelf conſtant to the imbraces
Of young Timarchus.—Happineſſe wait on both!
Tyn. I ſee our jealous thoughts were not in vain.
Nature, abhorring from ſo foul a ſinne,
Infus'd thoſe doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Asotus in armes with a drum and a trumpet, attended by Thrasymachus, Hyperb. Bom. cher. Simo, Phryne.

Asot IF there be any Knight that dares lay claime
To beauteous Phryne,—(as I hope there's none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the lists: — If he be wise, he dare not,
But will consider danger in the action.
I'l win her with my sword:—Mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair shal sup with Pluto:
'T were cooler supper in another place.
No champion yet a; pear?—I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Asot I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon2.

Phron. I must have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am a weary of eating chalk & coals, & begin to dislike the feeding on oat-meal The thought of so many Marriages together has almost lost my Maiden-head.

Asot. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old, He's rich, & will maintein thee bravely Dad, (happy What think you on't. *Sim.* Thou 'lt make me boy too Shc shall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, and have six horses,
And my imbroider'd coach, ride where I list,
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,
Maintein a pair of little legs to go
On idle Messages to all the Madames.
You shall deny no Gentleman entertainment:
And when we kisse and toy be it your cue
To nod and fall: sleep. *Sim.* With all my heart.

Asot. Then take him Girl, he will not trouble thee long;
For Mars being oriental unto Saturn,

And

And accidental to the Sunne, proclaims
He is short-lived. *Phron.* Well, Sir, for want of a better
I am content to take you. *Asot.* Joyn 'em Prieſt.
Prieſt. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.
Asot Now uſher Phryne to my amorous armes.
Prieſt. The generous Aſotus and fair Phryne
Preſent their vows unto thee gracious Hymen.
Stat. I forbid the bans. *Staph.* I forbid the banes (*They ſpeak out of the coffin.*
Asot And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th' impediment the Azymenes
Or planetary hinderance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the ſeventh houſe,
In an aſpect of Terragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' averſneſſe of my ſtarres.
Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours.
See you theſe ghoſts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; ſome of 'em may cozen you.
Sext. Pardon me, Sir? I ſeriouſly vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.
Tyn. Well, you ſhal both faſt to night, and take penance at the lower end of the table in theſe ſheets; and that ſhal be your puniſhment.
Asot Phryne, I take thee for my loving ſpouſe.
Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.
Prieſt. And I conclude the tie. *Asot* Ha, you ſweet rogue,

CEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Asot. WHy now now, Tutor? a rope about your neck?
I have heard that hanging & Marrying go by deſtiny;
But I never thought they had come together before.

Ball. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,
And find my self an arrant rogue. The gallows
Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.
E'ne use me as you please.

Asot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon.
Spare me to day: for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. you have prevail'd. No man be sad to day,
Come, you shall dine with me. *Asot.* Pardon me, Sir:
I will not have it said by the malicious, that *I* ate at another
mans table the first day I set up house-keeping. No, you
shall goe home and dine with me.

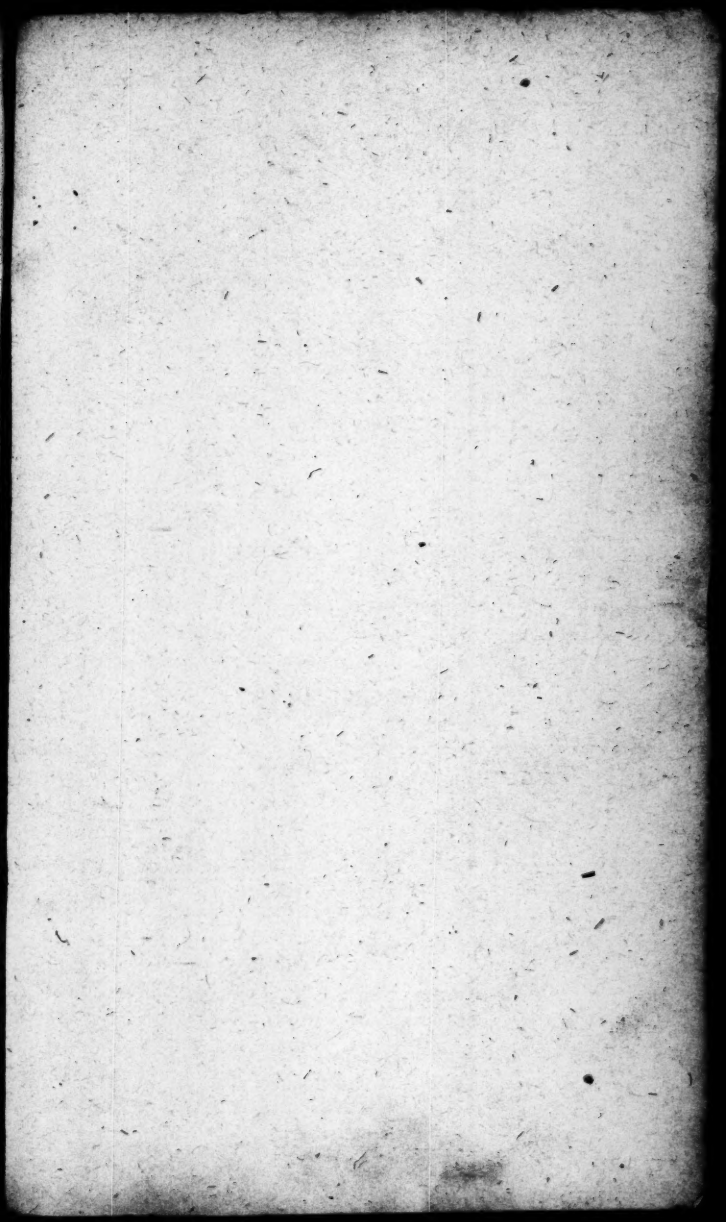
Tyn. Come then: our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praise, and all confesse,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousie
Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cum chora cantantium in laud. Hym.*

Epilogus.

Asotus, Astrologer.

Asot. HOw now; will our endeavours give satisfaction?
Astrol. I find by the horoscope, and the elevation
of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and that
th' Almutes is inclining to the enemies house.

Asot. Away with your Almutes, Horoscopes, Elevations,
Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of
mine own to cast this figure by.

THe Lovers now jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence: for there
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at; we shall find
Our labours blest, if your Aspects be kind.

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